

ILLUSTRATED NOVEL, STORIES AND BEAUTY ARTICLE

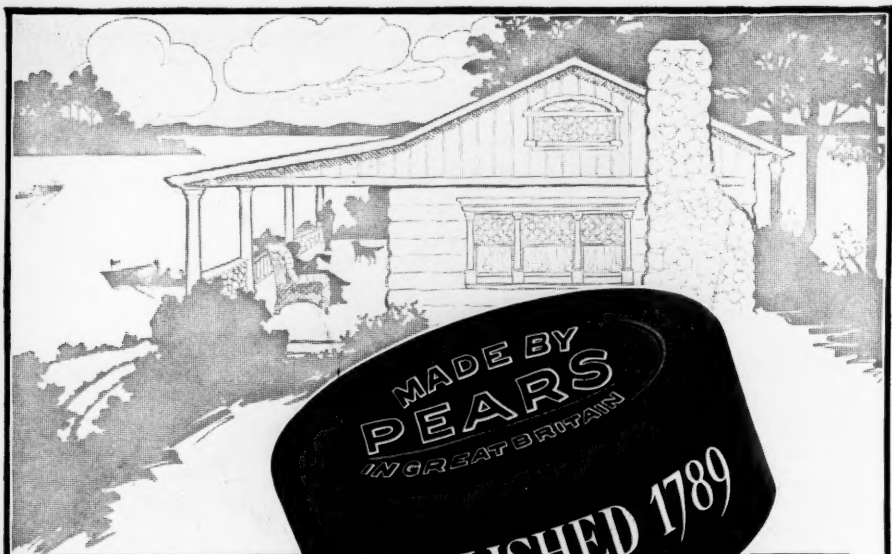
SMITH'S

AUG., 1911 MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



SPECIAL FEATURE THIS ISSUE:
PORTRAITS MISS MAUDE ADAMS
IN HER MANY SUCCESSES

SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 79-89 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK



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Holidays

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in Season

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Vol. XIII

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

No. 5

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50

SINGLE COPIES 15 CENTS

Monthly Publication issued by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 ORMOND G. SMITH, President, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City; GEORGE C. SMITH, Secretary and Treasurer,
 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

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SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 13

AUGUST, 1911

NUMBER 5

MISS MAUDE ADAMS IN HER MANY SUCCESSES



MISS MAUDE ADAMS

FROM A RECENT PHOTO BY SARONY

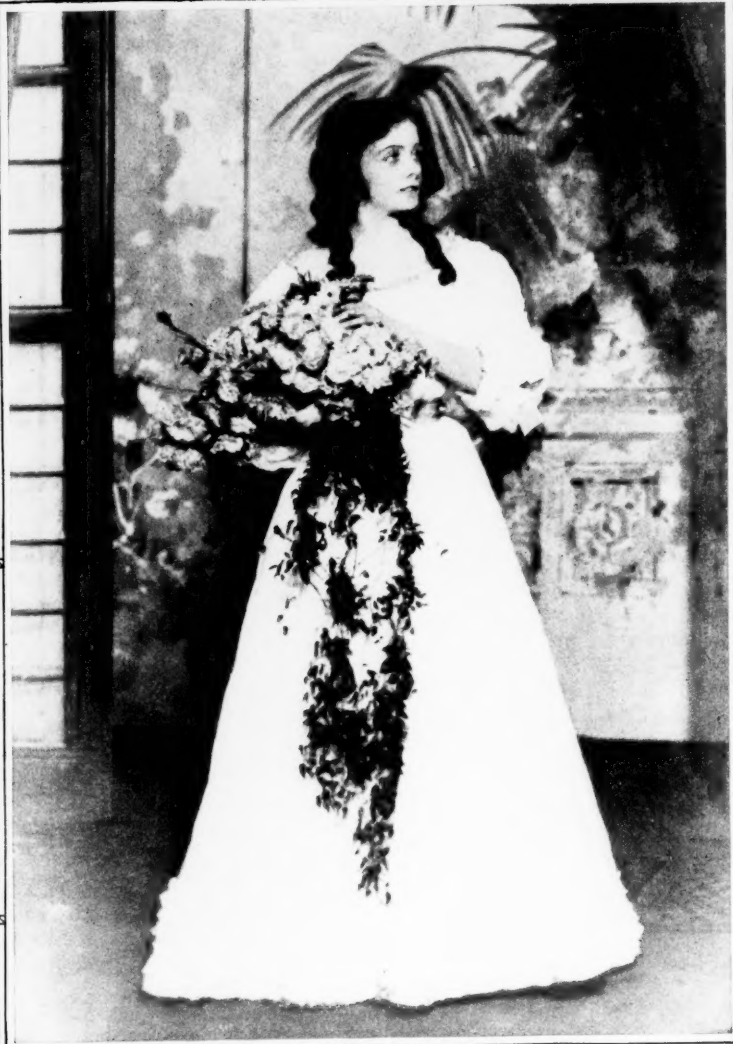


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MISS MAUDE ADAMS
as Dorothy Cruikshank in "Rosemary"



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as Viola in "Twelfth Night"
(As acted at Harvard University.)





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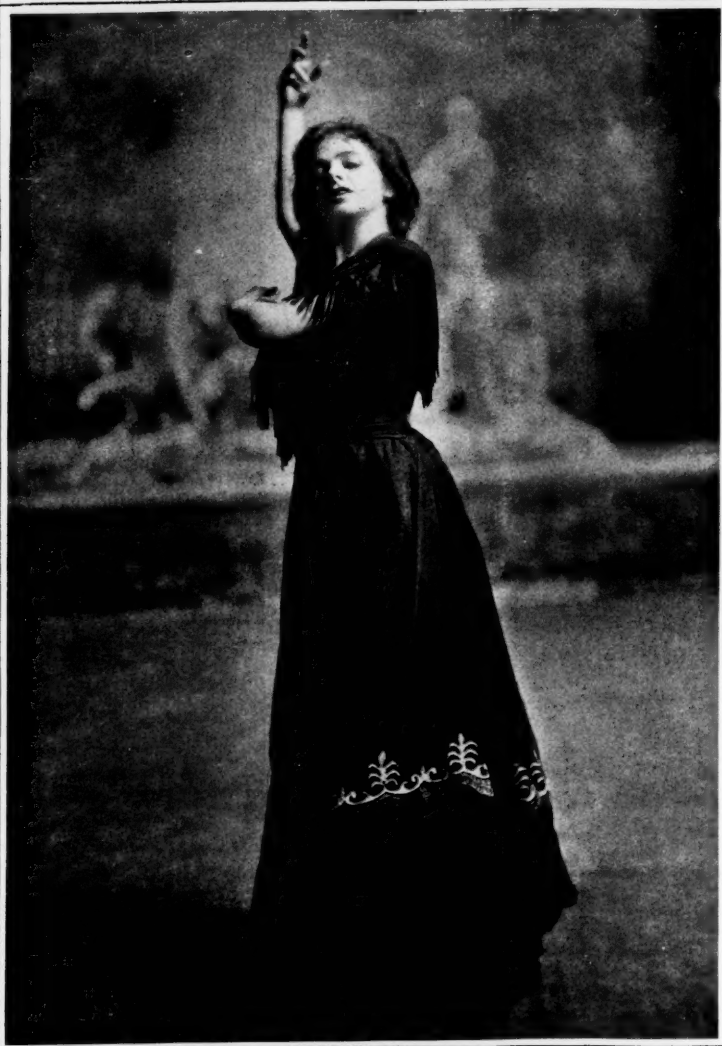


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MISS MAUDE ADAMS
as *Pepita* in "The Pretty Sister of Jose"



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MISS MAUDE ADAMS
as Amanda in "Op o' My Thumb"





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MISS MAUDE ADAMS
as Chantecler in "Chantecler"



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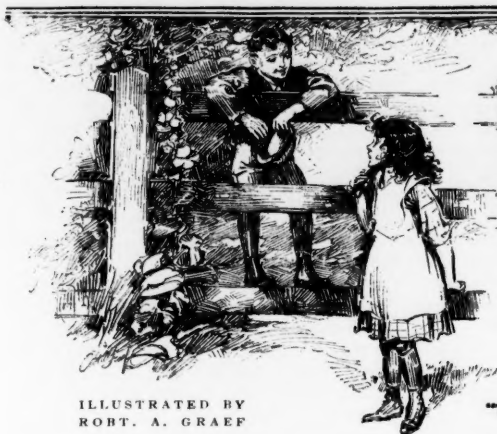
MISS MAUDE ADAMS
in "Joan of Arc"
(Done in the Stadium of Harvard University.)





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MISS MAUDE ADAMS
as *Lady Babbie* in "The Little Minister"



ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBT. A. GRAEF

THE KEEPER

BY EMMA
LEE
WALTON

Author of "The Twig,"
"The Making of Dick Larrabee," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

I SUPPOSE it is really a foolish, sentimental thing to do; but I do want you to know something more about my early days and circumstances than I can remember when we are talking together, and so I am trying to write it all down for you. When we are together, we speak always of the future, and I never think how much I want to tell you until you have gone. The worry and anxiety of the past few months have all gone now, but I think it is only due to Uncle Paul to explain a little of his temptations, and due to you to let you see somewhat more of the family into which you are coming.

I am about as busy as can be, but you won't be back from Wyoming for six weeks, and I can snatch a few moments now and then from my sewing to write a little bit of my record. When I have finished the story, I hope you will feel that there has been no time when you have not known me. I trust you can read my writing. It is sometimes more than I can do myself.

We were poor enough to consider church mice millionaires and Job's turkey a banquet when I became aware of the fleur-de-lys wall paper, and that framed family tree that is now ready

for your name. That sprawling tree always made me feel cross, and there have been potatoes-and-rice days when I have longed to throw the salt shaker at it, and smash its aristocratic glass front.

The next time I come on earth, if I land in a poor family, I hope it will be one whose antecedents do not forbid its making its wants known. I can imagine a joy even in begging from door to door when one is not cursed with pride and self-respect. If our family had had a little less pride, and a little more plain common sense, we would have been better off. As it was, we kept a rug over the hole in the parlor carpet, and always drew the doors closed when callers came, so that the dining-room ceiling would not show. We made over old duds, and kept up a respectable appearance when we should have been taking in back stairs to scrub in order to pay off our indebtedness.

The rug and the ceiling were impressed on my infant mind soon after the wall paper and the family tree, and I came to regard them as valuable family possessions, entirely misinterpreting the interest they excited in our immediate family circle. I did not go to the homes of other little children, though sometimes they came over and

played with me, so I was ignorant about homes, and content with mine. That this was the end for which Huldah aimed, I did not know for many years. There was always enough to do at home to keep me there, and I had no desire to make friends until there came a day when I had to. This happened when a little boy came peeking through the fence at me, and interested me slightly because he had shiny tips to his shoes, and wore a red cap. He eyed me for a while, and then remarked shortly:

"Your hair acts just like a dandelion stem when you suck it!"

Here was a disgrace that was one indeed! I pulled an offending lock over my shoulder, and tried to jerk it straight, while he jeered at me.

"I'd as lief be a dinky," he cried. "It wiggles all over your head something awful. Would you play with me if I came in? My name's Jimmy."

Perhaps I was too astonished to object, possibly too cowed by his bullying to dare a reply; but, at any rate, before I could say a word, he was over the fence, and on my preserves. He was a rather nice-looking little fellow, though somewhat dictatorial, and I melted sufficiently to show him my little duck, the lame cat, and the grasshopper in the long grass. With a good deal of ceremony, he presented me with a sticky caramel, covered with fuzz from his pocket, and when he departed I promised him, in a solemn whisper, that I would show him the dining-room ceiling when he came again. He was so pleased!

We played together often that summer, and I found him quite charming, though we quarreled on occasion. He was generous and impulsive, but he could have easily managed a whole regiment of little girls like me, Peggy Arnold. It was rather pleasant, on the whole, and it was a terrible blow when I lost him—the only real friend I had ever had. To be sure, he was somewhat scornful of me because I was an orphan, but the disgrace of it seemed to him a little atoned for by the fact that I had lost my parents in a runaway accident.

There was a romance about it that pleased him, and many, many times did I draw on my vivid imagination in order to describe the dreadful catastrophe. Never, I am certain, were there such foam-flecked steeds as I told him of; never such a terror-stricken multitude as that my memory enabled me to describe, without being in the least handicapped by the fact that it all occurred when I was eleven months old. In my tale, the modest buggy of Uncle Paul's recital became a brougham, the colts a pair of ink-black thoroughbreds; and each time I told of it I added more incidents, to make it more attractive, until it became a wondrous tale indeed.

The plain truth that my uncle was sharing a crust with me and an old servant did not entertain a youth of his intellect, so, flattered by his attention and the success of my efforts, I went on to further heights, and wove a kidnapping romance that won Jimmy's heart. I almost believed it myself, and cultivated a sad expression that delighted me until Huldah noticed it and gave me a powder with a dreadful flavor. Then, alackaday, all of a sudden he announced, with a grand manner, his impending departure, and we wept in concert. I gave him an old hatpin of Huldah's, he presented me with the heel off one of his skating shoes, and we parted.

There was a large hole left in my existence when Jimmy left, but I rather enjoyed the misery of it. I learned from an overheard conversation between my uncle and Huldah that Jimmy's father had gone to the city to take a "soft snap," and I imagined it to be anything from a house to a long journey. They had strange things in Jimmy's house, anyway. I knew, for once Jimmy told me to tiptoe up to the window and look in. Now, it happened that Jimmy's father was a doctor, and the awful thing I saw was a skeleton!

Oddly enough, I felt no terror. Only a new disgrace. My uncle raved at fate and poverty, and now I knew the trouble. My hair being like a dandelion stem was nothing compared to the fact that we had no skeleton! I thought

every well-furnished house supplied with a very complete one, and ours the only home bereft. Had I known it, I had not long to wait for my uncle to supply one to our household, though he preferred the closet to keep it in, rather than the open room.

With Jimmy gone, I was the more alone. My uncle was a silent man; the servant, Huldah, kindly, but overworked; and, thrown on my own resources, I made plays for myself, and peopled my world with ogres and fairies for my own delight. As I grew older, I took burdens on myself, partly to keep me busy, for they did not send me to school. Books I had in plenty, but I was shabby, and Huldah kept me at home in quiet seclusion. With so much to think of, I could not be lonely, living in the world of my imagination while I dusted, sewed, or polished the silver.

My uncle, always silent, was quite evidently troubled about something in those days, and many strange men came and went. They were always cross, those men, and they scowled at me when I opened the door. As soon as they were inside, they always took out papers, but I never knew what they did with them, because I ran as soon as possible. One of them, only, was the least bit kindly, and I did not know he was one of them until afterward. He leaned over the fence, and patted me on the head, I remember well.

"I'll bet you don't know where your uncle is," he laughed. "I'll bet you this bag of candy you can't tell me."

Of course I knew, and of course I told. My uncle was in the dry-goods store, seeing a man, and the candy was thrown to me hastily, as the stranger disappeared in the direction indicated by my finger. He was very kind, but the candy, unaccustomed luxury, gave me internal agonies that made all else seem of little moment. The stranger himself must have been possessed of dread powers, however, for my uncle had to go away to a building called "court," and Huldah cried because the silver candlesticks were sold.

I settled everything to my own satis-

faction by deciding that these men were storekeepers, for their advent was always followed by a sale that put my uncle in a good humor again. It was only when the candlesticks went that I began to understand the sales were forced. They were once my great-grandmother's, and they had a shield and a lion on the long middle part. I dreamed of them in homesick longing as I lay asleep under the spotted ceiling of my own little room those nights.

CHAPTER II.

Matters went from bad to worse, and, young as I was, I saw the shadows deepen on my uncle's face as the lines hardened and the sharp light appeared in his eyes. Sometimes I caught him looking at me anxiously, and once he motioned me to his side, and spoke of what was in his mind.

"I am afraid I am making you a poor guardian, child," he said, with a crooked smile. "There isn't very much I can do for you, and I fear there's going to be less. Only remember, whatever happens, that your Uncle Paul loved you so dearly that he would do anything short of stealing to give you what your mother's daughter ought to have. I owe it to you, for it was my fault that your mother's money was lost, and you were left as badly off as any poverty-stricken child of the slums."

He covered his face with his hands, and I comforted him to the best of my ability with childish caresses that were always welcome to him. I did not understand, and I should not have remembered the little incident, if it had not been for Huldah. With the blindness of grown folk, Huldah forced it into my memory by her outspoken disapproval as she set the dinner on the table.

"If you'll excuse me," she said sharply, "I shouldn't be putting ideas into the young one's head. If she doesn't know no better, why ain't she as well off as another? Don't let on she ain't got the things, and all's well. Dinner's served, and please be lively, or the soup will



"We shall have chicken for dinner, Huldah," he said gayly.

get cold. It's that thin, anyhow, it's shivering."

After the fashion of childhood, I tucked these words away in my mind until I should be old enough to understand, and, in time, comprehension dawned. It was about this time that Uncle Paul went down to the city for two weeks, and left Huldah to tell me his plans. It was a fine fall day, with a smell of apples and burning leaves in the warm air, and Huldah and I raked up the yard. If I posed affectedly on my rake now and then, it was because of the picture of Maud Muller in a book, and not because I was lazy. Huldah was abstracted, however, and did not notice me.

"Would you miss me, Peggy?" she asked abruptly. "I mean if I quit forever?"

"You wouldn't go," I said complacently. "You belong to us, anyhow; but it isn't everybody could afford to have you. I heard a man say so."

Huldah's smile was without bitter-

ness, but it gave me a sudden choked feeling in my throat. I threw down my rake, and wrapped my arms about the shabby skirts with a sob.

"Oh, Huldah!" I cried. "Don't leave us! Don't go away, and take your waffles and your shell box!"

Huldah loosened my grasp with her firm fingers.

"I'll learn you to make waffles," she said. "And you can have my shell box, but I quit to-morrow. Your uncle is going to take you to a home."

"I don't want any home but this," I declared. "Why can't I stay here with you?"

Huldah worked a moment in silence, moving the rake mechanically where there were no leaves.

"This house will likely belong to somebody else when he comes back," she said quietly. "And he is going off somewhere else himself."

I stood looking down the white road, trying to understand, and, in a short minute, the truth flashed over me. Huldah had shielded me all ways, but I knew the bitterness of it all. I saw why the doors were drawn, why the rug must not be moved, why the men had come, why Uncle Paul looked old and tired. I, too, grew old with knowledge and understanding. Instinctively I picked up my rake, which seemed for the moment life's gauntlet.

"I could live with you, Huldah," I said slowly. "I could help you work, and when I earned enough money you could rest and let me take care of you, the way you have always taken care of me."

The tears rolled down Huldah's cheeks, but she shook her head.

"Your uncle won't hear of it," she said. "I can see easy that he's terrible jealous, and won't want for me to give you nothing. He hopes for fine things, but Heaven knows where they're to come from. Poor childie, your Huldah hates like sin to quit you!"

There were not many leaves raked that day by two sentimental women-folk, but to-day the smell of apples, or the sight of piles of dead leaves, gives me the same feeling of terrified loneliness that I had that bright morning when Huldah told me she was going to "quit." It was the day I began to think and be a real person, instead of just a chubby, shabby little girl, whose hair was like moist dandelion stems.

I did not recognize my uncle's step when he came home at last. There was something buoyant in it, and when he spoke to Huldah it was as though he were exulting over something new. I was on the old, bumpy sofa, in the alcove, and he did not see me.

"We shall have chicken for dinner, Huldah," he said gayly. "And you might order ice cream for the child's sake. When you do, tell Henderson to call for his money this evening, please."

Huldah, suddenly clumsy, knocked over a vase, her eyes fixed on my uncle's face.

"What's come over you, sir?" she asked anxiously. "Such swellness ain't for the likes of us. And I wouldn't go near that Henderson for a million, after the ugly way he's been acting."

My uncle laughed easily.

"I haven't been imbibing," he said. "I really have the money. I am on Easy Street at last. The child is to be educated, and you may stay with us forever—on pay, you understand?—for in time I can give you even your back wages."

Huldah stood looking at a spot in the carpet for a long minute, and then went slowly out of the room. We had the luxuries at a very gay dinner, but the man Henderson came around before we sat down, considering it unsafe to postpone his opportunity. My uncle was noble in his dignity, and, child that I was, I knew that the grocer was deeply impressed. My uncle regretted that he had had to keep him waiting, but was glad that the passing away of a relative permitted him to cancel all his obligations at once. It was then that I noticed the elegance of the band of black on the sleeve of his new suit.

Uncle Paul had brought a New York paper with him, and I spent my evening reading it. I think I shall never forget how wonderful it seemed to me, who had never seen anything larger than our four-page village sheet. The advertisements delighted me more than the regular news, and I romanced about them to my heart's content. The word "investment" bothered me, and I spelled it out to my uncle, who sat figuring busily at the other side of the table.

"Investment? What made you think of that?" he asked absently. "It is investments I am figuring on. Mine are out West. I wouldn't put more money in New York, not even in the banks."

I gathered that investments were things one bought, things that made chicken and strawberry ice cream possible, and I read on. The Lost and Found column delighted me, and I was glad it was long and easy to read. A dog had strayed, a hatpin was found, a sum of money had disappeared, a driver had lost a trunk from his wagon—I noticed something.

"Uncle Paul," I said boldly, "why is it there's so many things lost, and almost nothing found?"

My uncle's pencil fell to the floor, and the hard, cold light came back to his eyes, the lines reappeared about his mouth.

"Things are given us to keep," he said, in a strange voice. "And if you lose that thing by being careless, you deserve never to get it again. It is your punishment, and the man that finds it deserves to benefit by it. Carelessness is never right, and never wins out. Finders keepers, losers weepers, we used to say."

"Yes, maybe," I said wistfully. "But I couldn't keep anything I found; I'd be so sorry for the little girl that lost it."

"You should not express your opinion about things of which you know nothing," my uncle said tartly. "Children do not have opinions worth hearing. Besides, it is time for you to go to bed. At once, do you hear me?"

Timidly I bade him good night, and started for my room. On the landing,

I sat down on the threadbare carpet, to look out of the oval window at the stars, and wonder, as I often did, whether my mother were lonesome without me. Sometimes I almost saw her float by me in a cloud, and waved my hand, so as to be sure she should know I knew her. Peace had dwelt within me after many storms, because of the little window and the great white stars. So, pausing thus, I heard the conversation between Uncle Paul and Huldah that troubled me for so long afterward. Huldah was putting the silver away noisily, belligerently, and I knew before she spoke that there was something wrong.

"I suppose I'm a numskull," she began. "But I ain't making head or tail of this business."

My uncle's calm voice answered at once, in that coldly polite way you know so well.

"I scarcely think it necessary for you to comprehend my plans," he said. "I ask no advice."

"I'm noticing it," Huldah said sharply. "Where in Heaven's name did you get the money, sir?"

There was a long silence, in which I scarcely dared breathe, and then my uncle's voice—hard, cold—made the final reply:

"You have been gossiping, Huldah. It is sufficient for you to know that my great-aunt died, in Honolulu, and left me a large sum of money. Close the door after you, if you please; there seems to be a strong draft."

CHAPTER III.

I think I shall never forget that blue dress if I live to be a hundred and ninety. It had a wide belt and very dashing cuffs, and I thought myself quite like a princess in it. Other pretty things followed, but they could not compare with that blue dress, any of them, not even the silver-backed brush and mirror that I found on my dresser the morning I was twelve years old. Improvements in the house came more slowly, but it was no later than spring that our ceiling was mended, our wooden fence replaced by an elaborate iron

one. Marvels seemed unceasing, and I took them all with an ever-increasing pride. In self-excuse, I pled that the better circumstances were like strong wine to my uncle, who continually demanded my approval, or an expression of pleasure, thereby keeping always before me the wealth that was one day to be mine.

To offset it, Huldah did her best in flinging scorn my way, but all the good she might have done me was completely counteracted by the toadying governess who came each morning to make up for my lack of education. It was no wonder that I became conceited and overbearing, but it made life terribly hard for me when I had to learn there were others to be considered, others who had greater claim on the world at large. I think there can be no greater shock than that experienced when one discovers her own relative unimportance, as I had to do later on.

If it had not been that I loved study, I would have been insufferable; but, with the prospect of a girls' school before me, I had to "make good." At last I was going to do as they did in books, and I could scarcely wait for the fulfillment of my dream. Each day brought its new delights, and I was each night just so many hours nearer a real school and real girls. I did not realize I was lonely until I knew I should be lonely no more.

It was some time in May, I think, that they put a new roof and a bay window on our house. The smell of the shingles and boards in the sunshine drew me out to watch the men hammering, placing each nail in exactly the right spot with a wonderful precision that never failed. One man figured a sum on a shingle, I remember, and I picked up the bit of wood to look at after he was gone. The sum was hard, and it took me a long time to follow out his multiplication. When I did, I found he had forgotten to carry one, and I went around the house to tell him so. I could not find him at first, and, when I saw him, out by the gate, I forgot my errand, for up the road in the station wagon came Jimmy, his mother, and father, and a trunk.

As soon as he saw me, Jimmy jumped over the wheel, and came through the dusty road to talk with me over the fence.

"I've come back!" he said, with a wide grin. "Gee, you're awful big! Why don't your mother put a brick on your head?"

"I haven't any mother," I responded haughtily. "If you know anything, you'd ought to remember that. I'm going to boarding school, and I'd be ashamed to be as small as you at thirteen."

Jimmy reddened.

"I'll be bigger'n you yet," he said fiercely. "I was glad, first off, but if you're going to be so crazy I guess I'm sorry my father lost his job in New York."

I relented. Here was another story-book thing happening to me. Jimmy had come back under a cloud.

"You can come in if you want to," I said. "I can play with you this summer without hurting anything, I guess, seeing I'm going to school in the fall."

"Maybe I'll come over later," Jimmy said grandly. "I ain't sure whether I will or not, but, anyhow, I got to go back now to help my mother."

I did not know that this was a part of my education I most needed, but I realized I enjoyed the boy, and was careful not to offend him beyond repair with my new graces and conceits. He was so honestly frank and straightforward that his common sense saved me much, and taught me more that summer than I dreamed. Had I known how ridiculous I was, with my airs, and my servants' English, I should have hidden my small head with deep mortification before the honest eyes of a boy like Jimmy. Perhaps it was fortunate I did not know how often his ringing laugh was directed at me, instead of with me, his tact so quickly turning aside my suspicion.

Up to a certain point, Jimmy let me lord it over him, but just as I was quite sure of having my own way, he would turn things as he wished them, with such ease and grace as fairly took my breath away. In our daily exchange of ideas and treasures, I introduced him

to my books, and he in return taught me how to bait a hook and keep a diary. He showed me how to play jackstones, too; but Huldah forbade them because Uncle Paul said it would make my hands large. My big, brown hands had never seemed worth considering before, but then I began practicing how to use them, posing before the mirror when undressing for bed. Of the books, Jimmy loved best the works of Cooper, and my uncle's set received gentle, loving attention from him all that long, hot summer.

"I don't see why you don't like him," he used to say. "He's dandy!"

"Any author who calls us females," I said, with offended dignity, "hadn't ought to be read by real ladies, and ain't going to be."

"You can't be so fussy," he replied, with a shade of impatience in his voice. "I might just as well hate you because you say 'ain't,' and mother won't let me."

"I don't hate him," I retorted, with spirit. "I'm only sorry for him because he didn't understand us, and you know that pity is divine, anyhow."

Jimmy looked bewildered.

"I can't make out what you're driving at, sometimes," he said hazily. "Specially when you get off stuff like you did the other day about tears. It makes me tired."

"It makes you tired because you haven't any soul for it," I said, with great gentleness. "It was said by a great man named George Eliot, and it goes like this: 'The book of female logic is blotted all over with tears.' It's beautiful."

"It's rot!" Jimmy said gruffly. "There isn't any use writing such stuff as that."

I gazed dreamily at a grasshopper swinging on a tuberose, and sighed.

"I suppose I can't ever make you understand," I said. "But we women suffer so in silence all the perfectly awful sorrows Fate sends us."

Jimmy gave me a quick look, and then rolled over on the grass in a paroxysm of mirth. His boyish face, convulsed with uproarious laughter, offended me beyond words, and I rose with my book

to attempt what I mentally characterized as "sweeping into the house." Unfortunately for me, I tripped over a tangle of grass, and sat down as suddenly as I had arisen. The mortification, the jar, and a certain dash of temper forced the quick tears to my eyes, and I sobbed as only an angry little girl can sob.

Jimmy's laughter suddenly ceased, and he did his boyish best to comfort me. It has always been the fashion to laugh lightly and carelessly at the so-called love affairs of children; but those people who laugh cannot have known such friendships. In all my troubled childhood, I never made another friend so satisfactory as Jimmy. His boy's love was so gentle, so tender, in spite of all my arrogance and insolence, that it was a joy to my soul. No shadow of sentimentality spoiled us, and when he kissed away my tears and pleaded with me to smile, I wept on his shoulder with all the comfort of a disconsolate sister.

That I had to stoop to conquer his consolation did not disturb me, for mere inches were not considered. For the first time in my lonely childhood, I was loved by one who was not bound by expediency or kinship to consider me. I dried my tears.

"Anyhow," I said, "when I get to school I'm going to learn myself to have straight hair."

Jimmy turned his back suddenly, and chased a grasshopper a few steps. When he came back, he said soberly:

"Honest, Peggy, it wasn't your hair you was feeling bad about this time."

"Wasn't it?" I asked. "Well, I don't care, anyway. Let's go down and look in the blacksmith-shop door."

So, hand in hand, we went down the village street to watch the blacksmith at his work. The flames, the hammering on the anvil, the tramp of the horses, and the hideous odors made an atmosphere never since duplicated for very beauty on any stage in my experience. We gasped in rapture.

"I wisht they let girls be blacksmiths," I sighed. "I could learn how at Dellville."

"Is it Dellville you're going to?" Jim-

my asked. "I got an aunt there, and I'll visit you. My aunt will have you to supper Sundays, and it'll be great."

"I don't guess I want any visitors," I said coldly. "They wouldn't let you, anyhow."

Jimmy was silent a moment, and then asserted himself in so positive a manner that I received his dictum in silence, not daring to rebel.

"It don't make any difference whether they do or not," he said. "We'll see enough of each other when we're married. And we're going to get married—I don't care what you say, or how you wiggle your eyes!"

CHAPTER IV.

Jimmy faded into the background when it came time for me to go away, and I don't know that I even bade him good-by. The station wagon took me to the train, with Huldah and a trunk, and my uncle came from his office to say his farewells. Filled with an importance that has never since been equaled, I condescended to be fervently embraced, but regarded his tear-wet eyes with some impatience. I don't think I was an ungrateful minx, but the train was coming to take me to new worlds, and Uncle Paul was a commonplace individual in a commonplace sphere. Besides, I had caught a glimpse of Jimmy playing marbles up the street, and I tried to be as indifferent as a boy. I had never been on a train before, and I had never known long separations or homesickness. Poor little tot! Her ignorance was short-lived!

Huldah went with me to Dellville, but she let me sit by the window all the way, and, by looking intently at the flying fields, I could imagine I was alone, and dream accordingly. As the little station slipped away into the dusty sunlight, I risked decapitation by thrusting my head out to look back and wave my handkerchief again. Before I was jerked back to safety, I saw that which made me exult with all my overweening conceit—insufferable little goose that I was! Poor little Jimmy, till now so indifferent, was standing

alone on the edge of the platform, gazing after me with great tears rolling down his cheeks.

Ah, me, had I been able to look forward to the long weeks of heartache in the long, silent halls of my coveted school, I might have been kinder. As it was, I was filled with glee, and made Huldah feel assured that I was absolutely without heart in my cold-blooded joy at my freedom.

"The dark-blue dress is for every day," I chanted, "the red one is for Sundays, the bright one is for Sabbath ways, the dark one is for Mondays. That's a poem, Huldah, and I made it up."

"It sounds like it," Huldah grunted. "You'd ought to be thinking who's going to tuck you in to-night, and how's your uncle going to get along without you."

It was not so easy after that, and I sat quiet, holding Huldah's hand, and gazing out at the flying farmlands with dim eyes. A new timidity slightly pre-saged my future misery, but it was nothing compared to what I had to undergo. The town was like our village, only larger, as you know; but the school



"We'll see enough of each other when we're married."

buildings were noble and imposing. A severe lady in deep black received us in an office lined with maps, where she patronized Huldah, and scrutinized me until I wiggled. The merciless scrutiny of grown people is so terribly cruel because it is so absolutely impersonal, so coldly calculating.

Fortunately Huldah settled matters for me, and I was taken to my room—a place with a bed that masqueraded in the daytime as a sofa, a dresser, and two chairs—and Huldah said good-by. Of a sudden, my boy's composure left me, and I cannot to this very minute bear to think of that hour. Afterward I was told I was naughty, and heard

myself pointed out as "the girl that hol-lered so," but I cared not at all. And the night was worse.

I am a little sorry now for the matron of the hall; but I don't think I can ever forgive her for laughing as she did over me, her new problem. I heard her discussing me with one of the teachers, and her laugh hurt unspeakably. You see, I wouldn't eat, and I couldn't sleep, and they said they could not manage me. I wrote a letter to Jimmy, begging him to come and get me and love me; but the maid took it to the matron, and I saw her tear it up.

"We cannot allow such foolishness," she said. "Send Miss Dean to her."

I locked the door when I heard that, but the strange Miss Dean did not try to come in. My room was on the first floor, in a wing, and as I sat in the middle of it, sore at heart, and tempest tossed, something darkened my window, and a tuberosc fell in my lap. I looked up suddenly, and saw a vision. A sweet, smiling face looked in at my window, and a girlish laugh echoed my surprise. I learned later that Miss Dean was not even pretty, but then she seemed beautiful to me.

"Let's go out to the woods," she said, in a whisper. "Come on, I'll lift you out of the window, and we'll make a secret of it. We won't tell anybody where we've been."

I yielded because I could not help it, and there began a glorious hour. We picked the late flowers, and ate lunch out of a box, and I told her all about the new roof, and Huldah, and Jimmy. She told me all about a party she had been to, and described her party dress. Oh, glorious hour! If you could understand what it was to me, who had never known a gentlewoman before! From her I learned all about the school, and the girls, and my books; and by the time I turned with her back to the gray walls I was ready to begin my new duties.

That night I wrote to Uncle Paul, and asked him to tell Huldah to give Jimmy my love. I wanted to write to him, too; but Miss Dean, who addressed the envelopes, would not let me. The pu-

pils of the school were not allowed to write to any one unless permission were given, and Uncle Paul, never having known Jimmy's name, had neglected to give it.

A strange school is a terrible thing to a child, unprepared and alone, and I did not make it any better by my offish, self-sufficient manner, nor by the dreadful mistakes I made in class. Even when I knew better, my tongue played me tricks in my nervousness, and my pride would not let me correct myself after I had spoken. Large, unaccustomed words would twist themselves, no matter how hard I tried.

"Because it is pliable," I said once, and knew immediately that I had slipped again.

"But it is not!" the irritable man cried sharply. "Malleable is the word—malleable. You may be seated."

That time only, I dared to correct myself.

"I meant malleable," I feebly protested daringly. "It was a slip of the tongue."

"There must be no slips!" he retorted no less fiercely. "Be seated. Next!"

He thought I was excusing myself with a lie, and I sat down clumsily, my cheeks red, my eyes blazing with an anger whose expression would have meant suspension, at least. I have noticed since, that timid, diffident pupils are to their teachers as red rags to a bull. If there is any one to be badgered and ridiculed, it is the girl who stammers and hesitates, though it often happens that she, the butt of the teacher's cheap wit, is the cleverest girl in the class when she has half a chance.

Once, in arithmetic, I said "the greatest common multiple," instead of the "least," and the fat teacher in carpet slippers struck the back of her hand against the blackboard in despair.

"Greatest, greatest!" she cried shrilly. "You could fill the room with figures, figures, figures, and not then have the greatest! Do you hear?"

If I had not heard, I must have been deaf; but I was obliged to bow my head to gentle reproof, and try to keep my

wits about me next time. At length, out of the agony came peace, out of the heartsick humiliation came joy, great beyond belief. It was not only that Miss Dean let me come to her room at all hours, day or night; but one day, after a sharp reprimand for bad writing on the blackboard, I was walking droopingly through the hall, and felt, of a sudden, an arm placed about my shoulder. Not Miss Dean's arm from afar, but the arm of a little girl like myself. She had lovely yellow hair, as straight as a string, and her dear blue eyes were just like china marbles.

"They don't mean to be cross—honest," she said. "They get tired of all of us, that's all. Only Miss Dean's grand. I'll teach you how to write on the board real nice. I guess you haven't been to school much, but I think your hair's too lovely for anything."

So Nellie and I were friends, and I lived and breathed at last. In my forlorn condition, I had lost most of my overbearing ways, and the school discipline kept the rest under, so we were congenial beyond expression. Nellie was a day scholar, but there was ample time after hours for her to drill me in blackboard writing, and to introduce me to the other girls. I did not make many friends at first, for I was happy with Nellie and Miss Dean, and the rest of the world mattered not.

"If only the school was close to home," I sighed, "stead of being way off like this. I'd like awful well to see Huldah make waffles."

"You don't care an awful lot about your uncle," Nellie said tentatively, "do you?"

It was the first time I had thought of it, but now that I did think, I knew it was true, though I would not say so, and I wondered why. There was something about him that I did not like, though I could not explain it.

"Well, you know, Huldah's always been with me," I suggested vaguely, "and Uncle Paul goes away a lot."

Nellie regarded me with admiration. "My, it certainly must be grand to be an orphan!" she said. "You can do a whole lot of things, and then may-

be somebody'll turn up who's your aunt, and leave you money."

The mention of money brought back to me a scene that was not pleasant, and I remembered I had some time yet to wait to understand it.

"I got all I want," I said, returning to my former grand manner, "and when I get big I'll give a lot to Jimmy Boyer."

Nellie clapped her hands.

"I wisht you would!" she cried rapturously. "He's my cousin!"

Thus were new ties formed, and a new happiness opened to me. That she belonged to Jimmy made her doubly dear, and it no longer mattered whether the teachers could read my writing or not, or even whether or not the other girls were as close to me. I was even permitted, by a letter from Uncle Paul, to spend Sundays with her, and those days in the quiet comfort of her home were, to me, filled with joys unspeakable. Once, on a cold, winter day, Jimmy came to see his aunt; and we had two whole glorious days of sledding and skating—Nellie, and he, and I. Jimmy had grown, but he was still much shorter than I, and the fact seemed the only drawback to his pleasure, though we tactfully never mentioned it. When he went back, he promised to come again very soon, but he could not.

So the school year passed till Christmas, with a tree at Nellie's, and handsome gifts from Uncle Paul. I had hoped to go home, but the house was closed while my uncle went West, and Huldah was visiting her sister. Huldah sent me a shell box more beautiful than her own, and inside was tucked away a lead whistle from Jimmy himself. Miss Dean went home for ten days, but I was content with Nellie, and did not mourn. I read much, dreamed more, and the winter days passed on, and spring came, bringing vacation in its train.

I was beginning to wonder what was to become of me—Peggy Arnold—when the matron brought me a telegram she had opened. In all the time I was at the school, I never failed to feel bitter resentment at losing the pleasure and

the privacy of opening my own communications; but I dared not show it now. The yellow envelope filled me with a terror I could quickly have dispelled had I held it in my own hands.

"Your uncle has pleasant plans for you," the matron said. "We are relieved to have you disposed of, for we want to close the school at once, and you are the only one unprovided for. You are to join him, with the maid, at a hotel in Maine, a far too fashionable place for a child of your years. Don't stare at me like that, please, but show me which of your things need mending.

the early novelty of it, and the mild pleasure of romancing about the people I saw. I hated all the new life of people and strange places, but I bore it in silence because Huldah said I owed it to my uncle.

"He sets a store by your being happy," she urged. "So make it look as though you loved it all. Any other girl but a queer one like you would be clean crazy over it."

So I took the dances and lawn parties with the best grace possible, being brought forward when I should have been held in the nursery, learning more



I heard that my uncle was a desirable individual, and thus, too, I heard the gossip of his financial deals.

The maid will be here to-morrow. You ought to be delighted to think you are going to have such a pleasant change."

Change! When was it going to stop? I wanted to go home to Jimmy, and the smell of new shingles, and I did not want to go to Maine. I began to think I was just a puppet to be pulled by strings, and I did not like it.

CHAPTER V.

Noise, confusion, and a haunting strain of "Il Trovatore" characterize that hotel in Maine for me as I look back on it; and I hated it, in spite of

of gossip than I should have known in twice my years. Thus I heard that my uncle was a desirable individual, and thus, too, I heard the gossip of his financial deals.

"No, he's a wizard," one man said, not knowing my nearness. "He didn't have such a lot at first, but he's trebled it in a year. Some men turn everything they touch to gold, and he's one. Lucky, they call it. And all of that he won't share with any one, because no woman happens to want to cater to that overdressed, stupid, solemn niece of his that he idolizes."

"I suppose that's why Miss Short

didn't win out? No accounting for tastes," the other said, shrugging his shoulders. "I wish I had an old aunt in Honolulu, that's all."

The first man looked at the other rather oddly.

"Do you——" he began, and stopped.

The other laughed.

"No," he said. "Do you?"

They passed on, but I stood there and checked it off on my fingers. Over-dressed—solemn—stupid— Oh, but I was not stupid! I hurried into the hotel, and found Huldah immediately.

"Huldah," I said seriously, "I'm thirteen."

"Yes," she said. "What's new about that?"

"I want a long, plain dress," I said, with a quick breath. "I don't want a sash, and I want my hair in a braid like Nellie's."

Huldah protested, but she made the changes as quickly as might be. I believe my uncle was mightily amused, but I don't know. I didn't care. I spent the afternoon alone on the rocks of the shore, and came back too late for dinner downstairs. As I ate what could be found for me, upstairs, with Huldah, after Uncle Paul had gone to a dance, I asked a question I had saved for a year.

"Huldah," I said explosively, "are there very many wrong ways of making money?"

Huldah dropped the darning egg, and bent down to pick it up.

"I don't know," she fenced. "I haven't tried any."

"Well," I sighed, "Uncle Paul said he had an aunt in Honolulu, but there wasn't any aunt on the tree. I looked."

"Mebbe they forgot her."

"Not in treeing. They put everybody down. Besides, I heard a man say—he didn't think——"

"Didn't think what?"

I would not say, but I sat long, thinking it out. It was a puzzle, and life itself not understandable, all the stranger in the light of what I learned from a letter Huldah received from her sister. She said:

That Jimmy friend of yours has moved again. Beats all how people skip around, don't it? It seems he's poor, Doctor Boyer is, and he's gone back on the farm to see if he can't make more money farming than what he did at doctoring. I'm sorry for Jimmy's schooling, that's what I am. His father got into some kind of trouble in New York, sister says, and though they ain't been able to prove nothing on him, he's trying to pay it back and live, too. It certainly does beat all, this world of ours.

Jimmy poor! Perhaps his ceilings leaked now, his sofas bumped out in the wrong places. I was sorry, and my puzzle deepened. All I could do was to wait, and leave all those things until I was older, and could understand everything, like Huldah.

So the months rolled away with school and summer resorts, study and travel, and the last day of my school life brought with it the announcement of a European trip. Nellie said I ought to be crazy with joy, so I tried to be; but I was so sorry to leave the school and the girls, so reluctant to say goodbye to Nellie's dear little mother, that I could think of little else.

Nellie had lost track—temporarily—of Jimmy; but I knew he knew where I was, and I hoped he would come back before I left. He had been in Dellville a whole month, the previous year, but he did not come again. Jimmy was big and broad then, but too busy to give much time to us, save on Sundays. That he was working hard was very apparent, and his discouragement seemed often almost more than he could fight against. I would have been glad to see him again, but he did not come.

"You're such an odd piece," my uncle said wistfully. "You take things so quietly that I am bound I shall show you something that will make you open your eyes, if anything will. We'll go abroad, and you can live in a castle and wear a crown if you wish. You've got the price."

I put my hand on his arm, and patted him, trying to show that I was grateful.

"I can't thank you enough, Uncle Paul," I said feelingly. "You have been so very dear and good to me. I just can't express how I feel."

"I don't want you to thank me," he said shakily. "I just want you to like it."

"Like it?" I asked. "How can I help feeling that it's all a dream, when I remember how little I used to have?"

"I hoped you'd forget the old days," he said, frowning. "I try to make you leave them behind."

I walked to the window, and looked out musingly.

"I guess I don't want to forget them," I said at length, facing about. "I liked the quiet so much better than the glamour and noise of to-day."

He looked disappointed, but brightened in a moment.

"Then we'll go quietly," he said. "What is your money for but to bring you what you want most?"

"It isn't mine; it was your aunt's, you know."

"I choose to call it yours," he said gruffly, "and yours it is. I owe it to you because it was an unfortunate investment of mine that lost you your mother's money. You can't have grown up without knowing I mean what I say."

I turned back to the window, rather listlessly, and he resented my seeming lack of interest.

"I can't see why you hate the money so," he said testily. "What is there about inheriting money that bothers you so? You act as though you didn't—"

I turned around again slowly.

"It has troubled me very much," I said deliberately, "to know just where your aunt came in."

The bomb was thrown, but no explosion followed, though I braced myself for it. Uncle Paul grew very red, and then white again. He was always very white.

"There was no aunt," he said calmly. "That much you may know. Nothing more. The money was unexpected because I did not earn it, but it was rightfully mine. I do not wish you to worry about it, so I tell you it is not bribe money, or anything you ought to be ashamed of. Now, never let me hear it spoken of again. Get out the folders, and let's plan the tour."

Sometimes I am ashamed that I gave my uncle so little return for all he did for me, but I comfort myself by remembering our European trip. He always threw benefits to me as I have seen fish thrown to trained sea lions, evidently considering that their costliness made them desirable; but this trip was a gem of its kind. The only drawback to my pleasure lay in the presence of a man who haunted our paths wherever we went.

He was tall and fine-looking, in a bold sort of way, but his eyes were terrible to me. Uncle Paul said I was fanciful.

"You girls would turn down a prince because he was bald, I verily believe," he said impatiently. "Think of what he could give you! Why, with his means and yours together, you could conquer the world!"

Money! Uncle Paul thought in dollars and cents, no matter what the subject, and every time he put a price on anything the old wonder came back to me, and I worried about where he got it. Money he had not earned or inherited must have defrauded somebody, I was sure.

"You are morbid," Uncle Paul said, his finger on my pulse as usual. "If I do not see the necessity for economy, why should you worry?"

"It isn't economy," I said slowly. "It's only that I feel I must be spending somebody else's money all the time."

Uncle Paul reddened angrily.

"That is not your business!" he roared. "Why should you set yourself up to criticize me, and question my standing?"

Oh, dear, the melancholy matter of a woman's longing to understand finances! I have known wives who never knew their husbands' resources, but spent money they received because they had never been told of a necessity for economy, and then were blamed for extravagance at the time of the crash. Because he would not be frank with me, I felt more and more certain that something was wrong, and protested at every new expense. It was a dear, delightful tour otherwise, though poor Huldah did

growl at the beds and the cooking, and threaten to leave me many times a week.

"It's a heathen world over here," she grumbled. "You can't understand a word, and you'd ought to be thankful you can't, judging by the looks of the folks. Them Turkeys we saw was worse enough, but it looks to me like Paris was fiercer. Even you gets to talking native here, and nodding and waving your hands like the whole lot of rank French lunatics."

Mr. Becker, still our shadow, was rather more in favor then, and I verily believe I should eventually have married him, had it not been for a chance. He took us one day to the Latin Quarter, and got permission from a friend to show us a room or two. Most of the apartments were bare and dirty, cluttered with soiled dishes; but one had a certain brightness that showed it neat and clean. The room was not large, and it was, of necessity, crowded with furniture; but it was not unlike a hall bedroom in a boarding house at home. We had met the tenant on the stairway, and he had agreed easily to our seeing it.

"I am please' to be of aid to you," he said, smiling. "I am not exactlee w'at you call bo'eem, me. I play the piano and violins, and do not starve me yet. I 'ave wit' me the frien' from the America. It is to be 'ope' 'e is not within."

He was; a tall, dark, young man, seated with his back to the light, studying a heavy book. The tenant murmured an apology, and I instinctively drew back, but the young man rose politely. For a minute there was confusion while our new friend apologized, uncle explained, and Mr. Becker expressed his appreciation of the courtesy. Then the young man, who had kept his back to the light, laughed in unmistakable amusement.

Some people show themselves in a twist of the shoulder, some in their walk, some in their speech; but Jimmy I should always know by his laugh. Oh, think that if we hadn't met the young foreigner on the stairs, we should have missed seeing Jimmy! It was such pure accident—or was it?

When we had shaken hands and introductions had been made, Mr. Potin served tea, and Jimmy and I raked up the past by asking questions so rapidly that no one else had a chance to say much of anything, until the other three began a discussion of America's foreign policy to avoid boredom.

"I knew you at once," Jimmy declared delightedly. "You see, you haven't learned to pull it straight yet. It is two years since I saw you. I was working for a farmer to get money to pay my college course, so I didn't dare see too much of you. You're a real fairy princess now, aren't you? All the fairies must have been invited to your christening."

I laughed.

"Tell me something about yourself," I commanded. "What are you doing here?"

"Studying medicine in the hospitals for a little while. Then I'm going home. I've been in Germany, too."

"I am glad to see you prosperous," I said. "I've worried a little about you, Jimmy."

When we got back to our rooms, I found a letter from Nellie, that told me how hard Jimmy was working abroad, living the while on one meal a day, but I did not know it then. Nor did I let him know I knew, for fear he would decline to dine with us when we asked him.

"That's good of you," he said. "I've worried about you, too; but not because I feared you were not comfortable."

He looked at Mr. Becker, and back at me; but I could not answer the appeal. I wasn't sure then what I was going to do; his sudden appearance had upset all my plans.

"Isn't it all queer?" I asked, laughing lightly. "It is so funny to meet you over here! Weren't you surprised to see me?"

He was silent a moment.

"No," he said slowly. "I wasn't. You see, I expected you. I have prayed for just such a happening for months."

Uncle Paul rose abruptly.

"Come, Margaret; it's late," he said.

"We'll expect your friends to dinner to-morrow, if they will favor us with their company."

CHAPTER VI.

Jimmy came to dinner, but his roommate had so many other engagements that he declined. I was just as well pleased, for a party of four is easy to handle in every way. Mr. Becker and Uncle Paul ought to have enjoyed each other's society, but they didn't, and I had to be particularly nice to Mr. Becker to keep him smoothed down. Jimmy was much as he used to be, only nicer, but there was a touch of sadness in his voice that troubled me. He was seeing hard times, and he had worries in plenty, it was easy to see. I have never understood exactly why I worried about it myself, but Jimmy had been my friend in old, hard days, and I wished that comforts might have come to him, as well as to me.

"I am very much afraid a lack of means is not becoming to my peculiar style of beauty," he laughed. "I ought to have made myself a millionaire by this time. Give me a few years more, and maybe I'll come up to your expectations."

"If you, too, put money ahead of everything," I said quickly, "you need never come here again."

He sobered suddenly.

"I don't. It's only that I want my father and mother to have their just dues. I am going to be a specialist, and get big fees, to let them travel and have books and a house. It hurts me so to have them do without, always."

There was a tremor in his voice that I liked, and I wished I might reach over and put my arm around his neck, as I used to do. Sometimes being grown up has its drawbacks. Realizing I could do nothing of the sort, especially with Mr. Becker and Uncle Paul smoking on our little balcony, close by, I examined the embroidery on my handkerchief, and tried to look coldly indifferent. It mattered little whether or not I succeeded, for Jimmy did not raise his eyes.

"I don't know what you have heard," he began slowly, "but my father was the physician for a large concern in New York, just appointed to the position when you and I were children. It was a great chance, and it looked as though he might at last get on his financial feet again, after many years of deprivations. It lasted so short a time that it doesn't seem possible it could have left so much disaster behind. Father is good-natured, and when the paymaster was to have gone his rounds, and was sick, father took his place to keep his full pay for him. The man had seven children and an invalid wife, you see. It gave father double work part of the time, but it needed a reliable man to handle such enormous sums, and a fearless one, since there was much heavy country driving to do to reach the men. So it came about that father, absent-minded as he was, reached his destination minus so many thousands of dollars that I verily believe his hair turned white in a night."

"Oh, they couldn't believe it!" I cried. "They couldn't believe a man like that would take it!"

"Remember, they did not know him well, and remember he was poor and struggling," Jimmy said sadly. "They had taken him on trial. The money had to go by hand, because there was no bank in the town, or near. Father took it three times, and the third time he——"

The horror of it took my breath away.

"Was it a robber?" I asked. "Did they hurt him?"

"I think it would have been easier to bear if it had been a robber," Jimmy said quietly. "No, he just—lost it—out of the buggy he was in."

"Oh, Jimmy!" I cried, in my sympathy. "And he's been all these years paying it back!"

Mr. Becker's laugh broke in. He had heard my exclamation.

"The more fool he!" he said. "Never pay back what you can keep yourself. Possession is nine points of a law, anywhere."

Jimmy rose.

"If you'll excuse me," he said, "I'll go on my way. I should have been at my rooms studying all this time."

Uncle Paul seemed willing he should go, and I tried to hide his coolness by talking rather gayly.

"It sounds like a storybook, doesn't it?" I said. "Studying in Paris! Most of us come here just to waste our time."

"Most of us hope it isn't wasted," Mr. Becker said pointedly. "And some of us know it isn't."

Jimmy said good night to him and to Uncle Paul, and we stood a few minutes, talking, in the doorway before he left.

"It certainly is too good to be true!" he said exultantly. "To think I should find you here at last! And the best of it is, you haven't changed a bit in manners, looks, or ideas."

It was time he was taken down a bit, I decided suddenly, so I tried it.

"If I haven't changed in any way, I am sorry for myself," I said coldly. "My manners were always said to be atrocious, but I know my ideas are totally different. I don't even like the same people I used to."

Jimmy laughed.

"Oh, yes, you do," he said. "That's the real way that you haven't changed. No doubt Mr. Becker tells you often enough how lovely you are."

"Oh, I'm so glad you mentioned him," I said, in mock dismay. "He's our guest, and I ought not to have left him so long alone. Good night."

I slipped away, and left him to ring for the elevator and go down, while I went slowly back to Mr. Becker and Uncle Paul. When I reached them, I

knew Uncle Paul would begin to read, as he always did, and I delayed the return by slipping out on the balcony to see the moon, and watch Jimmy's broad figure disappear down the boulevard. I might have known that Mr. Becker would take it as a hint that he might follow me.

"Fine-looking fellow, isn't he?" he laughed. "But he'll never set the river on fire, you may be sure of that."

"I don't know as I care specially for water fireworks," I said, moving as far a way as the length of the balcony permitted. "We are old, old friends."

"Old friends seem doubly dear in foreign places. But how about

the new ones? They, at least, have untarnished names."

"I don't understand what you mean." "Of course, you were too young at the time," he said; "but I distinctly remember the case. This fellow's father helped himself to a pretty penny, ten years or so ago, and was only kept out of the penitentiary by the sentimental



I knew that a time of reckoning had come for me, and I braced myself to meet it.

plea that he had a wife and boy. I suppose the son is enjoying some of the ill-gotten gains now."

I do not mean to be hot-tempered; I know temper is wrong, very wrong; but I never so enjoyed losing my temper as I did that very minute. I wished, with Tennyson, that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arose in me.

"If that's your idea of him, it merely shows what you would consider right yourself," I said furiously. "I wish you had never come over with us, and I hope this may be the last time I shall ever see you. Good night, and good-by!"

He was very white in the moonlight. "Jove! You are splendid!" he cried. "I wish it were for me you were taking up the cudgels. Now, at last, I understand why I have failed. This very palpable shadow from your childhood, this ragged hero, appeals to your imagination too vividly to let anything I do avail."

When I made no reply, he dropped the pompous manner, and held out his hand.

"Do you mean it?" he asked. "Haven't you anything to say to me?"

"Yes," I said coldly. "It is 'Good-by.'"

If he knew how long I had wanted to say it, I am sure he would not have taken it so hard.

"Young Lochinvar has come out of the West," he said bitterly. "You see him, and send me away."

"He has nothing to do with it," I told him, "unless to remind me that there are men who care for other things beside money."

I did not hear him go, but I heard his voice as he spoke to Uncle Paul. If I did not know that calling him back would mean weeks of his society, I should have spoken to him, if only to seem less severe in my own eyes.

"Good night, Arnold," I heard him say. "I hardly think I shall see you again in some time. I sail at once for home. Your niece has given me a rather abrupt dismissal. Comparisons, it seems, are odorous."

CHAPTER VII.

When Mr. Becker went out, closing the door noisily behind him, my uncle joined me out on the balcony. I knew by his step that a time of reckoning had come for me, and I braced myself to meet it. It had long been Uncle Paul's cherished plan that I should marry Sam Becker, and I knew he would leave no stone unturned in his effort to bring it about. To this end, he began gently.

"You are not usually irritable or quarrelsome," he said quietly, "so I cannot blame you for the misunderstanding with Becker. What did he say that annoyed you?"

"It wasn't a misunderstanding," I said definitely. "It was very well understood by both of us. I never want to see him again."

"You are angry. In a little while you will realize that you are making a great mistake."

"In what way?"

Uncle Paul rose, and lighted a fresh cigar. In the moonlight, his face looked hard, and the flare of the match showed his eyes with a determined gleam in them. Perhaps a man's face always shows hard lines when a sharp light flashes on it in the dark, but it gave me something of a shock just then. His cigar lighted, he sat down on the spindly iron chair, and cast his eyes over as much of Paris as he could see. The lights in the near-by houses gave a fête-like look to the neighborhood, but there were not many people stirring in the heat of the breathless evening.

"You don't seem to realize," my uncle returned to the charge, "that Becker is by far the most eligible man you have yet met. He is tall, fine-looking, of an excellent family, and possessed of great means. What more do you ask?"

"Love and respect," I said. "I have neither for him."

Uncle Paul stood up impatiently, and paced the limits of the balcony. He was much put out with me.

"You had before the other fellow appeared," he said. "How can you be so sentimental as to attach any significance to an accidental meeting like that?"

This fellow has known how to forget you pretty well for ten years."

I could not even attempt to defend Jimmy without laying myself open to fresh comments, so I ignored that part of his remark.

"I am not attaching any importance to anything," I said vaguely. "We were old friends, and his being here had absolutely nothing to do with Mr. Becker."

While I was speaking, I realized I had not told the absolute truth. For some reason or other, the clear-cut manliness of Jimmy Boyer had made Mr. Becker so cheap.

"You are young yet in your judgments," Uncle Paul went on. "You do not know men as you will later on."

"If I don't know men and women, it is through no fault of yours," I said, trying to be gentle. "You have brought me prominently forward since I was a child—stupid, solemn, and overdressed. I have met a little of everybody, people of so many kinds that it is a wonder I haven't grown cynical at twenty-three. You have done everything for me, and given me all that money can buy; but I am not a society girl, and sometimes—forgive me—but sometimes I wish I were ten years old again."

"I suppose," Uncle Paul said bitterly, "there is no amount of education or travel that will entirely eradicate the old colonial Connecticut prejudices, once they are firmly rooted. You will never be anything but a Puritan, after all."

"Please grant me a twentieth-century sense of humor," I pleaded. "Besides, I am afraid those old-time costumes would not be becoming to me. If you have finished your cigar, I'll do my best to beat you at *bézique*."

I saw a great deal of Jimmy the month we stayed in Paris, and we had some good visits together. He came in quite unexpectedly—at least, to Uncle Paul—one evening to take me for a stroll. Uncle Paul was not in, but I left word with Huldah where I was going, and Jimmy and I went off on the most delightful little spree imaginable. All Paris was astir in the cool of the

evening, and we both loved dearly to watch the continual coming and going, the lights, the colors, the gesticulations, and feel we were in a dream.

"If I'd known you'd like it so, I'd have asked you to go before," Jimmy said. "It's so much nicer than staying up on the balcony to look down at the people below."

I think we both hoped we would not meet any one from home, and were glad when we saw no one but strangers. Americans there were in plenty—noisy, self-assertive, discourteous, inconsiderate—but no one with whom we cared to exchange a sentence. We were as detached from them all as if we had been spirits from another world, and we talked of past doings and sayings until the years rolled away, and we seemed to be children again. There was something so satisfying about Jimmy. I never before had that strangely complete feeling that I had when with him. Oh, it was such a dear, delicious little spree!

It was late when I got back to the pension and said good night to Jimmy, but Uncle Paul was waiting for me in our sitting room. He was provoked with me, I could see, with that unreasonable jealousy he always showed to me all my life. I could not be tender with Huldah without arousing it, and I think it is what kept me from loving him as I should have. It was human nature, perhaps, to unconsciously withhold it because it was demanded.

"I should think you had traveled enough to know you ought not to go off alone this way," he fumed. "You always insisted on my going with you and Becker, so I never thought to warn you."

I pulled off my gloves slowly. We had had such a good time that even Uncle Paul could not spoil it.

"That's just the difference between the men," I agreed amiably. "I'd go anywhere with Jimmy, by myself."

"And yet," Uncle Paul said sternly, "yet this upstart's father ought to be serving sentence. I am told."

I am afraid I lost my temper, and damaged my cause. Possibly I hurt

Uncle Paul, too, for he was as white as a sheet when I finished telling about Jimmy's father. Of course, I was quickly repentant.

"I didn't mean to be disagreeable," I faltered. "I hope you'll forgive me; but Jimmy's father did not steal the money. They are all too honorable to keep what does not belong to them."

Uncle Paul rose.

"You are tired," he said gruffly. "It is bad for your health to become so excited over trifles. What you tell me only strengthens my determination to take you away from Paris. That I may have no further occasion for worry, I shall write Mr. Boyer that I shall be obliged if he does not call again. Good night."

He held open the door for me, and I passed meekly out, going to bed like a naughty child, speechless after the tempest.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was only after we had left Paris and passed on to other cities more or less frequented by tourists, more or less interesting to me, that I realized how much I wanted to see Jimmy. I told myself that it was absurd, that the summer nights were making me sentimental, that Jimmy was probably not giving me a thought; but I could not help feeling that foreign lands had lost their charm since Jimmy was not there. They had told me often enough that I was odd, but I did not class this feeling among my oddities, though it may have belonged there. Jimmy was everything to me when I was small, and I had never let another person fill his place, so perhaps it was only natural for him to settle back into his accustomed niche as soon as I saw him again. I always knew he would not forget me, and I felt he would not give me up if he knew how I cared—not for a thousand Uncle Pauls.

So we went traveling up and down the face of the globe, types of the thousands of homeless ones who wander for lack of something else to do. The great loneliness of crowds was growing oppressive to me, and a strange rebellion

seized me that I should be obliged to go hither and yon just because it was "the thing," and one of Uncle Paul's whims. The crowds, and the noise, and the hot dust were making Huldah and me very cross, when Uncle Paul was taken very suddenly ill with a fever. Then the forlornness of our estate in a heathen land struck us with new force, and Uncle Paul begged to be taken home.

He was like a child in his weakness, and we two womenfolk rose to the emergency as in duty bound. Uncle Paul was usually very amusing when he was ill, because of his irritability and utter unreasonableness, so when he became so angelic, both Huldah and I were frightened.

"I feel like I uster when I was a youngster," Huldah said dolefully. "We uster walk out on cakes of ice in the lake, and onct in a while the ice would break away, and we'd have to skip pretty lively to shore over open water. Now I feel just like I was afloat on one of them cakes of ice, and was desperate to get to land."

We had to wait a little to get passage on a homebound steamer, but at last we were booked for sailing. A family party, deciding to stay longer away, were glad to give up their reservations, and we carried Uncle Paul on board as soon as possible. In the noise, and hurry, and bustle of getting under way, something of my anxiety was lessened, but the lonely longing for Jimmy Boyer only grew worse. I was leaving him behind in his poverty and his struggle for a knowledge that would make him a power, and I was sailing away, rich and idle, living, as I had always been confident I was, on money that belonged to somebody else.

Uncle Paul, true to his threat, had written Jimmy not to come again, and he had not. The morning after, I telephoned to the studio, and asked for Jimmy, resolved not to be meekly resigned. A voice I took to be that of Monsieur Potin answered me with the regretful statement that Monsieur Boyère had left early that morning, just after the mail came. No, madame, he



"For a girl as don't care a rap, you're carrying on something odd."

had left no address. So Jimmy had been content to accept Uncle Paul's word without protest, and go away without asking if it were also my answer.

At first I felt bitterly about it, but my good Connecticut common sense came to my rescue, and I reminded myself that Jimmy was poor, I rich, and it was foolish to expect him to be as romantic as I. Part of my reasoning I knew to be at fault, for Jimmy had shown himself every bit as romantic as I, but I tried to explain it by Paris and the moonlight. A girl is in such a hard position sometimes. She cannot say the one thing that would straighten matters out, because, forsooth, it is unwomanly. Yet I wouldn't have it different for all the world!

Poor, patient Uncle Paul was very quiet on the steamer. He would lie for hours without speaking, and then would only ask that I go on deck for the air. We had a smooth trip, and our parlor was so comfortable that it was easy to forget we were on the water at all. Once I dreamed we were in a wreck, and could not save Uncle Paul because of his weakness; but it was only in

nightmare that we had a moment's uneasiness. I did not make friends with any one, but walked alone, or with Huldah, and ate my meals in our parlor. People were considerate, and let me alone, knowing, I suppose, that the nurse and I were fighting a desperate battle in which our only chance lay in the sea air and the joy of home-coming.

The captain and surgeon were wonderful. I suppose it is only when one is in trouble that one can possibly appreciate the great heart of man, but I know that I can never express my appreciation of the wondrous goodness of all with whom I came in contact, then and afterward, from chief officer to common seaman. If any of them were rough or wicked men, I hope the recording angel will make a note of the fact that they ministered to me when I was in sore anxiety and desperate need. For Uncle Paul died one day out from Sandy Hook.

Huldah and I did not again leave our rooms, out of consideration for what we knew must be the captain's wish. There were many who had asked us how the patient progressed, and it might

be that if we were not seen again, we might not be remembered in the excitement of arriving home. I liked it better so, for I wanted to think, and try to plan my future actions.

It was early in the morning of a gloriously bright day that Uncle Paul spoke my name after a long silence. I sat in the chair beside the brass bed, and offered him a cool drink of water. He shook his head.

"No, Peggy," he said, smiling wistfully. "Nothing more. Something has happened inside of me that makes me sure of it. The breeze smells of America, doesn't it? I suppose I am on American soil now—wouldn't you call it so? I wanted to go from America."

He was quiet for a little time, and then sighed heavily.

"I don't know what they tell you," he said, "but I know I am going, and I want you to know I have never done wrong but once in my life. That I did for you, because, dear one, I love you with my whole soul—such as it is."

I tried to keep him from talking, and, with a motion of my hand, I sent Huldah for the nurse and the surgeon.

"I must talk, Peggy," he said quietly, "and I want to justify myself. To begin with, perhaps my sense of honor was not as keen as it should have been, but the temptation was so terrible. It came to me so suddenly, at a time when I was being persecuted by creditors, when separation from you was a most awful possibility. I had lost your mother's money in bad investments, and now I was to lose you!"

He drank a little water, and went on, more haltingly: "You see, Peggy, dear little girl, I wanted to give you so much, and I thought if I had it all to give you might love me at least a little."

"I do, Uncle Paul!" I said brokenly. "You were mother and father to me all my life long. I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am, and always shall be. I do love you!"

"Not as I wish—not as I do you," he said slowly. "Well, in the hour of my most terrible destitution, I picked up the satchel in the roadway, and found it heavy with money. Money! Money

to pay my creditors, money to invest where I knew it would grow as it has. To-day, eleven years after, you are a very rich girl. I have helped you. I did it."

I buried my face in my hands, and let the silence fall that he most feared. I dreaded to hear more.

"Peggy!" It was a cry from a wounded heart, and it hurt me beyond words. I could not answer.

"I suppose it is natural, dear," he went on painfully. "You condemn me, but you do not know how I argued. 'Finders, keepers,' I said. If a man could afford to be careless with so much money, he could afford to do without it for good. You know that's true."

"But he was a poor man."

He looked at me sadly.

"I truly did not know who had lost it," he said. "I—I did not read the papers, and we were practically buried in that town, where I wasn't popular enough to have friends. It was only—the other—day that I knew."

The struggles, the disgrace, the suffering of Doctor Boyer, the self-denial of ten long years, were so little to Uncle Paul, and yet I felt so, so sorry for him. A man with no imagination, he could not grasp it all.

"The irony of Fate," he said weakly. "You are ready to give—him—the love you denied me—and I am afraid you will be quixotic about—about the money, too. You will not keep it, after all—for you—are honorable. Ah, little girl, the best laid plans, Peggy, beloved—the best laid plans of mice—and men—gang—"

Huldah opened the door for the ship's surgeon, who came too late.

CHAPTER IX.

I had thought it would be an extremely simple matter to find Jimmy, but it did not prove to be so. The letter I sent to his address in Paris came back marked "*Retour à l'expéditeur*," and nobody in town knew where his parents were. The farm Doctor Boyer owned had been sold, and he and his wife had disappeared as completely as though

washed away by a tidal wave, or swallowed up by an earthquake. To get no response to all my letters gave me such a "gone" feeling that I went down to New York with faithful Huldah to consult Uncle Paul's lawyer.

Huldah did not approve of the trip at all, and sputtered about it all the way there.

"It don't do no good to run around trying to give back money," she said. "I wouldn't hunt up any man, unless it was that I was in love with him. Which," she added, after a pause, "you ain't, of course?"

"No," I answered, realizing some reply was expected of me. "I am not in love with him—not in the least."

"Well," Huldah sighed, "I didn't suppose you was. I'm an old woman now, I want you to understand, and I ain't going to gallivant around much longer. I want you to hustle and settle down, so's I can live in peace and quiet."

Dear old Huldah! How could I ever get along without her! By the time we reached Mr. Prentice's, Huldah had quieted down a bit, and was, to all appearances, a meek, submissive maid—all but her eyes. Huldah's eyes are wonderfully expressive.

"Of course, you can secure the services of a detective," Mr. Prentice said dubiously. "But, under the circumstances, I should not. Is it your idea to return to him more than the original sum?"

"Every cent I own!" I said positively. "I am young, and can do something. All the money I have, you see, came from that first sum that did not belong to me."

Mr. Prentice regarded me frowningly.

"I agree with you that the original sum, with interest, should be returned," he said. "But why more?"

"I don't want anybody's money but my own," I said, rising. "Can't you give me some idea how to go about finding Mr. Boyer?"

"Not unless you know of some of his relatives to whom you might write."

Of a sudden, I saw a long, long hall, and a very forlorn little girl walking

dolefully through it. Nellie—of all people, Nellie! Why hadn't I thought of her before?

"Come in again, if you don't hear from her," Mr. Prentice said, when I told him, "and I'll see what I can do."

I could not wait to get home to write, so I telegraphed Nellie, and went home to wait for a reply. I never passed so long a three hours as those were in which I paced the floor waiting for Nellie's reply. I would not go to bed, and poor Huldah thought it was her duty to sit up with me. Fortunately it came before midnight, c. o. d., at telegraph rates:

You dear thing, if I wasn't glad to hear from you. Where have you been all this time? Wish you would run in on me. What has Jimmy done that you want his address? I have not the slightest notion where he is. Am so sorry. I have not heard a thing since some one said he was engaged to somebody. Do write me. I am so sorry. With much love,
NELLIE.

I felt as though I had come plump up against a stone wall in more ways than one. Jimmy engaged! Well, it made it easier for me to do as I planned, I could see that. My dismay must have shown in my face, for Huldah shook her head at me.

"If I didn't know better," she said, "having been told by herself, I'd say he was sure enough something to my Peggy."

"What nonsense, Huldah!" I cried. "I am only disappointed at the delay in giving up the money. Do you suppose I could teach, Huldah?"

She laughed very frankly. Paris and all of Europe had not given Huldah polish, succeeding, rather, in accentuating her peculiarities, while strengthening her conviction that the ordinary human being should be by rights confined in a sanitarium.

"Teach!" she sputtered. "The next thing'll be she'll be thinking of writing a book! Teaching and litertoor is awful easy work, and don't need no preparation."

My future did worry me a good deal, and I spent my time reading circulars of schools that promised all sorts of wonderful things for the jobless. I liked

the library schools the best, but the length of time I should have to spend in study appalled me. I could not afford to wait so long before becoming a breadwinner. I applied for positions as a language teacher, feeling sure of myself in French, German, and Italian; but the polite replies always stated that "natives" only need apply, and preferably natives just over. It was the same weary round so many thousands had trod before me, poor, unprepared

was ashamed of myself for caring what he thought, and I tried to wish I had never known him.

I was thinking it over before going to bed one night, and took down the picture Jimmy had given me in Paris. I studied the chin and the eyes, and realized he was too stanch and true a friend to let even his future wife make him forget his old playmate. Perhaps one of them was ill; maybe his father had died, and I was too late with my



Huldah paused in her flight only long enough to usher in—Jimmy.

mortals, trusting to the last minute that something would turn up.

The task of finding Jimmy grew no easier. The advertisements in the papers brought no reply, and Mr. Prentice would not secure a detective. It was puzzling where the man could have hidden himself, and I could not understand it. If he were about to be married, he would be so glad of the money—certainly! It hurt me to think he cared so little about me that he made no inquiries; but, of course, he was solely interested in her, and he had no way of knowing I had come home. I

plans for reparation. A sudden fear struck me that perhaps Jimmy himself was dead after his hard year abroad, and I put my head down on the sofa pillows, and cried like a baby. I did not hear the door open, or Huldah cross the room, but Huldah's voice, half mocking, half tender, broke in on my thoughts.

"Well, you're smashing his picture good and plenty," she said. "For a girl as don't care a rap, you're carrying on something odd. Come here, and cry on my shoulder, you poor, dear, motherless kitten."

Huldah's pet names were always absurd, but her arms were comforting, and before I knew it, I had made a confession I had not even made to myself.

"Nothin' new in it, except his being engaged," Huldah said calmly. "As if I didn't know it all a'ready! Only I had to wait to hear you say so. Never mind, cherub; Huldah won't go back on you; and no man ain't worth crying over when you got me. We'll have a little home as will be the best ever. There, skeezicks, don't cry. Would you be breaking a' old lady's heart like me, I'd like to know?"

We sat silent for a long, long time, and finally Huldah insisted that I must go to bed. I was only too glad, in my misery, to go; and I let myself be led away like a small child. Huldah was so patronizing in her affectionate care for me that I almost laughed through my tears. She did not leave me until I was safely tucked in.

I was sleepy, and drifted off into a dream of Huldah closing the front door to keep out a man who wore a wolf's head on his shoulders.

CHAPTER X.

There was a light snow falling when I opened my eyes the next morning, and found my grate fire burning brightly, my clothes warming on a chair before it. The comfort of it all kept me in bed a little while, and then I hopped out to see what the postman had brought me. An affectionate letter from Nellie, and a brief note from Mr. Prentice were all, except the advertisements of automobiles and piano players that were always in my mail. I was vaguely disappointed, as usual, for I continually hoped that Jimmy would write, no matter how often I had no word from him. I wanted to know about the girl. Mr. Prentice said shortly that no word had come, and recommended advertising in an English paper. He would do nothing until further orders, however. In a postscript, he asked if I would see the young man, in case he were found.

Before I went down to breakfast, I wrote him I wished the English advertisement, but I would by no means see James Boyer or any of his family. I was in a sort of panic at the very thought. The transfer of the money was to be made through the office anonymously, and I did not wish any communication from any one else. So anxious was I to avoid any such thing that I hailed the baker's boy, and gave him a dime to mail the letter at the post office as he went by.

I felt a little better when the letter was out of my hands, but something of my nervousness must have been still apparent, for Huldah caught it, and was all aflutter. She worried over my looking white, and said there were dark lines under my eyes.

"You'd oughter see a doctor, that's what you ought," she said. "Gracious alive, but I'm worried over my lamb!"

"I never felt better," I laughed. "Just see what an appetite I have! I didn't open my eyes last night after you closed the front door until eight o'clock this morning."

Huldah stopped, halfway to the kitchen.

"Closed the front door?" she asked.

"Only in my dream, you goose," I explained. "I dreamed you did."

"Oh, a dream?" Huldah said, with a quick breath. "Well, I wish you wouldn't dream. It makes you look tired out."

"It's this green dress," I laughed. "You never did like it."

"No more I do now. You see, it ain't so awful becoming mornings," she apologized. "I wisht you'd put on the red one; it'd worry me less."

I laughed, but I changed, to please her, and she chuckled with delight. She was unusually bright and talkative, but though she discussed a little of everything with me while I sewed, she had her work practically done by ten o'clock. It was as well she had, for the bell rang shortly after, and she had to hurry into a white apron to open the door. She was gone some time, and when she came to the sitting-room door her face was flushed, and her fingers trembled

as she ran the hem of her apron through them.

"I hope you'll excuse me," she said shakily, "but I sent for the doctor. He's here now."

I was more provoked with her than I cared to show. It was a little too much when there was nothing—absolutely nothing—the matter with me. An impatient "Huldah, how could you?" escaped me before I relented, in the face of her terror, and ended with a weak: "Show him in here."

I laid aside my work, and rose to protest my perfect health, when Huldah, frightened, passed the door, and paused in her flight only long enough to usher in—Jimmy! I gathered my wits together with a gasp.

"We wished you to report at my lawyer's," I said abruptly, "not here."

"That's a nice greeting," he said whimsically. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"No," I said, holding myself very straight, and speaking very coldly, "besides, my documents all are at my lawyer's. I haven't any to turn over to you."

"Bother the documents! I know all about it. Mr. Prentice and I have just had a talk about them. The point is—I'm here."

"We've been looking for you," I faltered. "I have advertised everywhere."

He took out a pocketbook, and showed me a number of clippings.

"I kept them," he said. "They are interesting. It was through them I found out all about it."

"You knew I wanted you, and you wouldn't come?"

"I knew you wanted me for business reasons," he said. "But I waited until I knew you wanted me for myself alone."

"I don't!" I said stoutly. "As soon as this business is concluded, I am going away to teach—or something."

"That something covers a number of things," he said, leaning on the back of a chair. "Me, for instance."

I lost my patience. He could believe, perhaps, that my move was for effect, and I didn't mean to let the money go.

"If you think," I began, "if you think that——"

"No, I don't," he drawled. "I gave it up years ago. Now, look here, Peggy: What's the use of thinking about the money? Let's put it out of our minds entirely."

"Oh, I can't," I almost sobbed. "Think of the years and years of suffering and need——"

"With that you have nothing to do," he said gently. "Thank God, it is all past now. We are so comfortable off there in Wyoming that this money can be used for travel and other luxuries. That isn't the question. Let's pretend we are back as little children again, when I told you I loved you dearly."

"You laughed at me then," I said, my heart singing gladly. "And now you went away as soon as Uncle Paul told you to go."

He lifted his head proudly.

"How could I help it, with my way to make?" he asked. "You were rich, I poor, and I knew I must wait. Besides, you gave me no encouragement."

"You seem to need none now."

He laughed, and came to me.

"When I left Paris," he said, "I mailed Huldah my address, and asked her to send for me when she thought best. She wired me a week ago to come on and stay in New York. Then, last night, she slipped out after you were in bed, to telephone me that I might safely come this morning. What are you going to do? Deny it all? She told me it was not only for the restitution you wanted me."

Oh, well, you know the rest, dear Jimmy! It is such a pleasure to write it all down that I could go on forever, were it not for the fact that I have so much to do to get ready. The house looks so pretty! I hope your mother will like it—and me. Huldah has been in tears all day, and nothing will rouse her but a suggestion of some improvement in the room your father and mother are to have.

Oh, Jimmy, dear boy, it doesn't seem possible! It was six weeks off when I started to write this for you, and now it is to be to-morrow—to-morrow!

ON ACCEPTING AID

By Charles Battell Loomis

HE was always too proud to ask any favors, and it is supposed that he starved to death rather than let his condition be known."

Foolish man! Too proud to accept favors. And in this world of all worlds, where we are, and should be, so dependent on each other.

I've known men—and women—who were too proud to accept aid of any kind go out of their way to aid others. How inconsiderate of them! For all they knew, they were aiding people who were too proud to ask favors. For all they knew, the recipients of their bounty were shriveling with humiliation at being thus aided.

Faugh! How ridiculous it all is! We are put into the world, as I take it, to help each other. If you fall on evil times, and your neighbor is able and willing to give you a lift, put away that pride, that is surely false pride, and accept his ministrations, only remembering this: that you owe a debt to humanity. You don't necessarily owe your *neighbor* anything more than you owed him before, but you owe it to *yourself* to pay your debt to some one before you die. Let your pride come in here—that you feel it your bounden duty to pass along the favor that has been shown you.

Suppose I am an artist, and I hear that the little composer who is a member of my club has been burned out, and has lost everything but his creative ability. What is my natural thought? Why, to sell a picture and give him the proceeds. I go among my brother artists, and explain the case to them. To the last man they respond to my appeals, because there is a brotherhood in the arts that makes artists of all kinds responsive.

But perhaps the little composer is made up of equal parts creative ability and "proper pride"; then when the spokesman of our band of helpers goes to him and says: "We've heard of your misfortune, and as we're all likely to get into the same boat one time or another, we thought we'd fix

it up so that you'd find snow under your runners until you struck good sledding," the little composer will draw himself up, and will color, and the veins in his forehead will swell, and he will say, in a voice choking with the wrong kind of emotion: "Thank you, but I'm no pauper. I will make my own way, unaided. I thank you, but I must decline."

The average human spokesman about this time would walk hastily out of the room, and, after kicking himself twice around the block, would hunt out an extra small mouse hole into which to crawl—and then, perhaps, his sense of humor would come to his rescue, and he would burst out laughing, and, with "Little fool!" on his lips, would go to his fellow artists, and return their money to them. And each artist would feel sore against that little whippersnapper of a composer who had had the impudence to be too proud to be helped—in this world of all worlds where the best of us are so pitifully helpless.

I can't see but that it would be just as absurd as if one of these proud ones, pinned to earth by a piece of timber in a railway accident, were to say to the fellows who came to his assistance: "No, thank you. I prefer to be independent. When I am strong enough to remove this beam myself I will do it, but it has been a rule of my life to get along without help, and I cannot break it."

Why should money help be any different from any other help? Money is nothing in itself; it merely represents something—*Work*, perhaps, although not always work in this generation.

Mr. P. A. Lucifer is hard up. Mr. Mucha Munn—he got his first name from his grandfather, who was a Bohemian—as his name indicates, quite by accident, of course, is a millionaire. He does not know that Lucifer is hard up, and Lucifer is aware that he doesn't know it.

Munn asks Lucifer to come and make one of a merry party to the Bermudas.

Lucifer accepts with pleasure, because the state of his finances is not known to Munn, and until that unlucky day in Wall Street Lucifer had his motor car and his motor boat, like the rest.

But, at the end of the trip, Munn accidentally hears of Lucifer's misfortune, and says to him:

"My dear fellow, I'm so sorry to hear of your reverses. Now, we're going up to Lenox for a month or two, and I want you to be our guest. You'll be under no necessity of——"

Look at Lucifer! It's worth while watching him. See through the Bermudan tan mark the deeper color that is suffusing his cheek. Naturally erect, he now bends backward. Those veins that seem to have no duty save to swell when pride or anger dictate, are filling with blood, that shows dark blue through their serpentine course. Lucifer is getting his pride up.

"Thank you, Munn, but it is one of the rules of my life to be independent. I am hard hit, but I'll weather it myself. Just as much obliged, but I really couldn't put myself under actual obligations."

"Oh, as you will. Lots of room up there, and always glad of your company, but I know what pride is, and you'd better go home and nurse it."

Their relations are never as friendly again, believe me.

I'm not advising pauperism. You must give if you take, but you don't need to pay in the same coinage.

The little musician of whom I spoke did not give the answer I ascribed to him. His voice got all choked up with the proper kind of emotion, and his eyes swam in commendably prompt tears, and he said: "Tell the boys I appreciate what they've done, and tell them that I appreciate the good will back of it even more than the money. When I get on my feet again——"

"That's all right. You played at Tom Sturdevant's benefit, and you've always shown a brotherly spirit to us artists. We're glad to do it for you, and here it is. I guess Joe Bentley's check is good, even if his signature is illegible."

And the spokesman goes away, feeling fonder of the little composer than he did when he went in.

Oh, you proud, reserved people, believe me, you miss half the joy of life. Casebound, hugging the most foolish thing in the world, false pride, you go through life respected, but not loved, as you would be if you would with all your giving also take.

Play the game, man! You block the game of others if you stand up in your pride and refuse to be helped. If

every one refused to be helped, what would become of the helpers?

Money or ministrations, it's all one. When you're down, reach up and grasp the hand that is outstretched above you. When you're on your feet, look about with your own hand ready, and there'll be plenty of opportunities for it to become a helping hand.

An out-and-out grafter is a despicable thing, but the acceptance of something for nothing when you have not the means to make repayment is not grafting—not if you are firmly resolved to do your share, come your opportunity.

But, for that matter, there are actually grafters, men who'll scheme to get railway passes and free theater tickets, who would not accept five dollars in the way of charity.

They, too, have the little, curly, blue veins, and the haughty, Indian attitude, and the "Let-me-perish-ere-I-accept-aid" tone of voice. For man is a mass of inconsistencies, as a good many writers will say after me.

To end as I began: Don't be too proud to accept favors, but be sure that you are kindly enough to do favors.

Reciprocity is the cry of the hour. Before this essay is printed I hope that Congress may have passed the Reciprocity Bill. Now, reciprocity is just as good a thing to practice among neighbors and friends as between contiguous countries.

Absolute reciprocity, if you will only consider a minute, means universal peace.

For who would fight with the man who was fiddling at his benefit?

Let us fiddle, then, for each other's benefits, always remembering that it is by the mercy of God that we live at all, and that our straight-up, hard-voiced, vein-swelling pride must look ridiculous to the Creator of Humor.





THE BANSHEE IN REAL ESTATE

By Marie Manning

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE ROWE

BLAKELEY had walked down Broadway, after a dull little theater party, to his bachelor flat on Washington Square. The night had the peculiarly nipping quality of an early spring whose false start has hoodwinked the unwary into lighter garments and influenza. Perhaps it was because Blakeley was among those who had shed in haste and must now shiver in leisure, that the spectacle of the bread line moved him for the first time with genuine commiseration.

Like the bread line, Blakeley, too, was hungry. He had dined badly that evening at the house of a friend, newly married to an earnest and philanthropic girl, and the dinner seemed to have made heroic efforts to conform to the whipped cream and parsley illustrations at the back of the cook book, rather than to offer anything that could be seriously taken as food. The young man in the light overcoat looked at the bread line, and felt dismally akin to every atom of that human comet wriggling impatiently outside of the baker's door. Blakeley would have liked to feed and warm them all. Then an idea oc-

curred to him: he would invite the last man home to supper! The unfortunate farthest from the hot coffee should be his guest.

The formalities were not difficult to arrange. The end man hesitated only long enough to assure himself that his prospective host was not a reporter who intended to exploit him, with photographs, as a "human wreck" in one of the more lurid Sunday papers; then he accepted with a "Sure" as brief as it was joyous.

Blakeley ushered his windfall into the slip of a hall that led to his apartment, turned on the lights in the dining room, set out cold beef, a jar of pickles, Roquefort cheese, and, in compliment to his guest who might be said to "carry the map of Ireland in his face," a bottle bearing the distillery credentials of the Emerald Isle. The coffee machine was soon sputtering gayly, and Blakeley drank his guest's health and bade him fall to; the end man had his decencies; he restrained his appetite of brutish manifestations, but he wasted no time in words.

"I suppose you think 'twas elbow tip-

pin' that put me where you found me to-night," he said when he had refused a fourth helping of beef, and compromised on a third cup of coffee, "but 'twas not—local option was me personal pollyticks, an' the option was as ofthen dhry as wet. Dhrinkin' in me position was out av the question—sure there wasn't wan in the worruld that c'u'd take me place if I wasn't equal to holdin' on to it meself."

"No one able to take your place—your initials are not by any possible chance T. R., are they?"

"They're not, an' himsilf—three-ring power though he be—c'u'd not take me place. I had a hunderd dollars a mont' regilar, an' we'd a foine flat in Ha-a-rum, little Maggie learnin' the pianner an' the ould woman holdin' out for a talkin' machine—not thot she was in nade of any assisthance, Hivin knows!"

"You mentioned your peculiar fitness for the job," said Blakeley, passing the cigars.

"I did thot—a tenor v'ice, a sinse av humor, an active body——"

"See here," said his host, "if this is a conundrum, I give it up. What were you?"

The end man took a couple of puffs before replying: "Profishonelly, I was a banshee!"

"A banshee? Isn't a banshee a sort of fairy that cries outside of certain great houses in Scotland and Ireland when they are expecting a death?"

"Sure 'tis all av thot. Well, you can't go far widout findin' people wid a dhrop av Irish or Scotch blood, can you? An' there's no difficulty in pershuadin' any one—English, Frinch, Dutch, or Irish—av his noble daycint."

"But I don't see——"

"But you will if you hold on. I was a rale-isthate bansee, wid me name carried on the bukes iv wan iv the most proshperous rale-esthate firrums in the City av New York. 'Caretaker' read me visitin' carrud—but I made a farchune for the firrum as a banshee. Sure they did be afther impl'yin' me to cry the property down, as they did be afther empl'yin' insinuatin' young min wid autymobiles to cry it up. Bechune

us, the firrum was in thrainin' for the philant'ropy class. Sure they c'u'dn't be afther spindin' a tintn they made, an' they wint in for all the comforts iv s'ciety, too—autymobiles, counthry isthates, br'ach-iv-promise suits for the sons, for'n dukes for the daughters, and they was beginnin' to luke about for fancy charities—when the crash come."

"Yes, yes, but what were the duties of the banshee?" inquired Blakeley, passing the bottle and the siphon.

"I did be afther cryin' outside counthry places at night, whin the firrum had an eye on thim for ch'ice suburbs. It all coom about as aisy as suckin' an egg. Whin I was a la-ad in Ireland, I learned the banshee call—'tis a cross bechune the wind wailin' in from the say and a cat singin' tenor on the roof. Whin 'tis properly done 'twould crudle the blood iv an alldtherman, an' from toime immimorial 'tis regyarded as bespeakin' the death iv a mumber iv a noble familiee.

"Well, wan Sathurday whin I was c'lanin' the young boss' private affice, I c'u'd hear him over the partition talkin' to his father about the toime they was havin' tryin' to get old Miss Desmond to sell her place in the Bronnix. She was a rale bon-ton, livin' in the midst av her ancisthral isthates consisthin' av a hunderd an' fifty acres. An' the firrum did be afther havin' an oye on the grounds for a fashionable suburb. Sure you know the kind, the papers does be full iv the ads iv thim: 'Smilingville, thurty-foive minutes from New York, frish air for the children, sun or shade, accardin' to tasthe, mushquito's thrained personally be Hagenback not to sthing. Be your own landlord, be your own vigitable man.' Also your own snow shoveler, plumber, pipe thawer, an' furnace jollyer. Only some confidences do be too sacrud for an advertoisemint.

"Well, that old lady was attached to her place wid the grip av a tick, money wouldn't timpt her, coaxin' only made her balky; you c'u'dn't run a stable nor a nagur tinimint alongside av her, because she sthud in the middle av her



"Lights began to sparkle all over the house, out come her manservant; in his hand he'd a blunderbuss or a flintlock."

own grounds. They had about made up their minds to give her up, whin I sez to the young boss: 'Sorr, if I do be the manes of gittin' old Miss Desmond to sell the place to you at your own terrums, fwot will ye give me?'

"'Five hunder dollar,' sez himsilf; but sure I seen he wasn't takin' me seriously. Well, before a mont' was over, that very thing happened. In walks old Miss Desmond, and parts wid her place at the figure offered be the firrum—they had suddinly grown coy—she sez she would, they sez they wouldn't. The ind iv the financial coquethry was they got ut for half the sum they'd offered her a couple of mont's pravius. They made good the five hunder, an' well they might, seein' the toime av it I had.

"The night I selected, to secure that

suburb for the firrum was a regular night out av lithrachoor—'twas dark, 'twas sulky, 'twas mournful wid gloom. Me v'ice, as ye might have noticed, is a high tenor; herself did give me the white av an egg before I stharterd to make it clear. There did be quantithies av bushes about the place; 'twas a heavy lilock I selected to do me trillin' from. Begorra, 'tis not wan at the Methropolitan can touch me for pure blood-cruddlin', hair-raisin' horror whin I do be afther givin' the banshee serenade in sthoyle.

"'Oooohe-e-e-e — Oooohe-e-e-e — O-ooo-he-e-e-e.' And runs, and trills, and variations that 'u'd have done credit to Adelina Patti and her forty-nine farewell towers. Sure it did be afther frightenin' mesilf that was the

father av ut. Lights began to spharkle all over the house, out come her manservant, wan age wid herself; in his hand he'd a blunderbuss, or a flintlock, or some sort av firearrum that might have been dropped be wan av the first parents av a Revolution Daughter, or maybe Aaron Burr himsilf, whin he did be fightin' the juel. Well, his mutton chops kept firin' that ancient fowlin' piece till I thought iviry shot w'u'd be me lasht. I made me v'ice more and more fw'ispery, but divil a bit did I let up on the sirinade till I heard old Miss Desmond say: 'James, come in.'

"Three more solos be requist—av the firrum—fetched her. She told thim she was sellin' because the air av the Bronnix did not agree wid her, and she was goin' abroad. Afther me success in securin' the suburb, the firrum put me on its bukes for a hunder a mont', I done odd jobs for um, chafely in out-av-the-way places, but 'twas not for a couple av mont's that I got to be playin' fwot you might call sthar parts.

"There was a tinimint block far-r downtown—'tis no matther av namin' names or sthrates—and the firrum coveted that block the way that Ave craved the apple. There had been a murdther there tin years back, and the place had the name av bein' haunted. They did be afther thinkin' that wid its bad reputation and me talunts they might do a nate little tur-rn. So I rinted a tinimint on the fort' flure to gain access to the premises, an' me gineril instructions was to hilt out the original ghost whin he knocked off work.

"Aisy? Sure 'twas like takin' candy from a choild. Me principal sthock in thrade was raps. I had an assorthmint av thim—single, double, soft, loud, hollow, an' ghostly, thumpin', and brazen. I c'u'd knock like a perfect lady av a ghost, I c'u'd knock like the ghost av a warrud politician. At first I operated from the tinimint rinted be the firrum; thin be manes av pass-keys I opened up sayance parlors in thim vacant rooms, chafely afther midnight. Wanst or twict I giv' the banshee call soft an' tunder, an' the tinints, bein' mainly Irish, an' all lineal daycindints iv Irish kings,

there was a great movin' out in consequence.

"For a variation I done mesilf up in a regular autmobile veil av mosquito nettin' an' come to the window, but hilpin' along s'cieties for ghostly research is wan thing, and sthandin' up to a prize fight wid the handicap iv sphook drapery's another; so, on the whole, I sthuck to the raps, wid a little chain rattlin' and light flashin' on the side.

"Well, sure ivirythin' did be goin' on foine; divil a wan iv the tinints would be caught alone on the sthairs afther dark, and the movin' vans did be backin' and fillin' the ontoire day; the Sunday papers took it oop and published 'actual' photygrafts iv the ghost, wid what they called 'a signed stathmint' be himsilf. Sure I worruked so hard the night the rayportthers stopp'd in the place that I felt like sthartin' oop a sphook union and dictatin' more pay an' shorter hours.

"Thin the highbrows took the matther oop, and that was the ind av iverythin', not that they discovered anythin' wid all their invistigatin', and sicretaries, and notes, and sthop watches—'twas the guilelessness av the gang that led me into playin' a prank or two, and jokes sh'u'd have no place in a man's daily occupation.

"Sure fwot do I mane be the highbrows? 'Twas some sort av s'ciety for sphook res'arch, that did be havin' a divil av an unpronounceable name. The name was the har-rdest thing they had, ivirythin' else was dead aisy. Well, along wid iviry wan ilse they did be afther hearin' av the ghost, and they made up their minds to invistigate. They moved into the tinimint; sure, you'd think they was goin' to set oop housekapin'. In they coom wid typewriters—both the faymale and the machayne. They had cameras, thrypods, plates, and flash lights. Sure, you'd have thought the ghost was a popular acthress about to have her fall photygrafts took. They had dockymints, they had rames av paper for the makin' av more dockymints, they had thimsilves, they had two mayjums—a male and a faymale mayjum—they had iviry-

thin' pertainin' to a plisint sociable avenin' but a dhrop av the craythur; sure, they was all sober to the p'int av torture.

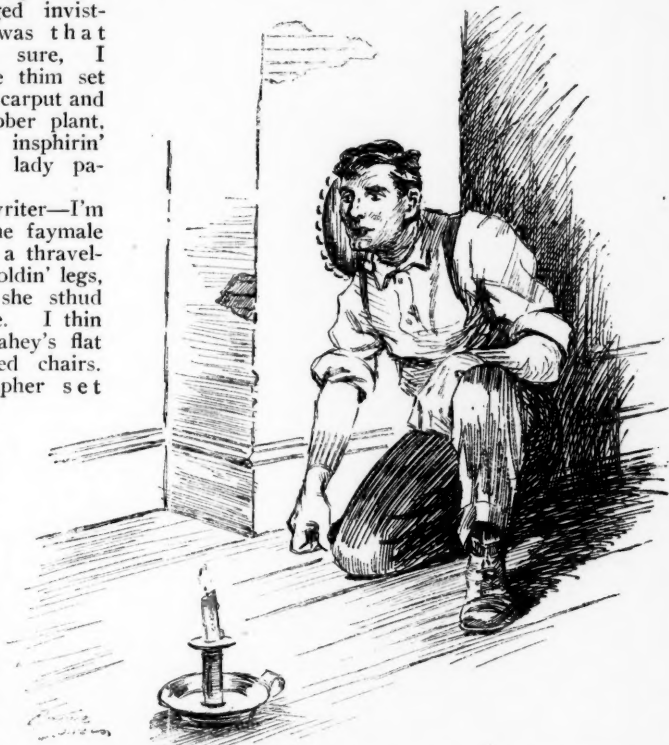
"I was hangin' about the dure whin they moved in for the invistigation. They had two taxicabs full av accouthrimints and anither full av psoychical live sthock—the mayjums and the highbrows thimsilves. I made fifty cints hilpin' to carry oop their things. They made their headquarters in the Widow Grady's flat, on the third flure—Mrs. Grady herself had moved out the day pravius.

"Aftther I had carried up their boon-dles, I hung about, makin' mesilf ginerally useful. You'd 'a' thought they was openin' oop offices f o r gilt-ided invistimints, they was that businesslike; sure, I looked to see thim set down a grane carput and insthall a rubber plant, be way av insphirin' confidince in lady patrons.

"The typewriter—I'm referrin' to the faymale—she sit oop a thravelin' disk wid foldin' legs, and on this she sthud her machayne. I thin wint to Mulcahey's flat and borrowed chairs. The photygrapher set oop his camera, an' got his flash-light apparatus ready. Begorra, thought I, you musth think you are at Barnum & Bailey's, wid the show billed to open at eight o'clock. The other highbrow drew out his watch,

and coughed; the faymale mayjum put oop a hand to see that her pompadour was sthaight. 'Tirince,' sez I to mesilf, 'tis toime to put an your gum shoes.' Wid thot, I made ready to shneak oopsthairs to the firrum's flat, which was directly above the wan bein' invistigated be the s'ciety.

"I had no more'n cleared the land-in' and was in the tur-rn av the sthairs whin I heard a v'ice that I knew well. 'Twas thot av Tom O'Rourk; and his mother, the Widow O'Rourk, was puffin' like a Nort' River tug two stheps behind him. They knocked at the dure av the highbrows, and inquired if 'twas the same. I crouched close to the banisthers to listen what thim cheeky



"Me ear was glued to the sthovepoipe hole, and I could hear the Widow O'Rourk ravin' belowsthairs."



"My—my—my!" sez he, lookin' at the pair av us covered wid blood and dirt, and our clothes hangin' in fringes."

O'Rourks did be afther wantin'. I knew thim, and I know nothin' good av thim—thimselves and me familee had been at outs since all hands lived on Cherry Sthrate, an' led opposin' gangs.

"Furthermore, the har-rd faylin' did not begin there; 'twas furdur back entirety. It began in Galway cint'ries ago, whin we, the O'Farrellys, was kings. But thim dirthy, schamin' O'Rourks, wid their underhand thricks, had the right to crown us, an' from that day to this niver did O'Farrelly mate an O'Rourk—whether 'twas in the ancient halls av his ancesthers, or on the Bowery, or at a fri'nd's wake, or at a fri'nd's marridge—widout sthrippin' to him, and a murderin' foight takin' place. Och, 'twas always foine and bloody! The O'Farrellys was dhirty foighters, and so, for that matther, was the O'Rourks.

"I shmelt blood, an' I felt me fists double oop av thimselves, whin I peeped through the banisthers an' seen um. At the same toime curiosity was aitin' the hear-r-r out av me boosum to know fwot they was doin' there, an' fwot the

devil they were thryin' to make out av the s'ciety for ghostly res'arch.

"Well, Tom O'Rourk rapped at the dure, an' the highbrow wid the beard did be afther openin' ut. 'Good avenin',' sez he to thim, as if he knew thim well. 'Tis Mrs. O'Rourk and her son who have both had such remarkable psoychical exp'riences, and who have written to us siveril toimes.' Sez he, to the other highbrows: 'She has had communications from her late husband.'

"Wid that, the dure closed, and 'tis well for me it did, for I c'u'dn't hold me laughter another minute. 'Communications from her late husband!' indade, an' iviry wan in the block wid um knew they was livin' on murderin' terrums for a matther av thirty years—bets was oop as to which

would schalp the other fir-rst.

"Now, all w'u'd have gone right if I hadn't seen thim bloody-hearted, shovel-futted sphawn av Satan O'Rourks go into that dure—the black curse av Columkill rest upon the whole brood av thim! 'Twas that put the devil in me, and drove me to me practical jokes, which is a bad thing in business. So that, instid av givin' me raps quiet and consarvative, I was all for fancy worruk.

"I sat abovesthairs, in the firrum's flat, for the matther av an hour, fairly achin' to git to worruk. Thin I rapped three toimes, an' I took a key from me pockut and hit the gas bracket. Sure, for a hollow, ghostly knock, nothin' aquals thim two whin they're roightly handled. Thin I tiptoed across the flure, and put me ear to the sthovepoipe hole to hear how the 'communications' was bein' resayed downsthairs.

"Sure' the highbrow wid the beard was dictaytin' to the typewriter—I recognized his v'ice: 'Take the time first, please, Miss Barnes; we can't be too acc'rut in matthers av sich paramount

importance. At a qu'rther afther nine three raps distinctly heard from the floor above, a silence av a minut and fifteen seconds insued, followed by another rap av a somewhat metallic sound, thought by Doctor King and Miss Adams to resimble a note on some unknown musical instrhument. Take the names of all present, Miss Barnes.'

"Me nixt tur-rn was to fetch a groan near the sthove hole, a long-dhrawn sort av sigh that was twin brother to the sound old man O'Rourk used to make whin his wife did be divilin' the sowl out av him. It wint somethin' like this: 'O-o-high—ho-no-rhone—oh—Kate,' in a sort av fw'ispery finish.

"Me ear was glued to the sthove hole, and I could hear the Widow O'Rourk ravin' belowstairs: 'Holy saints, 'tis Michael—poor Michael! Oh, Tom, me b'y, don't you recognize your father's v'ice?' Thin I heard the highbrow dic-taytin': 'Michael O'Rourk in conthrol—conditions excellent.' And clickety-click wint the typewriter.

"Sure, I held me soides wid laughter as I picthured the ancient inimies av me race, belowsthairs, listenin' spill-bound to mesilf. The widow continued to cry soft and blubbery: 'Oh, Michael, won't ye speak to me? Just wanst more—Michael—Michael!'

"'Twas too much for me; sure, I lost me business head completely. 'Kate,' sez I, and me v'ice was turrible, 'you know you're glad I'm dead. You diviled the loife out av me whin I was alive—you did, so you did!'

"And the old woman wint off into shriekin' hysterics. Not so her son. 'Whisht, mother, 'tis not father's v'ice at all; 'tis wan av thim damned O'Farrellys I hear. Tirince himsilf, at thot!'

"That threw me off me guar-rd, and before I had toime to collect me schattered sines—first thing I knew the dure wint bump! Thin a long, splhittin' crack, and in hove the panels, an' there sthud me inimy by ch'ice and inher-ritance, Tom O'Rourk!

"We wastered no time in worruds. I was an O'Farrelly and he was an O'Rourk—that was enough—and the mix-up began. 'Twas sthills fighthin'

for mebbe five minuts, the way you'd foight in a dhrame, but that was but the overthure. The rale battle lashted for fifteen happy, thumpin' minuts.

"'Ye w'd he a ghost?' sez he. 'Sure, 'tis the very occupayshun for wan av thim white-livered O'Farrellys. Niver a rale man was in the lot!'

"At thot, I wint frothin' mad, an' crashed through the low guard he'd put up—he made a r'ach at me jaw, but 'twas nothin' but passin' coquethry. I wint round and swung into his jaw side on. 'Will you ate your dhirty worruds?'

"'Not while a dhrop av O'Rourk blood flows in me veins.'

"So I cloashed and threw him, and he wallowed on the flure like a dog in a fit. And seein', or rayther hearin', that the 'manifestations' abovesthairs was sooperior to thim in their own quarters, oop come the ontoire detachmint av the s'ciety for ghostly res'arch, headed be the highbrow wid the beard, and the typewriter—the fay-male, I mane—and the he-mayjum bringing oop the rear.

"'My—my—my!' sez the bearded highbrow. He was wan av thim gintlemin that wint so far-r in deportmint as to be a perfect lady. 'My—my—my!' sez he, lookin' at the pair av us covered wid blood and dirt, and our clothes hangin' in fringes.

"'What he understud be the n'ise I dunno, but be his pained exprission you'd 'a' thought he'd expicted to find us pickin' daisies or watchin' a sunset.

"'Tis always well to thurly investigate,' sez the faymale mayjum.

"'Twill be thurly invistigated in the night coourt,' sez the policeman, making a grab at O'Rourk. Another had mesilf—and off the pair av us wint in the ding-dong buggy. Me blood coolin' perceptibly on the way, as I seen my job, the only wan av its kind in captivity, vanish. I was square wid the firrum. I never opened me mouth, but took me sentence av six mont's widout a worrud. They niver sint me a line, and, do ye moind, whin I applied to thim lasht winter for a job of snow shoveler they refused me, and failed to recognize me, into the bargain."



HEART CAÑON

& Charles Marcus Horton

ILLUSTRATED BY F. X. CHAMBERLIN

ELIZABETH came to us broken-hearted. Not that she was sobbing hysterically; her grief wells evidently had spent themselves long months before. But she looked sober, and drawn, and thoughtful; and her large blue eyes were as dry as the eyes of Lady Moon in August. Also, she had been in camp only an hour when I found her hugging one of the burros. You probably know the grief that expresses itself in that way.

My wife had known Elizabeth since her "settlement" days. Elizabeth had been an earnest assistant after the store closed where she worked, and her quiet, serious manner had won Helen from the first. Then I had come along and won Helen myself; and, though five years had elapsed, with an occasional crossed letter East and West; since my wife had joyed over the girl, the joy effervesced as sizzling upon this reunion as if it had never known cessation.

We were spending the summer in camp in the Rockies, and Elizabeth had sent on from New York an unusually long letter, which we all had read eagerly—my wife's father and mother included.

"Why," Helen had declared, "these pages are so full of love unrequited, or spurned, or thrown out by the girl herself, that I can see tear stains between the lines!"

Then she had journeyed eight miles to a telegraph station.

So here stood Elizabeth in the gathering twilight, after a week of rapturous staring at distant peaks and nearer cañon walls, abstractedly preparing to ride down the trail with my wife's father on the burros. A whole week, and Helen unable to report progress in her crafty endeavors to ascertain the cause of Elizabeth's parched eyes and quiet, still, pensive hours! I was beginning to lose admiration for my wife's peculiar talents.

"Well," she explained, after the burros had trotted off, "Elizabeth simply refuses to talk about it! I think she might, though! I'm more interested in her affair, whatever it is, than I ever was in my own!" I remember that I blinked thoughtfully. "I never knew her to be so uncommunicative before. I'm afraid she'll never get over it." And my wife in turn blinked thoughtfully. "Do you know," she went on, after a while, "I've half a notion to pin her down some night and force the thing out of her? Something has got to be done! The girl never would have come three thousand miles, even at my bidding, if there wasn't a canker eating out her very heart."

My wife entered the house tent to finish a novel with her mother, while I turned sadly to the stakes and ropes to make them fast for the night. I was sad, of course; all men grow sad in the presence of love deferred, or whatever it was eating out Elizabeth's heart. And as I circled the tent, with an eye for

loose stakes. I couldn't restrain a grin. Indeed, I found difficulty in suppressing a kind of joyous titter in anticipation of some form of climax sure to come. I had tightened the stakes, and was turning to the ropes when the metallic click of a shod horse striking a loose stone held my attention.

I saw in the gathering dusk a lone horseman. He was coming along the trail in the direction just taken by Elizabeth and the old gentleman. He appeared quite young, and he was interestingly sprawled all over his saddle—one leg hooked around the horn, the other swinging listlessly free of the stirrup. From underneath the limp brim of his hat, drawn low over his eyes, drooped a straight-stemmed pipe, and he was bent forward in moody contemplation of the animal's drooping head. Two fat saddlebags and a battered frying pan completed the picture—one either of solid contentment or abject weariness, I could not determine which.

I pondered his approach for a moment, then stepped out into the trail.

"Howdy?" I said cordially.

He did not come out of it with a jerk. He slowly lifted his head, and with wide, vacant eyes regarded me stolidly. Next he covered the tents with a slow, speculative sweep that reminded me of a sheriff estimating values; and finally he turned up the brim of his hat, carefully unhooked his leg from the horn, swung deliberately sideways, and with a condescending air removed his pipe.

"Camping, eh?" he said half sneeringly. "Camping in the Rockies!"

Instantly I thought of certain duties left unattended. Obviously he was a man who wished to be alone. Still, there was that in his manner, different from the usual attitude met with in the mountains, that held me smiling in the trail. I decided to try him again.

"You're on a long road," I observed. "Going far?"

He swung his heels thoughtfully.

"Oh, a mile maybe," he drawled. "And then some."

Again I thought of the guy ropes. The man's bearing was beyond my com-

prehension. He was alone, I could see; and certainly he was in a lonely place. Consequently I had assumed that he was lonely. Though it was evident that I had interrupted some form of pleasurable musing, I determined upon a last proffer of friendliness.

"Did you come——"

"Say, Buddy!" he interrupted, knocking out the pipe ashes against his boot heel. "You don't suppose offhand you could make room for one more to-night? I'm getting tired of hitting these trails alone. Been pounding around in this country of glorious depths and distances for over a year now, and"—he blew through his pipe nonchalantly—"it's beginning to cut." He checked his restless horse. "A bunch of Denver boys, I take it?"

What a difference a few words will make in your estimate of a man! I liked this strange fellow now, and hastened to set him right as to the status of our camp. One other man and three women, I told him. Then I invited him to dismount.

But already he was straight in his saddle and reaching for the reins.

"Women, eh?" I heard him murmur. Then he looked down at me. "Friend," he said quietly, "I'm grateful to you; but my mile lies just beyond that next rise." And he stirred up his horse. "Come, Sandy! Work your front feet!"

The whole thing nettled me.

"Just a minute!" I called after him, mindful of his strange murmuring. "You needn't let the women worry you! We have room enough here. Sleep in the rear with me. I'd like to have you. I'll put down a cot near mine, and after a while join you for the night. How about it? That horse looks like he'd relish a little bran mash! We've got it here. That's the checker—hop down!"

The fellow was on the ground.

"Say," he said solemnly, holding forth his hand, "you are decent—damned decent!"

My guest's name was Jimmy Sander-son. But he steadfastly refused to meet any women, to partake of our food—told me to feel his frying pan—or to lounge around with me for a while. And

since he was a guest, though a strange one, I led the way without further ado to the rear apartment, and there set up the extra cot alongside my own. Then I left him, and went forward to Helen.

"Helen, sweetheart," I said easily, "we have another guest."

"Where?" she asked, dropping her

Elizabeth and the old gentleman had not yet returned. Listening for them, I heard other sounds. A bird overhead suddenly opened in brilliant night song. Another to my left quickly responded with a faint cheeping. From a point far across the cañon came the half whine, half yowl of a skulking, venturesome



He was interestingly sprawled all over his saddle.

book nervously. "Who is it? *What* is it?" And she glared savagely.

"Steady, little one," I admonished. "It's a man! He comes to me from nowhere. His name is Sanderson—Jimmy Sanderson."

Helen knew certain of my idiosyncrasies, and directly permitted me to withdraw. I made straight for the strange horse, and stroked his beautiful neck. Then I fell to listening.

coyote. Twice, three times it echoed through the cañon. Then I heard the soft sighing of wind-swept leaves, and above it the gurgling of a near-by stream. Returning to the rear, I found Sanderson stretched out and smoking on his cot.

"How is it?" I asked, preparing to undress.

"All right," he said, "with one exception. I wish I could shut out these

nature sounds." And then he began a recital of his experiences.

Now, I knew the mountain people, and I was not unacquainted with the prospector; but the range from the northern route to the southern was more of an open book to this man than it was to either of the others. And of the animal life to be found here, he discoursed with a freedom that could come only with personal knowledge.

"And I've never found a dead burro," he said toward the last. "Live ones in plenty; but never a dead one. I've inquired of every one—Mexican, Indian, native white—and I'm still puzzled. I can't accept the proposition that burros go to heaven alive."

"Some trick of nature?" I asked, as I blew out the lantern and stretched myself on the cot.

"It must be that," he rejoined thoughtfully. "One rarely comes across a dead bird, for instance. With the Last Call birds probably make for a hole in a tree, or a rock crevice, and there give up the ghost. The burro, being less wild, is forced to larger places, to a cave undoubtedly, when on the point of death." He smoked for a while. "The dumb appear to want to hide their misery from their kind. I think that is as it should be."

I looked across at him sharply. The intermittent glow of his pipe brought out his lean, sunburned face in a soft, ruddy silhouette. As I studied the aristocratic fineness of his features, it came to me that I was in the presence of a man fighting to down a mental something. The discovery increased the interest which already I felt for him.

"Do you really believe that misery should avoid company?" I asked, after a prolonged silence.

He removed his pipe.

"I really believe that. Misery doesn't, of course; the world isn't ready for that yet. But solitude for the miserable is good. It gives man a chance to commune with the Infinite. That isn't what I mean to say, however. There are two kinds of misery, you know."

"Worry?"

"Yes; putting it mildly. Mental

agony, rather. When it afflicts man he ought to get away, like the bird and the burro; make for the ends of the earth; rid himself of native scenes, his own people." He smoked again, then went on: "But that requires courage, real courage; not to get away, but to remain away." He turned his head slightly. "I'll prove more cheerful," he apologized, "when I get used to your company. Sandy knows all this stuff by heart."

Noises forward and outside caused me to listen attentively. Elizabeth and the old gentleman evidently had returned. Then the burros lifted a raucous, seesawing baritone; and I detected in the shrill outcries a disdainful recognition of the strange horse.

"That's Jack and Jill," I explained. "They think they're going to lose out on the feed." Then, as he made no rejoinder: "What's on your mind, old top?"

"I'm wondering," he said quietly, between puffs of smoke, "why you haven't asked me where I'm from, why I'm here—all that sort of thing. They ask those things out here nowadays; not so much to be inquisitive as it is hope of uncovering some one of the home town." He was silent. "Why haven't you?"

I arose and filled my pipe. With it drawing easily, I returned to the cot. His question had set me thinking. Truth to tell, it hadn't occurred to me to ask him questions. But, instead of divulging this, I determined merely for the spirit of the thing upon a more novel attitude.

"I'll tell you, Sanderson," I said, holding my pipe away from the bedclothes. "It was because I knew."

I could feel his eyes penetrating the darkness to engage my own.

"You knew!" he said incredulously.

"I knew," I repeated, frankly enjoying his surprise. "And I know now. You are from a point somewhere east of the Hudson." It was pure hazard. "Have I hit it?"

"You have," he said. "I was born about three hundred yards east of Riverside." He smoked for a time, then



Sanderson stood for a moment, dazed by the intense light; then he half turned to leave.

poised his pipe. "How about the second question? Why am I out here?"

I almost laughed outright. He was so innocent with all his wisdom.

"Well," I said gravely, "men come West for four reasons—health, business, police, and to forget. You have health, no pick and shovel, your eyes are right, and you're given pretty much to introspection. Ergo, you came out here to forget. Again am I right?"

He did not answer this time; but I felt that I was right. So I waited patiently, watching the glow come and go regularly in the bowl, a fascinating picture that disappeared as he removed the pipe.

"Everything—scenes, people, my dogs and horses—got too heavy for me." He appeared suddenly to be hoarse; and by the tone of his voice he might have been talking to himself. "I needed a change. I had to have a change!"

He banked his pipe, and laid it down beside his cot. He did it so unconsciously that I knew he had tented before.

"I wonder if you know," he said, "that a man suffering great mental stress usually turns to his animals! Anyway, it's a fact. He turns to his horses if he owns horses; to his dogs if he doesn't. There is a peculiar sympathy in their dumb eyes. And—and I turned to my horses. They——" He checked himself. "Say, Buddy, I think I've sized you right. So I'm going right along with this, even though you're not in-

terested. You're the first man I've talked with in a year, and I've reached a point——"

"Let it come, Sanderson," I interrupted. "I'm interested, and I appreciate your estimate of me. Get it off your mind." I remembered my wife's shrewd observation on Elizabeth's trouble.

"Well," he resumed, "I turned first to my horses, next to my dogs, and finally dropped everything. I had to drop them, friend! When a man's animals have been a constant feature of his walks and rides with *her*——" He interrupted himself. "I believe you understand. I got a setback—a woman."

Again the burros split the night with vigorous protest against the large invader. The shrill braying played through the cañon like a thousand screeching buzzsaws, then tapered off into a low nickering, and finally died out altogether. Once more the night was still, tense, impressive.

"I thought of Europe at first," he went on; "but finally decided on a year or two in these mountains. And right at the outset I made a mistake. I shipped Sandy along with my things to Denver. Sandy is a good horse, and he took to the trails like a native. But he didn't help me any to forget."

I began to realize the danger underlying his mood.

"A mighty fine horse!" I said, hoping thus to get him off the topic. "High in the withers, broad in the chest. A good looker—decidedly!"

"Yes; Sandy'll do," he went on slowly. "But it was a mistake, because he saw her set me traveling. She was on a liveried horse. We were in the park, and it was Saturday afternoon. The store was closed; she was a working girl, you know. And she was poor—insufferably poor! But I liked her. Get that—I liked her. I didn't aim to elevate her. I had no false notions about that. She was higher at her lowest level than I was at my highest."

His whole-hearted decency more and more increased my attachment for him.

He was not a weakling, nor was he poetically soft. He was a young man gone wrong in his own peculiar way for love of a woman. And I liked his own peculiar way.

"She had ideals," he continued; "real ideals, womanly ideals. The people of the clique I was born in were cold-blooded in their ideals. The women always are. They're rich, and some beautiful; but they select cold-bloodedly, and— Anyway, she wouldn't have me. She had met my mother, and she *knew*—the girl *knew*! Mother had been haughty, and cynical, and—" He relapsed into silence.

"Better light up!" I suggested.



Anyway, I got some satisfaction out of watching the shadows on the tent wall.

"In a moment," he rejoined quickly. "I want to ask you a question first." He raised himself upon one elbow. "Suppose you had met the right girl. And suppose, after months of companionship, you had decided to ask her to marry you. And suppose in answer to your pleading she had made the simple statement, but firm as a rock, that she couldn't possibly see any future happiness with you because of the difference in stations. Suppose all that, friend. Now, tell me, what would be your next move? Tell me, old man?"

I felt my inability to answer him successfully; at best, my imaginative faculties were poor. So I maintained discreet silence.

"I'll tell you!" he suddenly blurted forth, his voice trembling. "You'd believe that you had lived twenty-five years for nothing! You'd know the feel of twisting knives. If it were possible, you'd crawl back into the protoplasmic state, and call it an even break." He was silent. "But you can't do that, old man. So you do the next best thing. You pack your horse, and you set out. You drag yourself up and down this range, fighting the thing bitterly, fighting it all out alone! And the more nights you spent under these Western stars—" He broke off abruptly, and was still.

I permitted him his silence; he seemed to need it now. Obviously he was suffering intensely. And for a long time I stared at the black walls of the tent. Then a peculiar thing happened. I seemed to see my wife cantering across the prairies, half dressed and nervous with excitement—making straight for me. And presently I saw her dismount and rush madly toward me. And I seemed to hear her voice, as from a great distance, and I awoke—to find Helen calling to me outside the tent. "Dear!" she was saying. "Are you awake?"

The thing was so unusual in my wife that I hastily donned some clothes, and stepped outside. I found her almost frantic with suppressed eagerness. She gripped my arm, and led me out of range of all possible ears.

"What," she whispered—"what is that man's name?"

I told her, wondering.

"Where is he from?"

I told her that also.

Then she jumped up and down gleefully.

"I knew it!" she exclaimed, hopping on my moccasined toes in her great joy. "I knew it! Goody! Goody! He's Elizabeth's—"

I hurriedly covered her mouth, feeling alarm for my wife's safety.

"What's that?" I asked. "Anything wrong with him?"

"Goodness!" she cried. "I hope not! You just listen to me!"

I led her a step farther away from the tent.

"Now, then," I said, grinning, "turn on the light!"

"Well," she began, "I got after Elizabeth the moment we went to bed. I cross-examined her for I believe an hour. Why, she wouldn't even tell me the man's name! She seemed to fear that I'd read about him in the papers, and would think her presumptuous because she was so poor. She's such a kid in some ways!"

"Is she?" I asked incredulously.

"Listen!" She finally told me the whole story. And for a long time I couldn't sleep out of sympathy for the foolish child. And then it all came to me like a flash. How it ever escaped me that long I'll never know. But I got up instantly, slipped on a few things, and here I am! I simply had to know! I'd have died before morning!" She looked at me half troubled. "What—what shall we do?"

Believe me, I was quite cool. My wife was my superior in matters of sheer penetration; but when it came to a real crisis, with the question arising as to what to do, ever and always she appealed to me.

After pondering the situation for a time, I carefully unfolded a plan of action. Helen listened attentively, interrupting with an occasional sensible question, then returned to the front and Elizabeth. I myself stepped in alongside of Sanderson.

"Hello!" I began easily, seating myself on the foot of his cot. "Awake, neighbor?"

He was awake, and I continued somewhat nervously.

"You mentioned the fact a while ago that you came from Riverside," I said craftily. "And you've been talking at some length about a girl." I was pleased with my progress in a delicate matter. "Do you mind telling me," I went on, "a few things more—details, and the like? I have excellent reasons for wanting to know. For instance, was she light-haired? And did she have wide, blue eyes? Was she quiet, and—" I interrupted myself. "What was her name, old top?" It was clumsy, to be sure; but I felt that a mistake would prove irreparable.

His manner of reply alone, without the matter, set all doubt aside in my mind.

"Van Nostrand," he



said quietly.
Elizabeth Van Nostrand. And—and there isn't a whiter girl—I hope
me—this side

you'll understand
of hell!"

With a brief apology I left him, and went cautiously forward. A low whistle, and my wife appeared eagerly. A little refreshing information, and she left me as eagerly. Turning back, I overheard her calling softly to Elizabeth. Our fiendish plot was under way!

"James," I said, entering my guest's presence again, "I really hate to disturb you; but the fact is my wife has planned

Children side by side in the shadow of What Was To Be.

a little agreeable surprise for you, and we'd like it awfully well if you'd hop out and skin into your clothes. The surprise is such that within an hour, unless I'm mistaken in my man, you'll come hunting us with tears of gratitude all over your blue shirt. You needn't bother to shave."

He was too well-bred to ask questions. But I could see that he was worried as I left him once more to learn the nature of the progress my wife was making forward.

Helen had been wonderfully successful. But then Helen was—Helen. Through an opening in the tent flaps I saw the dressed and calm Elizabeth seated quietly at the table, her hands folded in her lap, her beautiful eyes blinking sleepily at the white light of our table lamp. Behind her stood my wife deftly arranging the girl's wealth of hair. I felt admiration for Helen, who would never tell me how she managed it. Women don't tell *everything*, you know! And then I slipped back to Sanderson.

"All ready?" I laughed. "Come along, then!"

And I led the way forward outside the tent wall. With a last reconnoitering, with Sanderson standing meekly at my elbow, I caught him by the elbow and gently thrust him into the tent. Then I stepped up to note results.

Sanderson stood for a moment, dazed by the intense light; then he half turned to leave. I gave him a second thrust, and my wife slipped past him. Outside, we both stood with our eyes glued upon the pair of lovers.

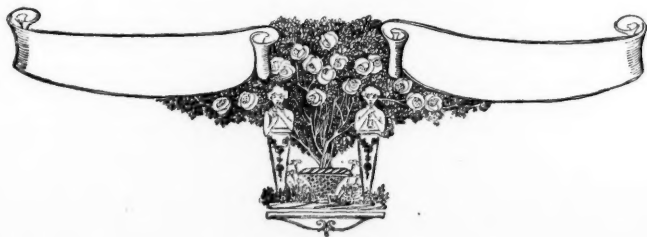
Then came the climax.

Elizabeth was the first to understand. She turned wide, staring, frightened eyes upon him; and with a low cry of surprise slowly gained her feet. She wavered for a moment, supporting herself with one hand on the table, then sank weakly back into the chair. A second time she arose, and now flung forth both arms, only suddenly to drop them again at her sides. Perhaps she remembered; but if she did, she as suddenly forgot.

"Jimmy Sanderson!" she burst forth, her lips trembling. "How did you——" She checked herself, stared with softening eyes, went on almost hysterically: "Why—why are you here? Where did you come from? How did you know——" Again she relapsed into silence.

Confound it! My wife dragged me out of range! I laid back my ears and showed my teeth; but the little woman remained obdurate. She said it was all too beautiful, too sacred, too a lot of things, to intrude upon. Anyway, I got some satisfaction out of watching the shadows on the tent wall—two at first, then only one.

We had a good breakfast the next morning—fruit, eggs, bacon, rolls, and coffee—good coffee. But despite the tempting fare only four sat down to the table—my wife, my wife's mother, my wife's father, and my wife's husband. Down beside the stream were two others, who cared nothing for the delectables of camp fare—children side by side in the shadow of What Was To Be. The cañon in their hearts had been closed to all else but love itself.



PEGGY'S EDUCATION IS COMPLETED



BY
**HILDEGARDE
LAVENDER**

ILLUSTRATED BY R. EMMETT OWEN

PEGGY'S education was completed —of that her parents were happily assured. They themselves had beheld her leading the class-day procession of the ivy planters on the campus, they had caught a glimpse of her as she had hurried out to preside at the last undergraduate banquet, they had discerned her mistily through proud tears as she moved, capped and gowned, across a platform, and received a piece of parchment and a few words in Latin from an elderly gentleman who did not wear his cap and gown as gracefully as she did hers, although his hood had a more resplendent lining. After all of which manifestations, it was beyond doubt that Peggy's education was completed.

Peggy's father was candidly glad of it. There had been times while Peggy was at college when he had told himself he would have done better to live in the dark ages, before the higher education of women had become an ordinary, expected thing. Peggy's bills had been as large as her brother's, who had completed his education about the time when Peggy started for Mount Ida. That had been a distinct shock of surprise to her father. He had mistakenly supposed that a girl's collegiate existence was almost entirely scholastic, and that

when he drew a handsome check for her tuition, and another for her living expenses, he was through with the harassing occupation of check drawing for a quarter. But Peggy, joining glee club, and "making" the freshman basketball team, Peggy achieving the social triumph of membership in the Chi Gamma Omicrons, entering the society for the study of modern drama, and otherwise proving her popularity and the cheerful catholicity of her tastes, soon showed her worthy father that a young woman's college expenses are as many and as diverse as a young man's, and that they are only begun when her tuition and her board and lodging are paid. So, as has been remarked, Peggy's father rejoiced when her education was completed.

So, of course, did Peggy's mother. She had been lonely during the greater part of her daughter's absence from home, having been one of those absurd, old-fashioned mothers whose outside interests fail them at the time when they set up the first crib in the nursery, and who are therefore somewhat at a loss for contentment twenty years later. She rejoiced in the thought of Peggy's completed education because she saw a pleasant vista of days ahead, in which she and Peggy would sit in

the bow window in her room, with the mending bag peacefully between them, and would talk together of Peggy's beaus, of Peggy's clothes, of Peggy's interests in general.

She had her moments of misgiving when she heard her husband calculating with precision just how much he could save each year, now that both the children were through with their expensive educations. She had passing fears that Peggy at home would be still something of an expense. A girl had to have clothes; a girl had to have entertainments.

So Peggy, packing her boxes of souvenirs, assuring all the girls in the lower classes that of course she would come back to Mount Ida for the Senior Dramatics, and the Junior Prom, and the Sophomore Revel; assuring the professor of French that she meant to keep up her study of that graceful language seriously, and the professor of botany that she had the same intention in regard to his specialty, and all the girls in her own class that she would write them constantly and visit them frequently, came home.

And coming home with her education completed, she rapidly proceeded to demonstrate to her parents that theirs had only begun.

Home was the same suburban house in which she had been born. Its rooms were many and large, flooded with sunshine and sweet air.

"I suppose," said Peggy, with an air of pleasant, tolerant speculation, as she sat in the library after dinner, one rainy night, "I suppose that this house was built in the very darkest period of the Victorian epoch."

Her mother looked apprehensive; her father, glancing at her over his glasses, made a sound like a startled, interrogative grunt.

"Look at that mantel," pursued Peggy placidly, nodding her charming head toward a mantel which did, perhaps, leave something to be desired from the point of view of a high, chaste art. "Look at it—the silly, little brackets, the vulgar mirror, with all its bad, machine-turned trimmings. Awful, isn't it?"

"We've managed to live with it very comfortably for the past twenty-two years," replied her instantly defensive father, with ironical inflection.

"That," observed the tranquil Peggy, "is the worst of such atrocities in decoration—people do manage to live with them comfortably. Their eyes become adjusted to what is bad; it saturates them, so to speak, until it corrupts their whole taste. Of course," she added hastily, for Peggy meant to be a good girl, and always to treat her parents with the toleration and respect which parents deserve, "of course, I don't mean us. We have so much that is lovely in our lives, despite the—the—er—our immediate surroundings—that we aren't likely to be corrupted. But I'm thinking of the children born in hideous houses, surrounded by them, brought up on them, knowing nothing else. Think what the architectural ideals of the next generation of New Yorkers will be!"

Peggy's father returned to his paper with a grunt that was unmistakable. Peggy's mother said humbly that she thought New York had a great many very pretty buildings. And Peggy kindly elucidated for her the difference between a city the tone of whose whole domestic architecture is good, and the city which has good architecture only "sporadically."

"But to return to this mantel," she said, and her father ostentatiously turned a sheet of his paper. Peggy smiled sweetly upon her mother.

"Dad doesn't want to return to the mantel," she said. "I don't really blame him, do you, mother? But until we do return to it we can't decide upon what to do about it. Daddy, dear, drop the news for a minute, and let's talk about a new mantel. There is no use," she pursued wisely, "in attempting to do anything with the room until we remedy its fundamental defects. It's idle to put good furniture into a room hideous with bad woodwork; it's like putting a lovely painting into a vulgar, over-ornate frame."

Peggy's father did give up his paper at this.

"Were you contemplating new furniture?" he asked, with a satirically deferential air.

But Peggy had learned never to become annoyed in argument; that had been the most valuable lesson of the debating society in which she had shone. So she only smiled humorously upon her male parent, and said confidentially to her mother:

"He thinks I am impious, guilty of

sonable. "But when we've eliminated that mantel, and have something really good in the room to act as a standard, you'll be as anxious as I to get rid of a lot of this junk."

The two purchasers of the junk looked at each other half angrily, half guiltily. Of course the stuff was old, but how substantial, how solid, it had been! It had stood a quarter of a century's wear and tear with compara-



"We've managed to live with it very comfortably for the past twenty-two years," replied her instantly defensive father.

disrespect to the family lares and penates, because I really do think that black-walnut whatnot in the corner is a sight! Come, dad, look at it with the clear eye of reason and taste, not with the clouded one of sentiment, and tell me if you ever saw anything worse?"

Her mother sat, divided between fear of her husband's wrath and admiration of her daughter's learning.

Peggy's father heatedly declined to look at the object in question with any eye at all.

"Well," admitted Peggy, "there may be worse things." She was always rea-

tively little damage. The crimson had faded somewhat from the velvet, to be sure; the polish had grown dim on the black walnut, and there were a few scratches here and there. But it had been good, solid, carved stuff, none of your composition imitations of carving stuck on with glue, ready to fall off at the first blast from the furnace fire.

"There's the doorbell!" cried Peggy's mother, with relief. "It must be the Hamptons. I was afraid it was too wet for them to come over. They almost always come on Thursday," she explained to her daughter. "That is, when



"Basket ball," observed Peggy's father, "is less time-wasting for young persons with all their work still before them."

neither we nor they have anything else to do. And we have a rubber or two of bridge."

Peggy smiled indulgently upon the tame amusements of the aged. The Hamptons were agreeably excited to meet her; they didn't number a collegian among their daughters. Both those young women had married at eighteen, and were the blooming, but intensely domestic, mothers of small families at Peggy's time of life. Peggy treated them with a condescension so fine that they could not for their lives declare it to be condescension, though they felt a curious, faint squirming of the sensitive skin of their spirits beneath her greeting.

Would Peggy "cut in," and play a hand? All four of the elders declared their entire willingness—nay, their eagerness—to have her make one of them. But Peggy said sweetly that she should not dream of breaking up their custom, even if she played bridge.

The Hamptons were plainly shocked that she did not play. Peggy patiently explained herself. She had been so busy; bridge, she told them, was a perfectly proper recreation for those whose work in the world was done, whose laurels were won, who had proved themselves entitled to rest. But beginners in the great battle of life—only Peggy did not use so crude and laughable a term as "battle of life"—could not permit themselves to waste precious time in such entertainment.

"Basket ball," observed Peggy's father, with an acidity of speech which his wife had not noticed in him before, "is less time-wasting for young persons with all their work still before them."

And Peggy laughed sweetly, and said that, of course, even those with all their work before them must take plenty of exercise to keep them in condition. Then she drifted away from the bridge players, and things proceeded much as usual, except that the parents had that

sense of loneliness which comes from knowing an indifferent presence in the house where they had hoped for a sympathetic one. It is a loneliness far more poignant than mere absence is capable of creating.

Peggy did not return at once to the subject of the woodwork in her home. Her father, with the lack of intuition for which his sex is famous, supposed that she had perceived his disapproval of the idea, and had accordingly had the good sense to drop it. Her mother was vaguely anxious on the subject, but she tried to hope that Peggy would not immediately bring the subject up again. Of course, it would be very nice to have some new furniture—a few pieces. She dared say that styles changed in furniture as in dress, and she and Peggy belonged to different generations.

It was fall before Peggy introduced the topic again. The summer had been passed so largely away from home that it really hadn't mattered about the woodwork, or the furnishings, as she forgivingly explained. It was true that Peggy had visited five dear friends for periods varying from one week to three; her father and mother had had their customary two weeks at the modest shore resort to which they were accustomed, and Peggy had been with them there. That was practically all that they had had of her society during the summer. Of course, she had come home for repairs at times. Her wardrobe struck her father as very costly.

"Isn't it more expensive than ever before?" he had asked Peggy's mother.

And that diplomatic lady had pointed out that hitherto Peggy's summer wardrobe had been inexpensive because she had stayed at home a good deal during the summer—being away all the winter. But winter outfits were really the dearer of the two, and since Peggy was to be at home during the winter, there would be a balancing of expenses then.

But Peggy, being at last returned from the visits to the classmates who lived opportunely in regions where it was agreeable to spend the summer, or who had summer places, brought up the subject of doing over the house.

"It's perfectly useless to talk," said Peggy sapiently, "unless one knows exactly what one is talking about. And so, dad, I've got some estimates on doing over the mantels in the chief rooms. I can tell you"—she produced a small notebook from her pocket—"exactly what it will cost to replace the night-mare in the parlor with a dear little colonial design, and the one in mother's room, and in mine. I had Wilson, the stove, and furnace, and chimney man, you know, come in the other day while you were in town, mother, to examine the chimneys, and see if we couldn't have fireplaces in some of the rooms besides the library. That can be re-lined, if father decides to do it—those tiles are absurd—Dutch windmills in a New York suburb, under an eighteen-hundred-and-ninety cherry mantel! We can have a fireplace in the library, one in your room, and one in mine. It won't be very expensive—only about twenty dollars apiece, for it only means taking down a sort of curtain wall; it isn't solid masonry. Do you want to see the designs of the mantels, father, dear? The price is written beside them."

"I don't care to see them," replied Peggy's father, with a curtness which his wife thought represented finality, and which Peggy more correctly gauged as temper. "I have no intention of tearing the house to pieces and refitting it."

"Is it," inquired Peggy, with the utmost good nature, "a question of trouble, or one of expense? Of course, if it's the expense makes you hesitate, I understand that you don't care to see the designs."

"It's both!" stormed her father. "Do you happen to know what your four years at Mount Ida have cost me?"

Peggy flushed.

"Oh, father!" she cried, in a pained voice. "You ought to have let me know. You never even suggested that I should retrench on anything. It was scarcely fair to me if you couldn't afford it."

"I wanted you to have everything that was going, and to be in everything that was doing," growled her father, subsiding beneath her sweet humilia-

tion. "It didn't beggar me to keep you there. Your mother and I weren't forced to go without anything that we needed, though I'm sure your mother, at least, would have been glad to, had it been a question between that and your having a good time—a full time—at college. But colleges, as they are run to-day, are

tiatingly. "They'll be for you and mother, as well. And really, dad, if you would look at the estimates, you'd see that they really aren't bad. We'll cut my room out entirely."

"If we have anything done," growled the stern parent, showing himself as wax in the fingers of his recently re-



"I don't care to see them," replied Peggy's father. "I have no intention of tearing the house to pieces and refitting it."

expensive for parents in moderate circumstances."

"Still," said Peggy reflectively, "I'm through college, now. There'll be none of those dreadful bills to meet this year, will there?"

"I suppose not."

"Well, then," cried Peggy triumphantly, "why can't you put some of that money into making permanent improvements here? They'll not be just for piggy-Peggy," she went on ingra-

turned daughter, "we'll have yours done, too. Here, give me the figures! I'll look them over to-morrow in the office. I dare say I can get some one to give us a lower estimate."

"Your father has given in," said Peggy's mother to that astute young diplomat, that night, in her daughter's bedroom. "I am so glad, dear. I know the place must seem shabby and—old-fashioned to you."

"I shouldn't mind any amount of

shabbiness and old-fashionedness," replied Peggy sententiously. "I mind ugliness. It's criminal where it can be avoided; and this is one of the places where it can be avoided."

If Peggy's father had ever had the instructive opportunity of watching his young daughter conduct the Delta Chi Omicrons to success in an entertainment, if he had known her as manager of the glee club, and as treasurer of the basket-ball team, he would have been better prepared for the amazing ability she showed in getting her own way about the new woodwork in his house. She relieved him of the petty details, once she had wrested from him his consent to the changes, and his approval of the plans. He was obliged to admit that, as far as discomfort went during the progress of the changes, his dear wife had been capable of giving him more during the semiannual house-cleaning periods. Peggy had one room at a time done; all the others were in their accustomed state of order and livability. She proved herself a very good manager.

"I want the consent of you two dears to something," said Peggy, sitting before the renovated fireplace, in the library, looking with tender pride at the delicate lines of the white colonial mantel and the warmth of the plain brick lining.

"And what is that?" inquired her father indulgently.

Her mother asked nothing, but wondered why Peggy hadn't told her if she wanted anything from them; in Peggy's mother's domestic philosophy, mothers and daughters always formed a coalition against the masculine head of the family, and had agreed together upon ways and means of cajoling him to their purposes. Peggy had shown no such inclination.

"I want," said Peggy, "your permission to do some teaching—teaching of fancy dancing. You know, I had lessons all the time I was at the Mount. I can do it very well, and I should like a class of youngsters."

When the first clamor had died down, and Peggy had been given to under-

stand that her father would permit nothing of the sort, she made out that he was asking her why she wanted to do such a thing.

"Why, for the money!" replied Peggy, with the open eyes of amazement that any one could ask such a question.

"Isn't your allowance sufficient for your needs?" stormed her father.

Peggy replied that it was—amply and generously sufficient for her personal needs. But there were things which she wished to do—with the kind permission of her parents—about the house; she felt that she should not ask her father, who had once spoken of expense to her, to undertake any further changes. But, of course, they saw—any one must see—how very bad the old paper looked with the fresh woodwork; and it was idle to deny that fresh paper would fairly shriek for new furniture. If she could be permitted to earn a little money by doing something that was really a pleasure to her, she could have such joy doing over the house!

The result of this attack was not immediately visible. It took another proposition from Peggy that she should earn money as a teacher of gymnastics in the local school to bring her father to the desired point of giving her permission to go ahead and get estimates on repapering and such refurnishing as she desired.

By the time she had finished with the job, her parents knew a great deal—though mistily—about Chippendale and Adam, Heppelwhite and Sheraton. In their hearts, they vastly preferred the heavy lines, the voluminous convolutions and carvings of the period in which they furnished their own first home; but they had a ruler on the hearth. They yielded their tastes, and it is only fair to Peggy to say that, within a few months, she had the old house gracefully—her parents thought it scantily—furnished with excellent mahogany, for which she had paid but a moderate price; she had developed a real "faculty" for picking up bargains.

And, though neither of her elders

liked the dull-blue hangings she put up in the parlor, or could endure the colonial peacock paper she had hung upon the dining-room walls, they felt it was only fair that, having educated Peggy to a point where the ugly and the commonplace were detestable to her, they should give her what her nature craved.

And then there appeared upon the scene a breezy young man, who didn't care a brass button's worth about Chippendale or Sheraton, but who adored Peggy. He was a young man only just beginning to make his way, and his business required that he should live, for the present, in New York, rather than even the most attractive of suburbs. Peggy forgot about colonial mantels, and set out flat hunting with him.

A month before the date set for their wedding, she told her parents that she had found exactly what would serve her in her new housekeeping. And her father kindly invited them all to dinner at a restaurant before an evening inspection of the new flat.

Its parlor was the size of one of Peggy's mother's dinner napkins, or thereabouts. There was a mantel of

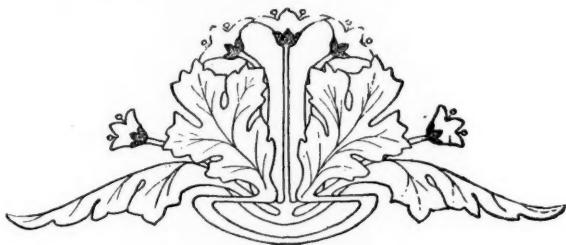
cheap wood, stained a bright cherry, and bearing many little side shelves and brackets. A glaring mirror blinded their eyes. An imitation fireplace held a sheet of asbestos in it. The other decorations were on the same plans of artistic excellence.

"My dear Peggy," said Peggy's father, remembering the lost, homely comfort of his library, sacrificed to Peggy's relentless zeal for pure art, "how are you going to live in the midst of this hideousness?"

"It won't be for long," replied Peggy contentedly. "Jack will soon be able to afford something better. And, anyway, what does it matter? It's what is in one's heart, not what is on one's walls, that makes one happy or miserable!"

Peggy's education was completed.

"I wish," said Peggy's father to Peggy's mother, as they journeyed out toward their chastely decorated home that night, "I wish I had another daughter. I know what I'd say to her when she came home from college, and tried to educate me up to a more beautiful standard of living!"



A Summer Song

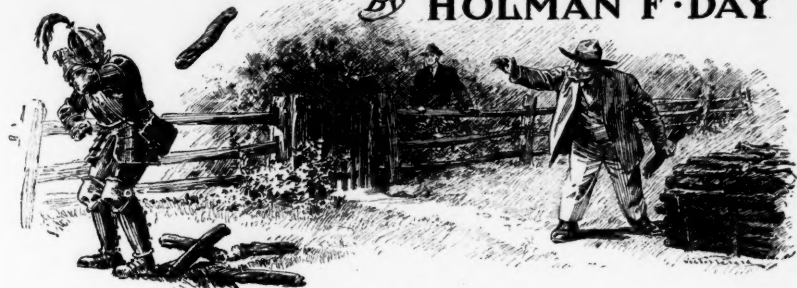
BRILLIANT balm o' the bee, you with your crimson glowing,
Beaming under the dawn, gleaming under the noon,
Radiant torch in the eve, swaying and bending and blowing,
Light my love to me, guide her steps to me soon!

Be thou a pharos fire, be thou a beacon burning,
Over the garden ways, flooding the flowery chart!
Tell my love how I wait, tell her how I am yearning—
Yearning to clasp her close, close to my longing heart!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A FAINT SCENT *for* AMATEUR SLEUTHS

By HOLMAN F. DAY



ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PERARD

(This story is complete in itself, but a hint regarding the episodes leading up to it will doubtless add to the reader's appreciation of the predicament in which Cap'n Aaron Sproul finds himself. Prevailed upon by a judge of the supreme court to act as an escort on a pedestrian trip in a remote section, undertaken for the sake of the judge's health, and strictly "incog," Sheriff Sproul, for good and sufficient reasons, falls out with four bibulous fishermen, also on their vacation trip. The fishermen keep the judge and Sheriff Sproul awake all night at a tavern. Sheriff Sproul thrashes one of the men for an insult at the breakfast table, and the fishermen, keeping ahead of the pedestrians, in a comfortable surrey, warn the countryside, especially tavern keepers, that two noisy rowdies, who insist on making night hideous, are on the way. By this malicious jest they are kept from the door of the next tavern at which they apply for a night's lodging, the fishermen jeering at them from the inside, having installed themselves comfortably for the night. The affairs of the judge and the sheriff are complicated by the presence of one Zemro Tozier, an eccentric, who has insisted on attaching himself to them, in spite of their angry protests. Mr. Tozier is roaming about the countryside in a suit of homemade armor, having determined on the quixotic plan of becoming a "modern knight" for a season, as a matter of social experiment. Cap'n Sproul, tramping the country highways in the night, hungry and homeless, is in a state of mind that is, he informs the indignant judge, "desprit.")

A MAY night, sprinkled with stars, spiced with the tantalizing odors of the budding spring, its wind-waftings balmy on the cheeks, ought to be a delectable morsel for the senses of men.

The judge found it so, even though he was in a state of mind that was not wholly attuned to Nature. In a worthy attempt to rise above his environment, trying to forget the unutterable Mr. Tozier, clanking along behind them, he mentioned to the moody cap'n that at least they might enjoy that delicious evening.

"You can't eat an evenin'," growled the cap'n. "I ain't interested, just now, in anything that I can't eat. Breakfast spoiled by a gang of drunken doostrabulums; northin' but a hand-out over the fence for dinner because we had that cussed perambulin' air-tight stove to queer us"—he snapped indig-

nant looks behind him at Mr. Tozier—"and now backed away from stall and oats by a tavern keeper with a shotgun, prodded on by them same drunken doostrabulums! If that ain't a day's programmy cal'lated to put barnacles onto the disposition, blisters onto the soul, and bust out all the gall a man has got inside him, then you can fry me for a fritter! Judge, it ain't any use talkin'—I've got to have something to eat! Vittles ain't all there is in the world, but I've got to have mine with some regularity, or else curl up and quit!"

"I'm so hungry myself I'm weak," his honor owned up.

"I'll stand treat for all three of us at the next house we come to," volunteered Mr. Tozier ingratiatingly. "You gents ain't usin' me in a way I'd call cordial, but I'll be darned if I'm goin' to let that stop me from bein' a good

feller every chance I get. I'm goin' to stick by you till you own up that you ain't been givin' me a square deal. Just go ahead and order grub at the next house—I'll pay the bill, even if it's a quarter apiece!"

The lights of a farmhouse were ahead. Cap'n Sproul halted, and whirled on their pertinacious pursuer.

"I'll pay, I say!" insisted Mr. Tozier. "I'm a good sport!" He clapped his mailed hand on his sheet-iron corselet to emphasize his offer.

"There may be no law to excuse me killin' you out here in this highway, because it's public property," hissed the cap'n through set teeth, "and all I've done so fur don't seem to stop you from follerin' us. But you foller me up to that house, and I'll borrow an ax and chop you out of your shell, you blasted imitation of a bull-headed crab! You've played tag-gool with my business just as long as you're goin' to!"

When they arrived at the lane leading up to the house, the cap'n turned in briskly. The man of the house, who opened the door at the cap'n's determined knock, was in shirt sleeves and stocking feet, and seemed to be on the point of going to bed.

"I want to buy something to eat," Cap'n Sproul informed the wondering farmer.

At that moment, with great clattering of his armor, the irrepressible Tozier came running, emerging out of the gloom of the lane with most eerie effect as the lamplight streamed on him.

"And I insist on payin' for it!" he cried, from the depths of his helmet. "That's the kind of a man I be! When I start in to do a thing, I do it!"

Gasping wordless sounds of fright, the farmer set down his lamp, slammed the door, and locked it. They heard him yelling threats about having a loaded gun.

There was a pile of fitted wood near the door. Cap'n Sproul ran to it, and began to bombard the armored Tozier, who turned his plated back, and endured the fusillade with stolidity. The sticks banged against the sheet iron,

and bounced off harmlessly. This amazing disturbance in his dooryard provoked still more frenzied threats and commands from the intrenched farmer.

At last, a realizing sense of his general helplessness came to the cap'n, both on the food question, and in the matter of the scatheless Tozier. He turned from the attack, and marched down the lane, giving vent to language that made the waiting judge's hair bristle. Mr. Tozier came rattling behind, proferring indignant remarks concerning "any man who didn't appreciate common courtesy and generosity among friends."

The cap'n kept on, when he was in the highway once more, seeming to find some relief for his feelings in stamping through the roadway dust as violently as possible. The judge did not need to ask questions regarding the food. He had picked out enough from Cap'n Sproul's vehement torrent of words to understand the situation.

But, somewhat to the judge's surprise, the cap'n turned in at the next house, and did not offer any protest when Mr. Tozier followed close at his heels, muttering remarks to the effect that when he started out to do a thing he had promised to do, he most always succeeded in doing it.

A woman answered the knock, and opened the door, and her affrighted gaze fell first on Tozier, limned by the light of the lamp she carried.

A child, less terrified than its mother, came out upon the doorstep, and looked Mr. Tozier over with juvenile interest in a curiosity.

"Madam," said the cap'n, with all the gloomy politeness he could muster, "excuse the company I'm in, for which I ain't responsible, and be kind enough to sell me a little something to eat."

"I've nothing to spare," stammered the woman, her fascinated gaze on the apparition in armor.

"Here's the money," came a voice from the helmet, and Mr. Tozier extended a handful of small change that he rattled in his iron fist. This was too much for the terror-stricken housewife. She reached for her child, but Cap'n

Sproul was there first. He grabbed the youngster, and snatched it away.

"Madam," he said sternly, "give me food, or I'll eat this child! I'm too hungry to draw a line anywhere, just now!"

"I'm alone in this house," she quavered, ready to burst into tears. "If you're men, and decent, and ain't goblins, you'll go way like men. I'm a poor, unprotected woman."

"Sell me something to eat," the cap'n

child, and snatched the food, and hurried away with it, the "knight" at his heels.

"I took desp'rit' means to get it, and I don't know what it is," said the cap'n, joining his honor in the road. "But, whatever it is, I reckon it will keep life in me till I can find a way of gettin' shet of this sheet-iron son of a Nicodemus that has plastered himself onto us. That's pie, and them's doughnuts, and there's some snap cakes—just about



"Madam," said the cap'n, with all the gloomy politeness he could muster, "excuse the company I'm in, and be kind enough to sell me a little something to eat."

insisted, clapping a hand over the mouth of the youngster, who began to bawl lustily. "Quicker we get it, the quicker we'll be gone."

She flew to obey, and the cap'n, in spite of his fiery hatred for Mr. Tozier, realized that the presence of that imposing and extraordinary figure had assisted him materially in securing her attention and obedience. She brought the food, wrapped hurriedly in a newspaper, and Mr. Tozier threw some coins into the hallway when she retreated at his advance.

Cap'n Sproul released the screaming

as much sense as a cussed woman has got, when a man's starving and wants hearty vittles! If she had had angel cake and froth puffs in the house, she probably would have put *them* into that paper."

He balanced a segment of pie on upcocked fingers and thumb, and began to eat. The judge seized another piece of pie, and munched it with gusto.

"This is a most extraordinary adventure," declared his honor, between bites. "Mr. Sheriff, I feel like the hero of a dime novel. Just think of men in our position in life being brought into a

situation like this! All by force of circumstances! Really, it has its humor, after all, when you bring yourself to look at it from the right perspective."

The cap'n had no comment to offer. He fished the other piece of pie out of the paper that he held close to his breast, and began on it. Mr. Tozier was clanking his mail uneasily.

"But most of all, there is a lesson for me in this thing," pursued the judge. "I thought I knew from my experience in law, what stress of circumstances would do to a man—but I find I didn't truly realize, after all. I think I shall be more charitable, sitting in judgment, from this time on."

"Nothin' like charity, when it's practiced proper," observed Mr. Tozier, grasping an opportunity to join in. "But it doesn't seem much like charity to me to see a man eatin' the main part of the grub I bought, and not askin' me if I've got a mouth! If you're a judge, it's about time for a little justice, I should think."

This sudden invasion of his incog startled the judge a bit.

"I'm no judge," he prevaricated.

"You can't fool me any longer. I've heard t'other one, there, call you judge, and I've got you spotted at last. I've seen your picture in the paper. Now, I ain't makin' any threats, for that ain't my style; but I just want to hint that it's best for any gent to use another gent fair and decent."

The judge was silent, and Cap'n Sproul kept munching.

"I ain't any kind of a hand to blab, when I'm made a friend of, and used right," Tozier went on. "But what a judge and a high sheriff are doin', hidin' around up here and actin' out the way you two are actin' out, might make interestin' gossip round the State. I ain't threatenin', nor anything of the kind, but them's facts. You needn't lie to me," he snapped at Cap'n Sproul. "I've seen your gold badge under your vest lapel."

"You'd better give the rogue enough to stop his mouth," suggested the judge, who had just finished the last crumb of his cookies.

The sheriff crumpled the newspaper between his hands. It was empty. He scrubbed his mouth with the improvised napkin, and tossed the paper away.

"Spoke too late, my friend," declared the cap'n. "I'm terrible forgetful about waitin' on table when I'm hungry."

Without listening longer to the reproaches and threats of the hungry "knight," he went across the highway gutter to a wire fence that he had been eying while he ate. The glint of pale moonlight on the wires had revealed it. With the big blade of his knife, he sawed and hacked at a strand of wire until he had severed a considerable length. He coiled this, and slung it on his arm. The judge and Tozier watched him with lively interest, and both followed when he crawled under the fence and started down across a pasture toward a belt of woodland. The moon lighted their way.

"Well, we've got to live on the country, haven't we?" exclaimed the sheriff curtly, after the judge had asked a number of questions. "We seem to be outcasts, don't we? I've taken all the chances I'm goin' to take with mad farmers and shotguns. Tozier, here, says he's hungry, and is goin' to make trouble for us unless he's fed. Well, I'm goin' down here and rig a snare, and catch a rabbit for Tozier's breakfast."

"That's a nice prospect—waitin' till mornin' for a raw rabbit," growled the hungry "knight." He was stumbling over the pasture cradle knolls, and was rattling his armor at a great rate, but he hung pertinaciously on their flank. "If you think you're goin' to shake me this way, you're much mistook, that's all I've got to say. *You've* gone to work and put me on my mettle, and now *I'm* goin' to work and show you a thing or two!"

The judge's curiosity was not allayed, but a furtive nudge of the sheriff's elbow checked any more inquiries.

When they came under the forest trees, the scene was a strange one, indeed. Cap'n Sproul was too intent on his own project, and Mr. Tozier was too hungry and too indignant, to appre-

ciate the picturesqueness he afforded, striding there in armor. The judge's livelier fancy found a flavor of Middle-Age romance in his adventure. The sifting moonbeams touched eerily the mail of their eccentric pursuer; the gloom hid the homemade crudities of the fabric of iron. The spectacle was strange enough to make up for weariness and all the affront to his dignity, reflected his honor, falling back a few steps, and surveying Mr. Tozier from behind. And the grim humor of the whole thing flavored the bizarre quality of it.

During the day, the judge had reflected, on several occasions, that, by a little drastic exercise of authority, he could have rid himself of Tozier, and extricated himself from a situation that did not exactly comport with the standing of a judge of the supreme court of the State. But the pure delight of the adventure compensated for the annoyance, so his honor concluded, and he found himself framing the story of it for the delectation of his legal cronies. Until then he had not realized that the spirit of youth had so long survived under the husks of judicial dignity.

He was stirred from his reflections by the sudden halting of the sheriff. Cap'n Sproul took critical survey of a glade in which he found himself, and made somewhat particular examination of a small tree.

He bent one end of the wire about the tree, and twisted the loop securely. Mr. Tozier came close, to observe, perhaps actuated by a hungry man's interest in a prospective breakfast. Cap'n Sproul walked away from the tree, uncoiling his wire. The unsuspicious Tozier remained beside the tree. He did not even realize what the cap'n was about when that artful conspirator stretched the wire taut, and swung about the tree in a half circle, ostensibly looking for another tree to hitch his loose end to.

Before Mr. Tozier awoke to his danger, the cap'n made a dash around a sufficient arc to bind the mailed "knight" to the tree with one strand of the wire. The cap'n continued to run, a grotesque

human spider spinning a web around a particularly large and fine specimen of a hard-shelled beetle. The beetle struggled. He tore with iron hands at the swinging wire that infolded him, strand by strand.

But the inexorable spider kept up his run about the tree, lashing his victim more securely with every circuit, and at last fastened the loose end of the wire about a root behind the captive.

Mr. Tozier was trussed up to the tree, unable to move anything except his tongue, and with that he attempted to express all his swelling emotions.

"I never took any interest in after-dinner speeches," stated the cap'n, taking the judge by the arm, and starting to lead him away.

"But you aren't going to abandon that man!" protested his honor, resisting.

"He'll be looked after good and proper at the right time," affirmed Cap'n Sproul, continuing to pull at the arm. "But when a tow gets unhandy in a heavy seaway, it's a point of good seamanship to drop her hawser and leave her at anchor. It's been done, and done all shipshape! Now you come away, judge, where I can talk to you without bein' bothered by the draft blowin' out of the top of that air-tight stove, there! If you are hankerin' to have that cussed scrap heap rattlin' around behind us all the rest of the night, keepin' us out of house and home, go back and untwist him; but I give you fair warnin' I won't be in sight by the time he's untwisted. You and him will have to pair off together."

The cap'n was a bit irritated by the judge's protestations in behalf of Mr. Tozier, and now encroached on the natural deference due his honor. But the latter did not protest. The prospect of having the insufferable Tozier tagging him any more outweighed everything. He went along with the sheriff.

"Judge," said Cap'n Sproul, when the wailings of the marooned "knight" were mellowed by distance, "now the thing stands just this way: You asked me to use my head, and get rid of that devilish pest that's been chasin' us up. He's been got rid of, and we can hire some-



The cap'n continued to run, a grotesque human spider spinning a web around a particularly large and fine specimen of a hard-shelled beetle.

body to hunt him up, and then go on about our business, and let him shoot off his mouth, reckonin' that nobody will ever believe him. That's a safe and easy way of settling this whole thing. But if you're anything like me, you'll hate to dodge away out of these parts leavin' regrets behind us."

The judge failed to understand, at first, and said as much.

"That incog of yours and mine has been taken out and shaken once to-night," the sheriff went on. "And now that it has been taken out, I'm in favor of keepin' it out a little while longer, till we can use it to some advantage."

His honor remained a bit dull, and admitted that fact.

"I see you ain't such a hand to carry grudges as I be," said the sheriff. "You can see humor in things where I can't—and the man who can see humor can excuse and forgive. I never can! There are four fishermen who played cards, and drunk liquor, and kept us awake all last night, and then laid the whole thing onto us of bein' rowdies, and all that; and to-night kept us out of a tavern where we applied for a night's lodgin'. There they are, back there, tucked in all cozy and nice, and laughin' at us, and we out here—men of our standin'—

roamin' around in the night like a couple of lost hen turkeys. I ain't any kind of a hand to forget and forgive, I say! What I'm sayin' to you is: Let's go back there to that tavern, and take them dogheifered warhoolipers by their ears, and rub their noses in the dirt till they ki-yi like pups. I don't mean what you think!" cried the cap'n, when the judge demurred. "I don't mean to go there and get into a fight. I mean, let's keep that incog out, now, where we can use it."

"Tell those men our names?" demanded the judge. His tone indicated that mere desire for revenge would not drag him to that length.

"You listen to me, your honor!" said the sheriff solemnly.

They were at the edge of the belt of woodland. Cap'n Sproul halted, and turned eager and serious face to his distinguished companion. The moon's pale radiance lighted his features and shone on the wagging finger with which he beat emphasis.

"I've been puttin' some serious thought onto this thing," he began, "and I've got a plan, and I want to say to you, judge, that though it's goin' to rasp you a little to let our incog out of the box, it'll rasp us a blame sight more to

look back and remember that men of our standin' sneaked away, and let four hellions of that stamp come it over us this way! What if they should happen around some time later, and see you on the bench, and then slap their legs and let out the story? I say, hit 'em back now, so that they won't ever want to open their mouths!"

After a few eager words, the judge's face began to relax. He chuckled a bit, later. Then he buttoned his coat, and started off across the pasture.

"We'll leave that incog down here to keep one Tozier company, Mr. Sheriff," he said. "I've told you before that you're a man of wonderful resource. I say so again!"

In the village, they found the upper lights of the tavern still bright. An arm was silhouetted on a window curtain. The hand clutched a handful of cards, and a loud voice was proclaiming: "I'll see you five, and raise you ten!"

"At it again!" muttered the indignant sheriff. "In about five minutes I'll be raisin' something else among 'em—Tophet and all the trimmin's."

He unhooked his gold badge from under the lapel of his waistcoat, and pinned it in bold prominence on the breast of his coat. Then he marched up the steps of the tavern, and pounded on the door. The judge was close behind him. The landlord came down promptly, for the knocking had a distinct sound of authority. He was holding up his trousers with one hand when he opened the door, and was in no position to prevent the entrance of his visitors, who walked in before he got his voice to protest.

"Not a single, blasted word out of your old chops," commanded Cap'n Sproul, his eyes flaming. "See that badge? I'm the high sheriff of Cuxabexis, operatin' in this county by special warrant of the Honorable Judge Riggs, of the supreme court, who is here with me. Stand by to be indicted at the next term of *nisi prius* in this county for maintainin' a gamblin' nuisance! And that's all for you, just now, except that you'll get pegged down through the floor if you get in our way."

He thrust the landlord out of his path with a shove that sent the boniface staggering into a corner, and strode through the office and up the stairs. He did not stop to knock at the door of the room where the poker game was going on. Four startled men dropped their cards and blinked at him, for authority was written large on his stern face. His badge shone brightly in the lamplight. Behind him was the tall form of Judge Riggs, his slouch hat off, and his face set in lines of true judicial dignity.

"You're arrested!" declared Sheriff Sproul. "Cards and money confiscated for evidence. No foolin', now! I'll shoot the man who tries to run away!"

One of the gamblers essayed a sickly laugh. It was the man who wore the court-plaster on the places where the sheriff's summary vengeance of that morning had overtaken him.

"Oh, see who's here!" he cried. "They're our friends, the hobos!"

"You take a good, long look at us," advised the sheriff. "It won't cost you a cent to look us over all you want to. And if you feel like playin' that we're tramps, after you've taken that look, go right ahead, and keep up the joke. But I'll warn you that for every laugh now you'll be givin' two blats for mercy later on!"

One of the party grew very pale when he gave the judge a searching stare. His companions had begun to mock.

"Hold on, fellows!" he besought them. "We're in it good and plenty! I don't know what has made me the blind fool I've been all through this. I reckon it must have been the rum I've been drinking." He had leaped to his feet, and was addressing the judge. "I ought to have known you, sir, but I didn't take a good look at you. You were the last man I'd expect to find up this way. I hope you'll realize it's all a mistake. We'll apologize just the best we know how. I hope you'll accept our apologies, sir?"

The judge maintained a dignified silence.

The earnestness of their spokesman sobered the others. They stood up,



"You're arrested!" declared Sheriff Sproul.

amazed, contrite, humbled, and very frightened. The positiveness of their companion's identification had impressed them. Their own eyes now convinced them. There was no mistaking the fact that they had to deal with Judge Riggs in the flesh.

"Your honor," stammered the distressed spokesman of the party, "you've caught us dead to rights! There's no doubt about that! Now, I hope you're going to make some allowance for the way we treated you. We were out to have a good time, and we had a little polish on. That's the only reason we acted as we did."

The judge had nothing to say.

"If we're pulled for this card game, judge, it's going to be mighty hard for us. We're business men, with families, and you understand what sort of a black eye it will give us. I say, can't we fix it with you?"

"What do I understand from what you say?" inquired his honor, in a freezing tone. "Are you offering a bribe to me, or asking me to compound a felony?"

"Neither, your honor; but I'm getting right down like a whipped dog, and begging you to go easy. I'll jump through, roll over, and stand on my hind legs, and so will the others, if you'll only go easy. Three of us are on sal-

ary, and we work for houses which are death on gambling. We were up here to have a little fun, that's all, and we weren't expecting to run into any trouble."

"If ever I saw four jackasses out huntin' for it, you are the four," remarked the sheriff, unable to control himself any longer. "But I want to inform you here and now that you went to chawin' the wrong thistle when you tackled *me*. Your honor, what's your orders in regard to these prisoners?"

The judge sat down, holding himself very erect in his chair.

One of the men began to plead more desperately for leniency, but the sheriff roared: "Silence in the court!" with such vehemence that the wretched men huddled in a stricken group, and held their peace.

"My duty in this matter is very plain," said the judge, after a long, cold stare, in which relish glinted, in spite of himself. "In the first place, give me your names and addresses and your business references. Also your business cards. The sheriff will collect them."

Cap'n Sproul wrote down the names in his notebook, and tucked away the cards.

The judge surveyed his victims with even more prolonged and more severe gaze.

"Prisoners," he said, at last, "as business men, you will realize that this session is a bit irregular. But the whole affair has been irregular, from the hour when you began your persecution of two inoffensive travelers. You are perfectly aware of what I might do to you, all in a regular way. It suits me, however, to pursue this thing according to the irregular pattern you have set. You have pleaded guilty on two counts. Listen to the sentence of the court: You are to put on your coats and hats, and search the highways and the byways, the woods and the fields, for one Zemro Tozier, a most unmistakable man, who is encased in an iron suit, and who will be very pleased to see you, for you are to carry with you a generous basket of food, feed him when found, and con-

duct him back to this hotel in as polite fashion as possible. The court will have more to say to you after you produce him."

The unhappy fishermen exchanged glances.

"Of course, once out of this room, you may run away and leave Mr. Tozier to his fate," said the judge dryly. "But in that case I must warn you that four business men will find themselves in very hot water as soon as I return to my duties. I say again, this is all very irregular; but I have frequently found that a taste of one's own medicine proves a very good thing as a moral and social corrective."

"Well, we're caught with the goods, and it's up to us," admitted the spokesman, struggling into his coat. "I suppose we get a tip on direction, don't we—which way to chase the tinned galoot?"

"Ask the sheriff," the judge advised. "There's no chasin' to this thing," stated Cap'n Sproul. "He's anchored. He'll be waitin' for you. He's all tied up except his tongue. As to where it is he's tied, I can't tell you, gents. I'm a stranger in these parts."

The look of calm triumph he gave them was absolutely maddening.

"But that's no way to send out four men!" expostulated one of them. "We're willing to hunt for the needle—we've got to do that—but show us the haystack!"

"Best advice I can give you is to go out and hoof it and holler! You need leg action after settin' so long, and fresh air in the lungs is a good antidote for whisky."

The sheriff opened the door, and signified by a jab of his thumb that they'd better be going. So they went, hanging their heads, and muttering strange things to themselves.

"Well, your honor," said the sheriff, "I reckon that I don't need anybody to sing me to sleep to-night! But if I did need anything to set me off, it would be the thought of them four critters, promenadin' around out there in the night, playin' hoot owl, and tryin' to get an answer. I can hear 'em



The cap'n promptly picked up an iron poker, and rapped Mr. Tozier on top of the helmet.

pokin' up the landlord down there to give 'em the best he's got in the cupboard. You've scared 'em enough so that they don't dare to do it anyways but right. No, sir! I don't need weddin' cake under my pillar to-night to give me happy dreams! It's turned out to be a self-actin' proposition. Tozier and them four! One whettin' a wire edge on t'other."

"A true case of poetic justice," acknowledged his honor, allowing himself a chuckle.

Then, promptly grave, he allowed an abashed and groveling landlord to lead them to the best rooms in the house,

and make them comfortable for the night.

In the gray dawn of the morning, the tavern keeper, after four tired men had besought him, dared to rap on the sheriff's door. It was an appeal for a clew—for the least word that might help them. Their messenger stated that they had tramped till their legs were bending under them, and had halloed till their throats were sore. At the end, the messenger apologized again for disturbing the sheriff's rest.

"Call me any time they come back to ask questions," said Cap'n Sproul genially. "It's all right! It sort of

spices up the comfort I'm takin'. Tell 'em I'll be runnin' over clews in my sleep. I may strike something to help 'em."

His amateur sleuths had to content themselves with that exasperating reply to their appeal. He heard them go cursing off once more.

The judge and the sheriff were just finishing a cozy and hearty breakfast—by the abundance of which an apprehensive landlord was trying to square himself—when the squeak and rattle of Mr. Tozier's armor were heard without. There was no mistaking the sound. It had grown very familiar to them during that unspeakable day of their persecution.

Above the rattle of his armor sounded the voice of Mr. Tozier. It was evident that he was in a state of mind that very closely approached the demoniac. By the attentive landlord, Cap'n Sproul sent out orders to have Mr. Tozier controlled and quieted in the office of the hotel until their breakfast was over. When he finally followed the judge out of the dining room, they found the "knight" tied into an armchair by means of the wire, and four penitent and weary men waiting for further orders.

Mr. Tozier, his tongue being still left untied, began shrill and bitterly scathing comments relative to the mental, moral, and physical qualities of Cap'n Sproul. The cap'n promptly picked up an iron poker, and rapped Mr. Tozier on top of the helmet. Every time Tozier recovered himself enough from the clang of the blow in his ears to begin a new sentence, the cap'n rapped again. Human tympanums could not endure that mode of attack. Mr. Tozier was finally constrained to keep a silence that was baleful but complete.

"That's only one tune out of the twenty I can play on you," the sheriff informed the subdued Tozier, tapping the poker against the corselet for emphasis. "You make any more talk, and the next one will be livelier, and with variations."

"Gentlemen, I bid you good morning," said the judge, breaking the silence

that had been maintained while the sheriff waited to discover whether Mr. Tozier desired to invite another poker solo. "I trust you have come back from your constitutional with excellent appetites for breakfast. Lastly I compliment you on your success in your mission."

He looked from one to the other, but no one of the four seemed to be willing to trust himself to make reply.

"I take it for granted," the judge went on, "that when you found Mr. Tozier you obeyed my injunction, and saw to it that he breakfasted?"

"Breakfasted!" snorted one of the party. "He made up for all the meals he has missed the last week, and is four meals ahead of the game! He has breakfasted, all right!"

"Then you would do well to follow his example," the judge advised them, nodding toward the dining room. "We have found the food here to be very good, indeed—a much pleasanter breakfast than we had yesterday."

The four scowled at this cutting reference to their disastrous experiences of the preceding day, and filed into the dining room.

The judge looked down on Tozier a few moments. The "knight's" visor was up, and his sour face was disclosed.

"What town do you live in, Tozier?" his honor asked sternly.

"West Perkins."

"Well, you are going back to West Perkins—and you are going to stay there. Understand? You go home, and take off that tin suit, and attend strictly to your own business. It was allowable once to go roaming about the world in armor, but that was something like one thousand years ago, and times have changed. And, furthermore, Tozier, when you get home you ship that suit to me, and I'll send you a check that will make you happy. It will make you forget the slight misunderstanding of last evening."

As the judge turned away, he caught an expression of lively curiosity in the cap'n's eyes.

"That armor will make a most interesting souvenir of the trip; don't you think so, Mr. Sheriff?"

"Four scalps that I could name, nailed up on the wall of my office, would suit me better," the sheriff informed him, his eyes snapping. "Speakin' one way, I reckon I've taken 'em, all right; but I'd like to have something that I could look at."

"You might take this wire, then," suggested the grouchy Mr. Tozier. "I don't feel that I need it any more in my business. If you'll take it off'n me, I'll twist it into a watch chain for you, with my compliments, hopin' that you'll take it some day and hang yourself with it."

But the cap'n condescended to untwist the wire only when the judge suggested that Mr. Tozier be freed.

"If you want this blasted contrivance, you'd better take it right now," said Tozier, slapping his breastplate, when he found himself on his feet. "I don't want to get into any more scrapes on account of it. The world ain't what I thought it was; it don't deserve to have good done to it; and if I was to start out again like a knight of old, I'd take along a spear and ax, and show folks generally what I think of 'em!"

"You'll wear the armor back to West Perkins," stated the judge emphatically. "I have a little further use for it, but here's ten dollars for an option on it, Tozier."

A moment later, the subdued fishermen came out of the dining room. Their spokesman saluted the judge.

"I want to ask you respectfully, judge, whether we've squared the thing so it won't go any further to damage us? If so, we'll be on our way, with our mouths shut."

"The sooner you start on your way, gentlemen, the better! I'm out in the open to enjoy peace and the scenery, and you have certainly been a blot on both. But before this affair is ended, there's one more thing for you to do: You are

to take Mr. Tozier, here—armor and all—and deposit him at his door in the village of West Perkins."

"Haul that canned sardine through the country with us, to be made a laughingstock of?" This in angry protest.

"That is the sentence of the court, gentlemen! And, even at that, you're getting off cheaply. No arguments, please!"

And after a look at his determined face, they decided to keep their flaming thoughts to themselves.

Cap'n Sproul, smoking his pipe placidly, was in a front seat on the tavern porch when the surrey swung out of the yard. He was gratified to note that the urchins' hullabaloo that had ushered himself and the judge into the village the evening before ushered his enemies out. Mr. Tozier, crowded in between two of the dejected four, waved a parting salute with mailed fist, seeming to find a certain amount of compensation in the general situation.

The judge watched the departure, even to the last flirt of dust over the brow of the hill. Then he arose and buttoned his coat.

"Mr. Sheriff, I am in a mood for a quiet stroll through the beauties of Nature to-day," he declared genially. "It's exactly as my physician told me—there are joys in the open that mend the nerves more quickly than medicines can heal. I feel so much refreshed that I think we'll saunter to a railroad station, and take a train for home."

"There's certainly some things in Nature that do make a great plaster for soothing the nerves," agreed Cap'n Sproul, "if you only know how to mix the ingredients, and then slap the thing on in the right place."

He knocked the dottle out of his pipe, and trudged away cheerfully at the side of his dignified comrade.





The Garden

By

Anne O'Hagan

Author of "Marcia,"
"The Greater Love,"
"New Interests for Mother,"
etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. HAYGARTH LEONARD

HAD any one told Gerald Lindsay before his marriage that the time would ever come when he would regard Hester's sweet unworldliness, her austere fine standards, as anything but desirable, he would have regarded his informer as insane, or worse. Those attributes were Hester, as much as was the fine-spun cloud of black hair above her classic forehead, as much as were the shining, dark eyes that always made him think of altar lights, as much as was the proud, sensitive mouth, the cheek's soft oval, the tapering grace of the wrists, the lightness of the slender figure that was almost fragile in its lines.

Gerald had been making his first tour abroad when he had met her. It was a holiday he had earned; and he was young enough to glory in the sense of freedom from business shackles. He had worn them only a few years, to be sure, having gone into his father's office immediately after he had finished college. He had expected then to stay there but a short time before taking his European trip—just long enough to establish his claim to a place in the business. But, unfortunately for his immediate plans, he had shown ability; his

father's health had been precarious, and an able man in the family and in the business could not be spared.

So the holiday had been deferred from six-month to six-month; and when he finally came to take it, he found that, for all his lightness of spirit at his escape from toil, he did not bring quite the same enthusiasm, quite the same appetite as he had expected to to the banquet which the Old World spread before him.

In college, he had had a quick and lively imagination, a retentive memory, a sympathetic, historical sense. These qualities of mind had led him to expect to be thrilled when he came face to face with the glories and wonders of an older civilization than his own. It had been rather a disappointment to him to find that the glow and the glory were dimmed by the three years' haze of business experience through which he viewed them.

And then he had met Hester, and the gilding was fresh upon the gingerbread again. The apathy born of the three years slipped from him. He was again the eager youth who read poetry, who quoted it, who dared to declare that he saw it in fretted arch or summer sunset,

or the dark eyes of a street girl selling her laces. He was again the youth who dared to be eloquent in debate, who gloried to declare himself an idealist. And to that youth, his head packed full of ornamental, intellectual bric-a-brac, as well as to the more experienced man who had begun to replace the youth, Hester had seemed adorable.

Theirs was a poetical courtship. Hester, who had been educated by an unworldly aunt, and who had completed her education by a course in one of the American women's colleges, guaranteed to confirm in any but the most lowly-minded pupil a belief in her own infallibility, loved Browning. This was partly due to her aunt, and partly to her college.

Miss Jane, who had many theories in regard to the training of young girls, had held from the beginning that any day which did not see noble poetry committed to memory was a day lost, had trained Hester on Owen Meredith and Mrs. Browning. But Aunt Jane liked to be thought progressive, and when the Browning rage had reached her old-fashioned circle—some years after more distinctly intellectual circles had succumbed to it—she dutifully undertook to read him, and mendaciously asserted that she understood him.

Hester, on the other hand, did understand him; and a mind surfeited with Owen Meredith found itself happy in the wholesome rigor of the more modern master's verse. One of her quarrels—unexpressed, of course, for Miss Jane and Hester both had a well-bred horror of such vulgarities as angry speech—with the young men of her acquaintance was that none of them cared for Browning. So that when Gerald crossed her path, with his intimate, sympathetic knowledge, his voice admirably adapted to quotation, and his invincible admiration for herself, the conclusion was inevitable.

"There's a woman like a dewdrop,
She's so purer than the purest,"

Gerald had said to her on the wonderful evening when the predestined end to his wooing had arrived. And his voice

had been low and broken with feeling. Always, as long as she lived, Hester would remember that evening, high on a hill outside of Rome. She was unspeakably, unbelievably happy. A man who seemed to her as high, as fine as the heroes of her favorite romances had fallen in love with her; that he had wooed her with the tact of a citizen of the world, as well as with the ardor and impetuosity of a troubadour, following her from place to place in Italy, completing her pleasure in all her wonderful experiences, was a marvel for which she told herself she would be grateful to Heaven every day that she lived.

Suppose that, by one of the myriad disastrous chances lying in wait for the young, he had not come abroad that summer! Suppose that he had not happened to see her in the inn garden that day when his bag was already packed, his seat already engaged in the diligence for the next town, and he had gone on! Suppose she had not been wearing her pale-green muslin that day—he declared that it was the cool color of the frock which had first caught his eye! By how slight a margin had she won happiness!

She felt sure, in the swelling rapture of her heart, that, had he not come, she must have gone unved all her days. They had been born for each other; and Rome had been built but to make the radiant setting for the most wonderful proposal that all the ages had ever heard. It was in some such way that she thought of their betrothal.

Gerald's view of it had been almost as ecstatic. As for Aunt Jane, that romantic old soul went about in a perfect delirium of delight, tears of happiness brimming from her eyes at the slightest encouragement, smiles trembling on her gentle old lips.

Aunt Jane had succeeded in passing through the world as blissfully ignorant of its realities as a baby taking the air in a perambulator under a pink coverlid. In her philosophy, every Jack must have his Jill—or, rather, every Edwin his Angelina, for Aunt Jane decried vulgar acquaintances even in nursery rhyme—and the only things that kept them from each other were the stony-

heartedness of Angelina's parents or Edwin's heroic death.

In Aunt Jane's philosophy, too, all women were gifted with an intuitive wisdom transcending any hard-won knowledge which men may have acquired; and the only differences among women—except in the case of ladies of the Borgia family or the dreadful creatures of whom one sometimes read in the newspapers—was a difference in degree in goodness. All were good and supernally intelligent in matters of virtue of every kind.

Hester, who thought herself quite modern compared to Aunt Jane, because she had taken courses in political economy and knew who Adam Smith was, really held that good lady's philosophy in a somewhat modified form.

They had all come home from Italy on the same boat, and each one was honestly convinced that never had there been such a voyage before. Each day found Gerald more in love with his beautiful Hester, more devoutly grateful to Heaven for having saved her for him and him for her. Gerald was not unconscious of the fact that he had once or twice been on the point of mistaking tinsel for this thrice-refined gold. It was the intervention of a special providence that had kept him from being at that very moment indissolubly bound to another—a perfectly nice girl, of course; but not to be thought of in the same day with Hester.

Suppose that that calamity had befallen him! He was humble withal. He knew that he was unworthy of this rare creature, with her high, unswerving ideals, her exquisite tastes, her untarnished, untarnishable spirit.

And so they were married, and after a honeymoon in the Maine woods, where Hester tried quite manfully to be that perfect type of companion which does not mind briars or snakes, which is not terrified by the long-drawn cry of a lynx, and which really has an appetite for bacon and soda biscuits, they returned to the city. Then, having finished the *hors d'œuvre* of the feast, they proceeded to the prosaic fish, and meat, and vegetables of existence. And Aunt

Jane, seeing her work in the world completed, and calling it very good in her gentle old mind, died, and gave them a tender memory and the bond of a grief shared together.

The business in which Gerald was engaged was the sufficiently prosaic one of making a small part of the machinery used in pumps. It was still one of the miracles of modern times to Hester that a man whose occupation was so narrowing, so unideal as this, should, nevertheless, be able to read "So I shall see her in just three days," with such exquisite feeling, and should be able to speak of Botticelli's Madonnas in a fashion to command respect for his knowledge of early Italian art.

She sometimes regretted the little valve which was the source of the etchings on her neutral-tinted walls, and of the pieces of Venetian glass in her cabinets, and she wished that Gerald might have had a profession affording greater scope to his fancy. But she tried to be just; she told herself quite sternly that this was the day of the practical genius, and that the chief glory of America was its men of affairs, its mechanical geniuses. There was, she admitted—especially in conversation; at heart she was unconvinced of it—true poetry in business. And it was the field which gave a man the widest and most natural outlet for his humanitarian interests.

She resolved to talk quite seriously to Gerald in regard to profit sharing; of course, his dear father was old-fashioned, and would not hear of such a thing during his lifetime; but when Gerald was in reality the head of the concern, he must certainly redeem the plain, unadorned work which he did in the world with a little new trimming of the latest philanthropic, industrial order. And meantime she must, of course, learn all about the making of that particular valve. She must be thoroughly conversant with her husband's business. How else could there be perfect companionship, perfect comradeship, between them?

Gerald was flattered and delighted when his wife announced her intention of learning all about his business. He



They spent their honeymoon in the Maine woods.

brought her down to the main office, from which salesmen were sent forth to persuade pump dealers throughout the country to buy the Lindsay valves rather than any others; and he was a little disappointed at the effect of her visit.

He could not admit to himself that there was any subject beyond the intellectual grasp of his Hester. Yet it was undeniable that she had seemed—had seemed—in the case of any other woman he would have called it stupid—on the subject of hydraulic pressure.

She was, moreover, rather frigid to his best salesman, who happened to be in the office, with his feet elevated upon

a desk and his face adorned by a large cigar, worn at an angle of forty degrees with the corner of his mouth. Of course, it was not a drawing-room attitude; but Dodson had changed it with lightning-like speed when he had discovered the lovely vision behind Gerald.

The Lindsay valves were actually produced across the river in a large factory connected with two great railroads by switches. Despite the somewhat unsuccessful outcome of her visit to the office in the city, Hester announced her determination to visit the works themselves. She was very charming about it; and Gerald's momentary misgivings were quickly converted into admiration.

"I'm awfully stupid about mechanical devices," confessed Hester, in a way that made her husband consider mechanical stupidity a desirable and becoming womanly trait; "but it's because of lack of training, I think, not because of native dullness."

"Hardly!" laughed Gerald.

"Happy in this, she is not yet so old But she may learn; happier in this, She is not bred so dull but she can learn,"

quoted Hester, smiling.

Perhaps in her heart she thought it a greater mental achievement to remember Shakespeare than to understand valve making and selling. And at the moment Gerald entirely agreed with her.

The visit to the works was not more successful than that to the office. To be sure, she did not object to any of the workmen as bad mannered, and far from snubbing any of them, she greeted them all with distinguished consideration. But valve making was still a mystery to her. She was rather pensive all the evening over her inability to understand it. She thought of taking a

course "in physics or something" to aid her toward a comprehension of it.

Later, she decided that the really important part of any industrial enterprise was the inter-relation between capital and labor, and it was to this view of her husband's affairs that she directed her energies.

If it occasionally bored Gerald to talk glittering industrial generalities, with a woman who had demonstrated that she either could not or would not grasp the dull particulars of his trade, he rebuked himself for his masculine lack of a delicately balanced conscience. And, after all, it very seldom bored him to talk with Hester, even on those topics of which she was ignorant and in which he lacked interest. It seemed to him one of her most admirable traits that she should be willing to try to enter into his work so completely. He contrasted her with other young wives—girls whose interest in their husband's occupation was bounded by the size of the household checks it afforded.

Still, as his father retired more and more from the management of the company, and as more and more of its management devolved upon him, he became absorbed in it to an extent which he scarcely realized himself. He forgot, in his actual zeal to make his valve company the most successful one in the country, many of the theories which he had been wont to spout at the debating club, and which still formed the basis of Hester's industrial platform.

One day his father hobbled into the office at a time when he was not expected. Gerald sprang from his chair, commented on the old man's unwisdom in being out of doors on such a day, and wanted to know what had brought him downtown. The elder Lindsay's shrewd eyes twinkled among his wrinkles.

"It would be curious if I could recognize an opportunity from my room quicker than you from this fine office lookout," he said. "But I am inclined to think that's about the size of it, Gerald, my boy. I've been thinking over what you told me about Hardenburgh's proposition. Do you know what it would mean if we accepted it?"

Gerald shook his head.

"I didn't see anything below the surface," he answered. "Is there something?"

"Well, not exactly as the matter stands now. But as it may be meant to stand. We can put the Ellsworths out of business. And they are our only competitors in the territory east of Chicago. I've wanted Ellsworth to sell out a dozen times. He's a stiff-necked beggar, and I could never make him see it. Well, I think he'll be sorry for it. If we agree to Hardenburgh's proposition, we can force him to refuse to sell material to Ellsworth. Tit for tat. We are not going to give him such a monopoly as he asks unless he gives us a corresponding one. A month or two—just a little month or two—of trying to get on without Hardenburgh will show Ellsworth the wisdom of coming in with us."

"Coming in with us?" Gerald's voice expressed his surprise. "I didn't know you wanted him to come in."

"Oh, I don't mean come in in any coöperating way. I meant for him to sell out. You could give him a good territory to travel in, couldn't you? I'd like well enough to have him managing the Southern end."

"Why are you so keen to have him out of the way?" asked Gerald. "After all, he doesn't cut into our profits much, I think."

"It isn't that so much as that he has some patents we need. Haven't I ever told you all this before?"

"No; you have a great gift for keeping your own counsel, even with your junior partner. Shall I ask Hardenburgh to meet us both some time tomorrow?"

The old man nodded.

"How's Hester?" he asked abruptly.

"She's as well as can be, and lovelier than ever. Why don't you come up and dine with us to-night and see her? You haven't had a spin in the new car yet, either."

"How much did you pay for it?" asked the old man. "Four thousand? Too much for a business hack of that

sort. Have you still got the same chauffeur?"

"Alfred? Yes—I don't suppose we'll change him as long as he will stay with us. He's such a safe fellow that I don't feel worried about Hester when she goes out with him. Well, how about to-night? Will you come?"

"I will if Hessie will give me a bowl of milk and some whole wheat bread. If she tries to poison me by making me wade through one of those long dinners, such as I had at your house last time, I'll never come again."

"You may have bread and water, if you want to," replied his son, laughing.

"All right, I'll come."

He hobbled off again, and Gerald thought no more of the evening. After his first momentary pleasure in the expectation of dragging the old man out of his lonely house had passed, he forgot even that his father was coming.

Despite a conscientious effort to love Gerald's father whole-heartedly, Hester had never succeeded in acquiring a really warm regard for him. To her, it was one of the mysteries that upon so commonplace a father had been bestowed so wonderful a son. She was sure that they were a thousand miles apart in all their views. The old man knew nothing, cared nothing, for any of the arts. Music left him perfectly cold, unless it succeeded in putting him to sleep. He unblushingly stated that the lithographed copy of Washington crossing the Delaware, with which the Lindsay valve people had once adorned the top of an advertising calendar, seemed to him as fine a work of art as any old master he had ever been dragged to see. And, as for newfangled notions concerning the proper treatment of employees, of competitors, or of customers, he had no use for them.

"Work your employees—that's what you've got them for. Don't pay them any more than you've got to, or you'll be working for somebody yourself some fine day. Don't give your competitors any quarter—business ain't a fancy-dress minuet, with everybody bowing, and smiling, and mincing through to slow music. As for your customers,

give them good goods, and charge them all that the trade will bear. That's the way I made the Lindsay Valve Company—that's the way to make any company a success."

Naturally, Hester was shocked at these crude views. She marveled more than ever at Gerald's broad-mindedness, his ability to perceive both sides of the industrial question. She was glad—profoundly, earnestly glad—that she had dawned upon his horizon before too much intercourse with his father had hopelessly corrupted his views.

But that night at dinner she was more lenient, more affectionate, in her mental attitude toward the old man. She had come to the place in which the idea of parenthood was a sacred thing. The thought of long years before her, of a long line of young faces, perhaps, turned to her and to Gerald, softened her toward all who had been fathers and mothers.

So she condescended—but so delicately, so gracefully, that none of them, not even she herself, knew it for condescension—to the old man. She gave him the simple viands he had demanded; she tried to tell him the bits of gossip which she thought would interest him. In that she did not succeed very well, for Hester had neither the ear to hear nor the tongue to repeat gossip. But, though she failed in this little particular, she succeeded in charming the old man to a point of ease which he had never before reached in her presence.

When dinner was over and he trotted into the drawing-room, he felt sufficiently at home to begin to talk business again with his son.

Hester's piano was in her drawing-room. She had insisted, perhaps with a little self-conscious virtue, that her home should have no stiff, unlivid-in rooms. Back of this apartment, with its hangings and upholsteries of dull blue, was the library, warm in browns and reds. Across the hall was the only room which she regarded as formal in the whole house—a little reception room in which an unannounced caller might wait his summons to one of the more intimate chambers.



She sat at the piano, softly playing some strains from Bach, while her husband and his father talked together.

To-night she sat at the piano, softly playing some strains from Bach, while her husband and his father talked together. Her spirit was wrapped in content. She liked the beauty of her home, and she took some credit to herself for it. She liked the beauty of her relationships. She pitied those women who were not in complete communion with their husbands. She thought with tender regrets of Aunt Jane, with tender, humble hope of the future.

And almost as rapturously as she had thought of him three years before when, from the hill outside of Rome they had looked upon the eternal city bathed in the golden light of the late afternoon, and had plighted their troth, she

thought to-night of her husband. Some poor women had the terrible misfortune to love unworthy men. Some dull women had the misfortune not to know what was worthy and what was unworthy. How doubly blessed was she to know what constituted intellectual fineness, moral grandeur, and to find those qualities in her lover, her husband!

"It'll bring Ellsworth to time, you'll see that fast enough," she heard her father-in-law declaring as her fingers slowly released the keys from a long-drawn finale.

The words were inharmonious with the room, with her mood. She tried not to resent them, not to feel too keenly

their discordance. Then she heard Gerald laugh.

"It will have taken you a long time to get hold of those patents if this succeeds," he said. "I suppose Ellsworth has never made any real use of them?"

"Never had enough capital to," answered the old man. "That's why he's been so keen to hang on to the business. He's always thought that, if he could scrape together enough to start using them, he'd be in a fair way to revolutionize the valve business. Likely enough he's right. But we don't want it revolutionized. This 'lessened cost of production' is all very fine, but when it means the practical destruction of an expensive plant, the game seems hardly worth the candle—to the man with the plant, anyway."

Hester listened to the conversation without ears for its details, but with a pained acuteness in regard to its ethical meaning. Of course, she had never expected anything better from her father-in-law; but her husband—was it possible that this was he, this man who indifferently talked of destroying a competitor's business, who blandly admitted that he was willing—nay, anxious—to keep inoperative patents which would mean an ultimate saving to the community?

Hester had been bred in a school which regarded these things as the women of another generation or another point of view might have regarded theft, assassination, licentiousness. She was literally dumfounded with horror at the sudden revelation of her husband's business conscience.

Had she possessed experience, she might have had also its twin sister, humility. Had she possessed humor, she might have had also tact. Had she possessed age, she might at least have had the great, good gift of silence. But she was young, and she was as inexperienced as youth and Aunt Jane could make her. She had the arrogance of her tender years.

She attacked Gerald—Gerald who could read noble poetry so convincingly; Gerald who could declaim so sympathetically, so broad-mindedly against the

treatment of Russian exiles and the hardships of Lancashire cotton weavers—as though she had found him rifling pockets in a street car.

Gerald was first stunned, and then angry. The most affectionate husband has a self-esteem which resents its first encounter with wifely criticism. They quarreled bitterly. Hester, who hated wordy warfare as she would hate to eat with her knife, felt degraded. She was, however, sustained by the thought that she must endure even the degradation of a family row for the sake of setting Gerald right. For the first time since their marriage they separated coldly that night.

Gerald, for his part, was surprised to discover in himself the possibility of such anger as he felt against Hester. Why, the girl had shown herself incapable of understanding the simplest details of his business; how dared she, then, presume to pass upon it in its entirety? How insulting her attitude! If he had been a felon in stripes, she could have scarcely shown him more outraged contempt!

An hour or two passed in thoughts of this sort.

Then, as he lay wide awake, wounded and indignant, the moon climbed above the steeple of the church opposite and shone full into his room. It brought back a thousand tender recollections. He melted toward Hester. He reminded himself of the great trial of nerves and strength that she was facing—no wonder the poor girl had been uncontrolled in her language! He could not bear that the night should pass in this estrangement. He would go softly to her room, and if she slept he would not disturb her; but if she were awake, he would make it up with her. Poor, lonely, sweet little girl, she was probably sobbing her heart out now! He went softly to her door—it was closed for the first time. He turned the knob gently; he would not disturb her possible slumbers by a rap. As the door opened, he saw that her room was still bright. He looked in. Hester was sitting up in bed, and the lamp on her bedside stand was lighted. She was read-

ing. Poor child; she, too, had not been able to sleep!

He went toward her with some cry of affection and longing; and her beautiful, stern face softened for a moment at sight of him. She dropped her book—afterward he discovered it was a labor novel by one of the new humanitarian writers—and stretched out her arms toward him.

"Darling, I was a brute," he declared, in the familiar, fervent, masculine phrase. "Please forgive me."

"Ah, I knew that you could never really do a thing like that—like crowding that poor man out of business!" cried Hester.

It was like a deluge of cold water upon the ardor of his desire to be reconciled with her. He withdrew from her embrace.

To trace the story of their estrangement from that night would be to repeat the same episode in varying forms. Constantly Gerald melted toward her, and constantly he failed to understand that she declined any reconciliation except one based upon his surrender of his business conscience to her keeping.

The momentary perception of the fact which he had from time to time irritated—even infuriated—him. His irritation was not the less because his heart acknowledged a certain idealistic righteousness in Hester's theories. Of course, business could not be done as she would have it done; the wheels of mills and of locomotives would cease to revolve, the accumulated wealth of centuries would be destroyed—so he told himself.

At best, she was an ignorant dreamer; but something in him, not yet calloused by the conditions on which he held his industrial power, sometimes throbbed in sympathy with her. He would have been willing to make concessions to her impossible, Utopian desires.

But Hester scorned concessions as palterings with the devil. A wife, zealously bent upon saving her husband from a drunkard's doom, would as soon consent to his daily nip of brandy as she to anything less than Gerald's complete surrender to her views. She was ut-

terly miserable; but she was sustained by the thought of her own rightness.

Gerald was as miserable as she, or nearly so. He had not quite the feminine capacity for misery; what sustained him was obstinacy and common sense. Though stalwart supports, these are not so self-satisfactory to the person leaning upon them as the sense of righteousness.

It was into a divided household that the little Marjory was born. Gerald, relying upon ancient traditions, expected that the ice which had congealed about Hester's heart would melt when she first beheld her baby, and that life would reestablish itself on the old, happy basis of mutual adoration. And Hester had hoped, though not confidently, that parenthood would refine and sharpen Gerald's conscience. When each was disappointed, each resentfully thought the other abnormally cold, abnormally hard.

The little, sunshiny girl, who should have been a bond between them, was really a barrier. For, by some freak, from the first she showed an extravagant, gay fondness for her father. Placidly affectionate toward her mother, she flashed into something ecstatically and brilliantly loving when she beheld Gerald. It almost broke Hester's heart with jealousy, although she by no means admitted that so base an emotion had any place among her feelings.

During the three years that Marjory lived, the Lindsay Valve Company, from being a very prosperous concern, became an exceedingly important one. Luxury on a scale of which she had not dreamed at the time of her marriage might have been Hester's; but, in so far as she could, she declined luxury founded upon profits won in ways distasteful to her. Gerald could have loaded her with jewels, but she went so severely unadorned that the other women in her circle regarded her as very affected.

She was obliged to move into a larger house in a more fashionable neighborhood; and not even her principles and her unhappiness could prevent her from taking a sort of joy in choosing every-

thing needed to make it beautiful without a thought of economy. But, as a sort of sop to her conscience, she made her own room as bare as a nun's cell.

Gerald understood all that was implied in her refusal to adorn the walls and windows of her rooms with rare hangings. But then, he told himself, every look, every word, every act, of his wife was designed to tell him how she despised him and all that he offered her. If it had not been for Marjory, with her dancing curls, her dancing eyes, and her little feet, that were beginning to dance, he would almost have wanted a separation from the girl he had married with such rapturous certainty of happiness so short a time before.

No such thought ever occurred to Hester. Separations, divorces, were to her mind as blatantly vulgar as the tenebrous fisticuffs of which she sometimes read in the papers. She thought of herself always as living the same exquisitely appointed, emotionally barren, life that she was living now—always being the perfect and dignified hostess for her husband, always being the devoted mother for her child, always the woman wounded in the most sacred recess of her soul.

At first she had clung to the hope that Gerald must repent, reform, must make himself over in the mold that she desired. Now she had scarcely such a hope; she was beginning to see that men seldom grew more idealistic as they grew older.

The one thing to which she did not look forward was the thing that befell. When Marjory was three years old, she sickened suddenly, and died—died in her father's arms. It was toward him that her last gaze had been directed, toward him that her tiny little hands had fluttered at the end.

Gerald himself would have given worlds had it not been so. Grief for his daughter gave him some sudden understanding of all that his wife must feel. His heart, still young, still impulsive, turned to her with a great, bursting throbbing of pity.

But if she had shut him out from her before, she excluded him doubly now.

When he tried, in an aching, grief-stricken way, to make her out, he was hopelessly puzzled. Here she was, a woman divinely tender toward every one in the world but him, divinely forgiving to all faults but his—here she was, his radiant sweetheart of old days, his perfect bride, the mother of his dear little girl, adamant to him! He could not understand it—he was unjustly used by fate as well as by Hester.

The memorials for Marjory with which he tried to assuage his own grief and loneliness, with which he tried, after the pitiful fashion of sorrowing men, to confer a little immortality upon that which had been so ephemeral, interested Hester very slightly. She acquiesced apathetically in his choice of a design and an artist for the stained-glass window in the church where Marjory had been christened; she acquiesced half cynically in the memorial scholarship he bestowed upon the college where Marjory should have gone. Why did he help the cause of women's education, she seemed to ask; he, who disdained and ignored the results of that education? But she took no active interest in anything he planned. She was deeply, dangerously sunk in grief and hopelessness.

Hester had not been a rich girl. Aunt Jane's comfortable annuity had been enough for their modest, ladylike wants before her marriage. She had nothing of her own except some stony acres and a dilapidated cottage among the Connecticut hills, a legacy from Aunt Jane's brother.

She had never visited the place since she was married; but in the days after Marjory's death there grew upon her an intense desire to escape her husband's houses and all the appurtenances of his prosperity. Almost the first living desire that broke through the terrible apathy of her grief was the desire to make for herself a memorial for Marjory—something unconnected with Gerald's wealth, untainted by it.

And the thought of the farm occurred to her. She could go there, she told herself, with an increasing desire to escape from the elaborate shelters



She interviewed the neighboring farmers about her garden soil.

provided by Gerald's business, and could at least be alone with her sorrow.

And Gerald, when she told him her desire, did not oppose it. He felt himself too irrevocably shut out from her life to retain even the right of suggestion. He only looked, with eyes sad, pitiful, and angry, into her cold ones, and let her go.

The house was barely habitable; the roads, moist with the spring thaws, were scarcely passable. These were trivial drawbacks to Hester. She had a sense of freedom, unknown to her now for many days. Her maid, a young woman of reserve, made her fairly comfortable in the old barn of a place. And there, more dead than alive, as far as her heart and her spirit were concerned, she watched the spring come on.

It was when the gnarled, old lilac bushes, as tall as trees, began to swell with the promise of purple bloom that the idea first came to her. She would make a memorial to Marjory—a living memorial. She would make a flower garden, a place of dancing blossoms and of sweet odors, a rendezvous of birds,

and bees, and butterflies, a glad blaze of colors more glorious than those of all the stained-glass windows of the world. And she would make it herself, with her own labor and her own means.

About it there should be no suggestion of the crushed hopes and ambitions of defeated men, as there must always be about the memorials with which Gerald sought to perpetuate the name of the little child. This garden of hers should be of unalloyed purity and gladness, a fitting reminder of her happy-hearted, unspoiled daughter.

When she wrote to Gerald and told him of her desire to spend the spring and summer at Clover Hill, he did not oppose it. If that desire meant that she was preparing the way for a separation, he told himself, so let it be. He would not thwart her in any wish. Of course, unless she forbade it, he would run up and see her from time to time.

And then he thought of the golden afternoon on the hill outside of Rome, and of all the daily rapture of companionship he had supposed that afternoon foretold, and he leaned his head upon

his hands. He did not weep—he was not the weeping sort; and life had stricken him with sorrow too deep for tears. But it seemed to him that with that recollection and the realization of the difference between then and now, he accepted failure in all that part of life where every man most counts upon success.

Hester, whose experience of gardening had up to this time been about as practical as her experience of life, learned many things in the next month. The roses and the lilies, the larkspur bluer than northern seas, the tall, gorgeous hollyhocks, the stately irises, and the lovely phlox, which she desired to see blooming in her garden for Marjory, she discovered that she might not have this year. Of course, the village nurseryman intimated, Mrs. Lindsay was wealthy. If Mrs. Lindsay desired it, relays of blooming plants could be sent out to the farm from week to week, from month to month, throughout the summer; and the garden look as though it had been established for years.

Mrs. Lindsay shook her head impatiently. She wanted a garden which should be a growth, not one which should be a manufacture, a show. The nurseryman was, on the whole, relieved, having even a greater regard for the delicacies and subtleties of his art than for money.

So Hester began with her garden where all gardens must begin—in imagination; and then followed the dull labor of clearing out stones and weeds from her garden plot. In fancy she could see the bare half acre sweet and fair with bloom; sometimes she saw a little, golden-haired child flying from one imagined blossom to another, and her heart almost broke.

But there was no longer the apathy, the utter deadness, that had crushed her after Marjory's death. She was up and out in the early morning now—she wanted the garden to be the very work of her own hands as far as that was possible. Every stone that was loosed, every weed that was uprooted, she at least oversaw.

And she, who had been of a fine-lady,

daintiness, hating the marks of toil, superciliously sniffing air that hinted unsavoriness—she now walked about contentedly with mud upon her boots; and she interviewed the neighboring farmers about the purchase of manure for enriching her garden soil, and she broke her finger nails without compunction.

She set out annuals to give her pleasure for this season, to make her believe in the reality of what she had undertaken—pansies and sweet peas, corn flowers and poppies, marigolds, and asters, and mignonette. Next year and the long years following she would have her perennials; those hardy children of beauty that would last from season to season, delighting the eyes of all who saw them, enriching their hearts with thoughts of gladness and of peace. But meantime, also, there should be beauty and fragrance.

When Gerald came to spend his first Sunday with her, they talked as they had not talked for years. Hester was too full of her practical problems to keep silent in regard to them; and he, touched by the interest she took in what seemed to him a slight thing, responded as sympathetically as he could. He delved into a store of old memories, and brought forth bits of garden lore which he had absorbed in the days when his mother had had a garden. He was charmed with the plan of the permanent garden which she showed him upon paper.

"Why didn't you let me have Hobson or some of their landscape men do it for you?" he asked.

Her face, which had been softer and brighter than he had seen it for a long time, clouded.

"I—I wanted to do it myself," she answered, and he said no more about hiring landscape architects. He recognized an old note of obstinacy, of antagonism in her voice. Besides, as he told her, her own plan seemed lovely and complete enough.

"And what is this?" he asked, pointing to a patch a yard or two square whose brown surface showed a dozen tiny ridges, but no sprouting green.

"That is where I started my seed bed for perennials," she told him.

And she went on to describe the careful preparation of the earth, the sowing of the seeds, the two or three transplantings that would be before the plants took their place in the permanent garden.

"It's a slow process," he said. "Are you sure you have patience for it?"

She nodded. More sensitive than she had been before, she felt that a rebuke might be hidden in the question. But he did not go on.

After he had returned to the city, she mused a good deal about his visit. He had looked old—ten years older than the boy who had quoted "there's a woman like a dewdrop" to her one shining afternoon only half so long ago. He looked sorrowful; he must be lonely back there in the big, beautiful house, where a child's feet would never run again. It must be hideous for him when he came home at night. How Marjory had loved him! What an affinity of joy there had been between the two!

She worked on and on in that most absorbing and recompensing of all labors, the making of her garden. She worked with evil-smelling chemicals, she grew able to face squirming, red earthworms without disgust, she relentlessly snipped dozens of buds that one blossom might grow to greater perfection. She planted and transplanted with no hope of reward until after months should pass. And the dear, remembered presence of her child kept her sweet company in all her toil.

The garden that was to be Marjory's looked down a hill to a valley, and then up a line of hills to the blue horizon.

Early one morning Hester was on her knees warring against an unpleasant green bug that had attacked her *mignonette*. She rested from her labors, leaning backward on her feet. The morning, the air, the world, were very

beautiful despite green bugs and miry paths. What strange processes were necessary to bring about that blaze of color, that outpouring of sweetness, which seemed, when one saw them, to have been the spontaneous, joyous ebullition of nature! Out of what unlikely ingredients did beauty spring!

Suddenly she fell into the analogy which garden makers cannot escape. The human heart was a garden. All sorts of ugliness were there, too; and in the midst of them one sowed a little seed, and waited patiently, faithfully for it to bloom in beauty. With care, with infinite tenderness, one gave the seed sunlight and water; with utmost delicacy one moved the crowding weeds from about it.

Hester looked across the valley to the green hills with a sudden, startled gaze, as though they had roared some accusation at her. And by and by she arose and went into the house, leaving the green bugs to feast unmolested on the tender stalks of *mignonette*.

Not in one day does even a garden teach an ignorant woman wisdom and humility. Not in a day does sorrow teach a man gentleness and aspiration. But slowly, gradually both lessons are learned.

It was autumn, and the garden was gay with marigolds, when Hester told Gerald why she had planned it, why she had worked in it. She could bear once more to speak to him her holiest thoughts. And he understood all that she said, and all that she left unsaid.

His hand sought hers among the flowers. And the bright, wraithlike figure of the little child that had companioned her all the summer among her flowers seemed now to Hester to point to other figures of children, the phantoms of things yet to be—dear and happy, but not loved with quite such poignancy of love as the little child that died.





The Fountain of Youth

*By Robert Rudd
Whiting*

Author of "Tommy, Spellbinder," "A Prophecy Fulfilled," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURA E. FOSTER

SEVERAL summers ago I went to the seashore for my vacation. The place at which I stopped was a pretense; its very name was a pretense, and most of the people there were pretenses. The place was a summer boarding house that pretended to be a hotel. It was called something-or-other-by-the-sea instead of something-or-other-a-couple-of-blocks-back-from-the-sea. Most of the guests exchanged pretended belief in each other's pretensions; the shoe salesman accepted the social leadership of the dentist's wife "out home," in return for which the dentist's wife willingly assumed that the shoe salesman was really the brains of his employer's business.

Strangely out of place in such surroundings were the old couple who sat by themselves in the dining room at the small table near the door. He, a tall, fine-headed old man, with long, snowy hair and beard, was blind. He was spared at least the sight of his surroundings. He seemed oblivious to everything except the gentle little old lady upon whom he depended for guidance. He seemed to live only for the sound of her strangely young voice, for the caressing touch of her withered little hand. She always spoke to him with a soft cheeriness, but at times there came into her faded old eyes a troubled expression, as though some great sorrow was turning over in its sleep.

Their devotion to each other was beautiful. The little lady seemed to feel his slightest wish with a delicate femi-

nine intuition. She was forever attending to his comfort in things so trivial that with another man her thoughtfulness might have passed unnoticed. But he, in a tender smile or a sympathetic little pressure of the hand, managed to make known the loving gratitude that could not find expression through his sightless eyes.

Amid all the sham of the place these two dear old people, I felt, were real. They, at least, were free from pretense.

But were they? Once, by an open window, during a pause in my writing, I heard the old man's deep, vibrant voice, out in their favorite corner of the piazza.

"How warm and bright the sun feels," he said, a little wistfully. "How beautiful it all is! The little white houses, snuggling against the bright-green hills; the lilies, the magnolias, with now and then a brilliant red bird flashing across the picture. And the tall, majestic royal palms—just few enough to be truly appreciated—silhouetted against the sky. And out in front of us the blue, blue sea, as blue almost as your own wonderful eyes, dear."

Lilies? Palms? I gazed wonderingly out through the window at the one scraggly bed of struggling geraniums, at the shabby, unkempt wooden houses that stood between us and the ocean. I glanced at the sky, and thought of the old lady's tired, faded eyes. And then, for the first time, I realized that I had been listening to something that was not meant for me. I cleared my throat

to proclaim my presence. There was a slight fluttering, like that of a frightened bird. The old lady looked shyly in through the window. Seeing me, she nodded, and hastily withdrew.

"Shall we go for a walk, dear?" she nervously suggested to the old man. I heard her helping him out of his chair.

"Down by the mangrove swamps—to-day it will be magical," he told her.

Saturdays, after supper, the dining-room floor of Pretension-by-the-sea was cleared for dancing. One of these evenings I saw my old couple seated near an open window where they could listen to the music.

"And you are so fond of dancing, too," the old man was urging. "It is not right that you should deprive yourself of all this pleasure and gayety be-



"Madam," I asked, bowing, "may I have the honor of this dance?"

"The little spots of golden sunlight sifting down through the tangled branches and spiderlike roots, dancing fantastically on the dark water. Let us go there, dear."

I saw them pass the window, she, womanlike, clinging fondly to the arm she guided. To the mangrove swamps? I puzzled. I strolled out onto the piazza and watched the old couple slowly make their way up the village street toward the open stretch of discouraged grass that local pretenders called "The Park."

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cause of an old fellow like me. You will make me feel that I am a burden. Please, dear. Won't you? Just to please me?" he begged.

The little old lady glanced anxiously toward me, and whispered some words of protest to her husband.

"Nonsense," he told her. "Do you think that I am no longer able to see you? Do you think I need eyes to know that you are the most graceful, the most beautiful, the—— What gown have you on, my dear?" Her embar-

rassment was pathetic. "Don't tell me, though; I know. It is that wonderful golden yellow, with the topazes, and you are wearing it because you know it is my favorite. It is the color of your hair."

She was wearing the plain black dress she always wore, old and faded, like herself. And her hair was thin and gray.

"You must not give up all your pleasures because you are foolish enough and sweet enough to be in love with a staid old fellow like myself," he went on. "People will think that it is you who are blind, not I."

The piano and the violin inside had just started an old Strauss waltz. It gave me an inspiration. I went over to the old couple. "Madam," I asked, bowing, "may I have the honor of this dance?" She shrank a little closer to her husband. I turned to him. "With your permission, sir." Shyly she glanced up at me. Something made her understand that I understood. "With pleasure, sir," she told me, giving her shawl to her husband.

I escorted her inside, and found a chair for her near the door. "You are making him very happy," she confided simply.

When the music had stopped and we had returned to the old gentleman, I noticed, as I was thanking her, that there were tears in her eyes. Tears do not

come into men's eyes; I merely felt a queer little catch in my throat.

After that evening, feeling that I was attracted to them through interest, not curiosity, she gradually admitted me to their friendship. She craved sympathy; she yearned for justification of something that was troubling her. And just

as it is easier for a young person to confess to an old one, so is it easier for an old person to confide in a young one. Little by little, sometimes when the old gentleman was dozing, sometimes when to humor him we had left him for "the dance," this brave, tired-eyed little old woman intrusted me with the whole tragic comedy of her life.

Ages and ages ago, soon after their marriage, the young couple of their past visited Bermuda. They loved each other as no two people nowadays, except this same young couple grown old, could love each other. The stately palms, the red birds and the blue birds flashing in and out of the magnolias, the mysterious mangroves, the

calm, blue sea, the unbelievable sunset skies—everything about them seemed to echo this wonderful love of theirs. They felt that all this was the setting that God had made for their romance. They would spend their lives here in a little white cottage on the side of a dreamland hill.

Then came the trouble to his eyes.



She led him out to the jagged rocks where they had so often watched the sun sink down.

He was kept in a darkened room. For weeks they nourished a slender hope. Then that was taken from them. Blindness became a certainty. Could he go out into the golden daylight, he asked when they told him, for one farewell glimpse of the beautiful world? The doctor shook his head. That would hasten the inevitable. It would shorten the weeks into days.

When they were alone he besought her to guide him to the window and open the blinds. If he were to lose his sight gradually like this, he argued, he would remember only darkness. He wanted one last vision of God's glorious world that he could treasure through all the dreary years to come. He wanted his lasting picture of her to be filled with the radiant youth and beauty that made her so dear to him. Did she wish him to think of her forever more as a subdued voice and gentle presence in a darkened room? Who would not gladly pay a few extra days of dimness to have the long, black future flooded with golden light and beauty?

With a vague feeling that she was doing something wicked, she finally yielded to his entreaties. And because she was doing it for love of him, she did far more than he had asked. She led him out through the rose-scented garden, past the mysterious mangroves, out to the jagged rocks where they had so often watched the sun sink down behind the hills across the bay.

It almost seemed as though nature must have approved. Never, she thought, even in that land of gorgeous sunsets, had there been such a one as



He reverently raised her withered old hand to his lips.

that one. Lavenders, streaked with pale greens and fiery pinks—it was as though the sky was drenched with liquid opal. Long after the last tiny glint of burning gold had disappeared they sat close together, silently gazing at the dying afterglow.

"Come," he said gently, at last, reaching for her hand. "It is growing dark." And next morning when he awakened, although the shutters were opened wide and the sunlight was pouring into the room, it was still dark.

She brought him back to the States. His blindness made it necessary for her to struggle along as best she could on a very slender income. But she never let him know. While making over her well-worn last year's dress she would be inventing wonderful new Parisian gowns and hats with which to bedeck herself in his imagination. To him the

modest little places they were able to afford in summer were always his beloved Bermuda. At the Sunday band concerts Central Park became the barracks, peopled with daintily frocked women and scarlet-coated soldiers; and when "America" was played he always raised his hat out of respect to "God Save the Queen."

Then, as the years passed by, she gradually became aware of a strange transformation. He seemed to realize that he was growing older, but she, in their little world of blindness, remained always at the age he had seen her last. He would speak of his selfishness; it was not right that because of her miraculous love for an old man like himself she should be deprived of the admiration and attention that are a beautiful young woman's due.

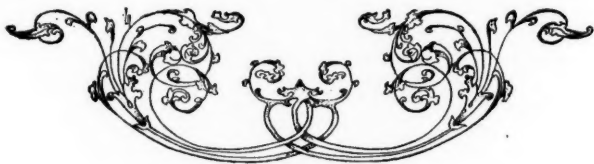
"I know it was wrong of me," she told me, with that troubled look that I had noticed in her eyes before, "but somehow I could not bear to tell him. He has been so strong and patient through it all. He deserves all the love and devotion of the young bride he keeps pictured in his mind. It makes him so happy to have me as I was. Be-

sides, we women are vain, you know," she confessed, with a charming touch of confusion. "And I really do enjoy looking young and pretty for him. Do you think it was very wrong to deceive him so? It means so much to him. And yet——"

Wrong? Deception? I tried to tell this sweet little old lady exactly what I did think. I told her how brave and noble she had been. I made her see that what she had given this fortunate old gentleman was far more real to him than anything could be to one who was blinded by eyesight. I know that she understood, for when she smiled at me she thanked me, with the happiness in her eyes.

The last time I saw them was on the day before I left. They were sitting in their lonely corner of the piazza. The old man felt the damp chill in the air, and shuddered slightly.

"The sky is overcast and gray," he told her softly. "But your eyes are blue, dear, and the golden sunshine of your hair——" He reverently raised her withered old hand to his lips. "And you love me," he murmured. "You love me. Ah, the wonder of it!"



All Saints' Day

A RIPPLE high of mackerel sky,
 An under tint of roses dead,
 While up the garden, far and nigh,
 The gold of tangled flowers is spread.
 (The tenderest eve of all the year,
 And you not here, and you not here!)

With blues and grays, November's haze
 Dims the bright maple, while the smell
 Of wood smoke to the nostril strays,
 And to the ear a chanting bell.
 (What use, this gold of autumn, save
 To gild your grave, to gild your grave?)

JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING.

THE SPIRIT

BY JEAN CARMICHAEL

OF THE DUNES

DRAWINGS BY CWHARTING



A DRIAN BOND had gone out to paint the sea, but, in his wonder at the strange desert land, which had unexpectedly disclosed itself to him, he forgot completely his intention. Half an hour before, he had left behind him the quaint New England fishing village, where steep-roofed houses faced a blue and sparkling bay, nearly shut in by golden sand cliffs, and had plunged into the dunes, unknown to him until that surprising, mystical moment, in which the world dropped away, the ocean disappeared, and, alone with the sand and the sky, he stood bound by the ineffable spell of the place.

With his artist's perception, the apparently illimitable expanse of rolling desert appealed to him, not as a scene of desolation, but as a thing alive, pulsating with warmth, with flame, with color. Here he beheld the luster of gold, there the tint of glowing bronze. What softness lay in the green of the beach grass, what depths in the darker green of the stunted bayberry bushes, what violet shadows in the hollows of the hills! How this desert land must glow at sunset, how cold must be its splendor under a full moon, how awe-inspiring must it be on a starless night! Even now, in the brightness of early afternoon, he felt the haunting mystery of the dunes, and, as he noted the living restlessness of their ever-shifting sands, he spoke aloud his thought: "As changeable as the sea—or a woman!"

And then the poetic fancy seized him that there must be a spirit of the dunes, if he could but find it.

"It will explain the secret of the place," he mused.

He walked on dreamily, his footsteps muffled in the heavy sand. The only sounds that broke the stillness were the low moaning of the distant surf and the plaintive cry of the wheeling gulls. Under the enchantment of the dunes, he forgot that the world existed.

He seemed strangely close to some great elemental force. Was it in the surroundings, or in his heart? He felt—no, *knew*—that he was nearing the mystery of things. Then suddenly he came upon Suzanne.

He had mounted a little sand hill, and from that slight eminence had been given back to him the sea, blue and dreaming, a mile away. Against its sapphire and the gold of the sands, he first saw the glowing bronze of Suzanne's hair, the delicate curve of her cheek—and then, in a perfect whole, all her grace and radiant beauty. She was so absorbed in her painting that even when she glanced up and found a strange man standing on the hill above her, her eyes still kept the look of one who dreams dreams. For a long moment, they looked at one another, as they might have gazed if they had met suddenly, for the first time, on a distant star.

Then Bond bowed in his courtly manner, and was about to turn away with a little, half-conscious sigh; but as his glance shifted from the girl's face to her easel, he could not restrain an exclamation of delight. The artist in him dominated the conventional man of the world.

"I beg your pardon," he ventured, coming nearer, "but that sketch is so extraordinarily good. Do you mind if I look at it?"

Her face lighted up instantly.

"Not in the least," she answered simply, and handed it to him. She was more like an unconscious child than a beautiful, talented woman.

Bond held the sketch in his hands, studying it, reveling in the marvelous color, in the feeling she showed for the sea, and the sky, and the dunes. She might have painted the little sketch with her heart's blood, so much of herself had she put into it. He knew that in this out-of-the-world place he had come upon a genius.

In his enthusiasm, he sat down on the low mound beside her easel, and began to talk to her as though he had always known her. In his forty years of bachelorhood, he had never found much time or inclination for the society of women, but now he forgot to be shy, as he poured out a brilliant flow of appreciation and criticism, of stories of the ateliers, of reminiscences of all the art centers of Europe.

And the girl listened in sheer delight, the color coming and going in her cheeks. They compared notes on various places they had each seen, for she, as well as Bond, had traveled in many lands. And as they talked, he watched her animated face as he would revel in a beautiful painting or a marvelous sunset.

"What a mate she would be for Bartram!" he mused, for his friend was always present in the background of his thoughts.

From the ends of the earth, they finally returned, as though by way of the Arabian's magic carpet, to the lonely land of sand and sea about them. Bond gave a little sigh, and looked across the dunes with dreaming eyes.

"I have never known any place that gave me such a sense of freedom," he said slowly. "It is my first glimpse of the Cape. I arrived only yesterday, tired of the world, of people, of the machinery of living. I felt like a different being the moment I entered the dunes. One seems so alone with the sky and the sea. It is so clean, so pure. The world might be but just created for you—and for me."

She turned to him eagerly.

"You feel it?" she cried. "Oh, I am glad! Most people call it dull, dreary. I have invited friends from New York and Boston up here to my little bungalow, and they nearly died of ennui. They were so depressed by just this—that I love so." When she dropped her voice like that it sent a little thrill through him. "I have given up asking people here," she went on, after a moment. "I am never lonely. When winter comes I go to New York or Boston, or Paris, perhaps, for two or three months, to see the exhibitions; perhaps study a bit; but I'm always glad to get back. The first of March finds me in my bungalow, watching for the snow to go, listening for the first robin. Such blue seas as we have then! One doesn't find such color in mid-summer. You don't know the sea unless you live with it, as I do. It's in my blood, I suppose. I come of a race of sea captains, on my father's side."

When the shadows slanted purple across the dunes, they walked back together through the sand, feeling like old friends.

"I'm sure I knew you a thousand years ago," he laughed. "Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?"

"Yes—no." She was grave. "If I *was* here before, I am sure I was a sea gull. They seem nearer, closer to me now than most human beings. I am sure they have souls."

She stopped, and stood motionless, watching one lonely sea bird sailing far overhead, its great pinions gleaming white against the fathomless blue. She was so absorbed that she seemed to forget his existence, and he felt an absurd sense of loneliness.

Silently they walked on. Then he exclaimed in delight, as a sudden turn in their path revealed a low bungalow nestled between the dunes and the sea.

"No wonder you love it!" he cried. "It's a fit habitation for the soul of a sea gull."

"You will come in a moment, and see my aunt?" she begged, and, with quiet insistence, led him into a great studio,

with wide windows, open on three sides to the sea and the dunes.

It was filled with all the freshness of sea winds and sunshine. Masses of goldenrod in low jars added to the sunny effect. Driftwood logs were piled in the great fireplace, in readiness for the cool evening. A grand piano was strewn with music. Books filled low bookcases. Above them, pictures opened glimpses into other lands. Silken cushions of soft, faded rose and green piled up in broad window seats invited one to loaf and dream. Over and above all came the low booming of the surf below.

"It's the most solitary place in the world, and the most habitable," Bond cried, in sheer delight. "What more could the heart of man—or woman—desire?"

A graceful, slender woman, in heavy mourning, crossed the piazza, and stood for a moment hesitating in the doorway. Suzanne ran to meet her, with all the unconscious grace and abandon of a child.

"Aunt Emily," she cried joyously, "we have a guest. Robinson Crusoe went out into the dunes, thinking himself—herself—the only inhabitant of her world, and she found Man Friday. Let me present to you Mr. Adrian Bond, whose pictures we have adored so often in the exhibitions. If you knew"—she turned back to her guest, her arm twined in her aunt's—"if you knew what a pleasure this is to us."

"We have so few visitors," Mrs. Van Meter explained, shaking hands with him cordially. "You are doubly welcome, Mr. Bond. Shall we have tea, Suzanne? We pour a libation to the god of hospitality every afternoon at five, and if you are to be a resident of the dunes this summer you must be initiated at once."

She busied herself with a spirit lamp, while Suzanne presented Bond with due ceremony to the hideous Japanese idol which presided over the tea table.

"Yes"—she observed the creature's countenance with careful scrutiny—"yes; he approves of you. Don't you see his benevolent expression?"

Bond, adjusting his eyeglasses, examined him critically.

"I should say he looked extremely disapproving," he cried. "Pray tell me how I can propitiate him."

"Give him your tea," Suzanne suggested. "You will have, as a reward, this larger cup, with more lumps of sugar than before, and a stronger brew of tea."

Solemnly Bond presented his delicate Japanese cup to the god of the teapot, and then turned eagerly to Suzanne.

"Do you know how you could propitiate me," he asked, "if I were a frowning god?"

"Oh, please tell me!" Suzanne's eyes were smiling, though her face was preternaturally grave.

"Show me some of your sketches," Bond begged humbly. "It would be such a joy. The one I have already seen has filled me with a desire for more. Am I asking too much?"

"Oh, no!"

Suzanne eagerly brought them out—small, water-color sketches, and large canvases, and arranged them about him.

There were glimpses of Paris streets, sketches of peasants in Brittany, of cherry orchards in Japan, of white fiords in Norway. But by far the greater number of them were studies of the sea and the dunes.

Bond sat looking at them in perfect silence for a long time, turning from one to another in quiet contemplation. Then he looked up into her eager, questioning face.

"They are quite wonderful!" he cried.

Nearly an hour later, when Bond took his departure, he walked away into the sunset in a state bordering on exaltation. All the world had changed to him in those hours of the midsummer afternoon. For, quite suddenly, he—Adrian Bond, the confirmed old bachelor—had achieved the impossible, the unthinkable; he loved Suzanne, not as an artist might love her, for her beauty, but as a man—deeply, unmistakably, for all time.

He forgot to go back to the village for supper. The full moon found him far out in the dunes, unconscious of



"I beg your pardon—Do you mind if I look at it?"

hunger, of fatigue, of everything in the world but the supreme fact that love had come to him—late, perhaps, but with all the more depth and intensity for that very reason. He stood still on the brow of a high dune, and drew in deep drafts of the bracing air that rushed to him with the tang of untold leagues of briny waves. Then he flung himself down upon the sand, exulting in his closeness to the warm, throbbing heart of the earth mother. All about him was profound silence, except for the faintly heard beat of the ocean behind the hills.

To them both, after that first day's meeting, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to sketch together every morning. Day after day, out under the sky, beside the sea, in the heart of the dune, or in her studio among her books and pictures, their friendship deepened. With Bond, the relation was more than friendship. He idealized her, set her on a pedestal high above his reach, and silently worshipped. The thought of marriage he put from him as a profanation. She was destined for great things. He would never try to clip the wings of his sea gull.

Instead, he opened wider vistas to Suzanne, he taught her more of life than she had ever known, he inspired her to work as she had never worked before. And she, in turn, came to him with all her troubles, her perplexities, her hopes, and her fears. Never in all his life had he come so close to the heart of a woman.

He became conscious, after a little, of a still closer tie of sympathy that drew them together. The first time he noticed it was one stormy afternoon, when he was sitting in the deep window seat in her studio, watching the surf breaking on the beach below. From her low seat beside the fire, she was looking at him with intent gaze, but he was quite unaware of her. He was thinking of one of Winslow Homer's paintings. Suddenly she broke the silence.

"No one but Winslow Homer could paint that," she said.

He turned to her, startled.

"That was a queer coincidence!" he cried. "I was just thinking that myself."

She gave him a strange, inscrutable little look.

"Coincidence?" she questioned, and laughed softly, and began to make the tea.

It happened again and again, until it got to be uncanny.

"What are you—human, or divine?" he asked one day, as they painted together in the dunes. "You read my mind like a book."

"I suppose I've had time out here, so close to the big, elemental forces of nature, to develop my sixth sense," she remarked. "Beware, my friend, if you have anything you wish to conceal."

She left her easel, and seated herself on a low mound of sand, her hands clasping her knees, her soft hair blowing in the sea wind, her eyes fixed on the open sea. She was silent for a long time, while he went on painting, glancing down at her occasionally, not wanting to interrupt her reverie.

Suddenly she stretched out one shapely, strong hand, and regarded it.

"I think I am going to paint some-

thing *really good*," she cried enthusiastically. "Do you have that strange, restless feeling just before you begin one of your lovely marines? Do you feel restless, unsatisfied, and wonder what is the matter, and then—quite suddenly—the inspiration comes? You don't care whether the world revolves or not—the only thing that really matters is that you are painting, *painting, painting!*"

She looked up into his face, her eyes like stars.

With deliberation, Bond lighted a cigarette; he could not trust himself to look unmoved into those lovely, gold-brown eyes. He blew a ring of smoke into the still air before he spoke.

"It's the divine unrest," he mused. "The great creative force urging you on to deeds. Yes, I've felt it. You will never be quite satisfied, my dear friend; you will perhaps never be *really happy* in this artist's life; but you will have something that the majority of mankind never knows, something that will transcend mere happiness and peace. You have genius—mark my words—you are going to do something great and beautiful in the world, provided that you work faithfully, and are ready to give up the ordinary woman's life."

All the color faded from her face. She sat up very straight, and gazed at him with grave, sweet eyes.

"You think so? You really believe that?" she questioned. Then she looked away, and the slow red mounted to her cheeks. "But—you say I must—give up? Cannot a person be a genius and a woman, too?"

"No," Bond answered sharply, as though it were wrung from him. "It's impossible. To gain much, you must lose much. A woman has no great career without great sacrifice."

She turned tear-filled eyes to him.

"It was that way with my mother," she told him. "She gave up a great career for my father. If she had not married, she would undoubtedly have been a famous opera singer."

"Then see to it," he urged, "that her sacrifice may not have been in vain."

You must give the world something as great as what it has lost in her."

But, deep in his heart, he was wondering if it were not a greater thing to have loved and given to the world a soul like Suzanne's than to have swayed thousands by singing to them.

Often as they painted together, he spoke of Bartram, the friend whom he loved as a younger brother. He told her of their life together in Paris, of their vacation trips to the Harz Mountains and the Alps, of how, when he had once slipped in a crevasse, Bartram had risked his life for him. He could see that Suzanne was much interested in what he told her of Dick. She would drop her brush, and listen intently, with her beautiful, fathomless eyes fixed on him, the color coming and going in her mobile face.

"And he let himself down into that horrible place to save you?" she cried, when he told her of the Alpine adventure. "Oh, I could *love* him for doing that!"

All her passionate nature flashed into her eyes as she uttered the words, and Bond felt a sudden tightening of his heartstrings.

And then, one August day, heralded by a telegram, which reached Bond only an hour before the train, Bartram arrived. Without ceremony, Bond took him at once to the bungalow, for tea, longing to have his two best friends meet as soon as possible. As he saw them standing together on the piazza, the long shafts of afternoon sunshine enveloping them in a nimbus, so young, so strong, so good to look upon, each with such rare temperament, such keen love of life, he caught himself thinking that they looked like a god and goddess but lately stepped down from Olympus.

For a moment more than necessary, they stood there, Dick still holding her hand, while they looked into each other's eyes in a long, searching gaze. Then, after that strange moment, when each of the three felt that a great event had occurred in their meeting, they shook off the serious mood, and turned lightly to the casual affairs of the day. Bartram was introduced to the tea god, who

welcomed him with joy, Suzanne assured them, and almost at once he seemed to find his place in the charming life of the bungalow.

One summer day drifted by after another, filled in the afternoon's playtime with music and tea in the studio, picnics on the cliffs, sailing parties to some more distant point. But in the morning it became an unwritten law that the three artists should work seriously. Bond and Bartram, fresh from the Beaux Arts, criticized Suzanne's work ruthlessly, while she, on the other hand, untrammelled by the schools, daringly individual, taught them many things—to catch the spirit of the dunes, and to listen to the secrets which the winds and waves were striving to reveal.

"She's wonderful," Bartram said, one evening, after a day on the dunes. The two men were smoking together in Bond's room at the little village hotel. "Did you ever see any one paint water and sand any better than she does? See what she finds in the dunes! A desert waste? Not a bit of it. Such imagination, such tenderness, such feeling—it's marvelous! And she's so unself-conscious. She's too absorbed in her work to think of herself or her beauty."

Bond smoked for a moment in silence. Then he cleared his throat.

"She is one of the few people who have genius. Do you know, Dick, that girl has a career ahead of her? She ought to do something really great."

Bartram gave a little groan of protest.

"All this talk about careers for women makes me deadly tired." He savagely knocked the ashes from his pipe, and then started to fill it again. "The world seems full of such rot. You don't find a woman who is happily married talking about careers, and freedom, and the right to live her own life. Rubbish! Suzanne would be far happier married."

Bond frowned a little, and then sighed.

"But, Dick, the girl has genius! What a pity to sacrifice all that Heaven-sent gift to some man. Think of little Suzanne, an artist to her finger tips, tend-

ing babies, and burdened with the cares of housekeeping. She ought to have a chance to paint her soul out. Love is what most women need, I admit, old man; but, after all, don't you know that passion can be transmuted into a force that can create, instead of children, pictures, poems, symphonies? It's all the same dynamo. There are few women so gifted as she is, and I'd hate to see her wasted on an ordinary man."

Bartram was singularly white as he sat buried in thought.

"I'm not so sure that you are right, Adrian," he ventured slowly, at last. "I think that if Suzanne married the right man, her happiness would inspire her to do greater things. She would be saved many a heartache. A career is an empty thing, at best." Then he turned, and looked steadily into Bond's eyes, while the color came back to his tanned cheek. "The long and short of it is, Adrian, that I love Suzanne, and am going to have the colossal nerve to ask her to marry me."

Bond's hand tightened on the arm of his chair, until the knuckles showed white.

"Good God, Bartram!" he cried.

There was a long, staring pause before Bond reached out a trembling hand.

"You have my blessing, old man, of course." He rose slowly. "I hope all goes well with you. But, oh, Dick, be good to her, cherish her, help her! Don't put fetters on her genius, even if the fetters are of gold."

He looked ten years older, and stumbled a little as he left the room. On the piazza, from sheer force of habit, he stopped and lighted his pipe. It was cold, and blowing gustily. The sea was sobbing and moaning on the shingle below them. Blacker shadows on the dark water showed where the fishing boats were rocking under bare poles. It was very quiet in the village street, as he strode through, for the good fisherfolk were all in bed. The dunes were calling him, and he turned away from the town, and plunged into the sandy waste that lay shadowy, mysterious, under the velvety sky.

As he walked on and on until the village and the bay were left far behind, and he was alone with the sky and the sand, the numbed feeling in his heart gradually left him, and his power of suffering came back. Blindly he stumbled on in the darkness, unheeding the wind that whipped the sand into his face, feeling as though the Furies were driving him on.

About midnight, from sheer bodily exhaustion, he flung himself down on a low mound of sand, still warm from the heat of the vanished day. With his arms clasped under his head, his eyes on the far-off stars, he lay and pondered on all that had come to him in the last few weeks. The thought of the dunes and the thought of Suzanne were closely linked. The day on which he had come under the spell of the place was the day on which he had found her and felt her spell. To him she was the spirit of the dunes. She had awakened in him a finer manliness, had inspired him to do a greater work in the world. It meant much to have possessed her friendship; to have loved her, even without demanding her, was the greatest experience that had ever come into his life.

"Dick is worthy of her," he loyally told himself. "He's one of the few men in the world that are. What girl could help loving him?"

He lay there thinking until the stars grew dim before the faint light stealing up out of the sea. Then he rose wearily, feeling that he had fought with the beasts at Ephesus, and conquered. Through the dawn, he walked back to the village, knowing that he could meet Suzanne again without emotion, in a passionless way. But he had resolved not to stay to see her won by Bartram. He would be called away suddenly. Unhindered by his presence, they should be left to their love-making.

The longing, however, for one last glimpse of her, to carry in his memory through the rest of his sunless life, was too strong to be resisted; so, early in the morning, he walked over to the bungalow. He found her sitting before her easel, her hands clasped idly

in her lap. The sight of her came as a shock, for her radiance was all gone; she was very pale and grave, and there were dark circles under her eyes. But when she saw him, her face lighted up, and she came to meet him with outstretched hand—the dear, friendly Suzanne he knew so well.

"My dear girl, what is it?" he asked anxiously. "You look half ill."

"I did not sleep," she admitted. "The wind blew all night. It always makes me restless, but last night I felt more than the usual restlessness. Something seemed to be calling me out into the dunes. I lay awake hour after hour, looking into the darkness, listening to the surf, and longing to be out there. Wasn't it strange?"

"Perhaps some poor soul was in torment out there. You have told me such tragic tales of the dunes," he suggested. He tried to speak lightly, but his voice was not quite steady. "What have you been painting to-day?"

Her face lighted up, and she turned to the easel.

"It's one you've never seen," she explained. "I have been at work on it here when I was alone. I began it that day when I told you, out in the dunes, that the restlessness, the precursor of a painting fit, had seized me. It's the best thing I've ever done," she admitted, her graceful head bent a little as she studied the canvas. "But you

mustn't see it yet—it's not enough done." Then she turned to him a beautiful, radiant face. "It's the inspiration of your presence," she cried, laughing and flushing, holding out both hands to him. "You have inspired me. You help me so by scolding me, and praising me, and being—just you."

He turned white, and drew away, as she thought, a little coldly. She bit her lip, and her hands fell at her side. She did not suspect that he shrank back because he was almost overpowered by a desire to take her in his arms, and pour out a flood of passionate words of love. Only the memory of Bartram's lovelit face deterred him.

"I'm glad an old duffer like me is of some use," he faltered.

"Old!" She turned on him, swiftly indignant. "You are not old!"

She turned, and walked over to the open window, and stood there, her graceful, slender figure outlined against the sapphire sea. He knew she was hurt

by his seeming lack of response to her friendly attitude, and he watched her in an agony of heartbreak.

"My God, I cannot give her up—I cannot, I cannot!" Soul, and mind, and heart cried out for her.

Suddenly she spoke, and her voice had the low, passionate notes in it that he had noticed when she was deeply moved.



"I'm coming, Suzanne; I'm coming!"

"I have such a strange, uncanny feeling to-day that something is going to happen. The wireless station over there on the cliff reminds me of the invisible world around us, where mysterious things are happening beyond our understanding. It reaches up long arms into the sky, and seizes on wandering messages out of what, to us, is blue emptiness. It makes me feel more and more that even for us here on this lonely cliff there are two worlds—this beautiful outer world, and"—she opened wide her arms to the sea and sky in a graceful little gesture, and then she turned to him half shyly—"there is the inner, spiritual world, where we really live—the real you and the real I."

"You know that 'mind with mind can mingle'?"

She smiled, sphinxlike.

"I have a method of wireless better than Marconi's," she asserted, with conviction. "I could send you a message half across the world."

Bond lighted a cigarette with fingers that trembled.

"I would come to you from across the world if you ever needed me, Suzanne," he said, in a low voice.

"Thanks."

She walked back to her easel, her face hidden by the canvas for a moment, as she leaned forward to study the painting. They sat in a constrained silence for a full minute; then, without looking at her, Bond suddenly blurted out:

"Suzanne, you must marry!"

"Marry?" She shot a startled glance at him. "But—but I thought you said that I could never accomplish anything if I did—that."

"Well, I've changed my mind," he curtly explained. "The world is too hard a place for a woman alone. You know you are horribly lonely now. You can't deny it. You can't escape your destiny. A woman like you can be inspired, can grow, only through love. I am talking to you as though I were your grandmother." He laughed half-heartedly.

She made no response. After a profound silence, he finally summoned up

courage to glance in her direction. Her hands were clasped in her lap, and she was gazing before her absently. In her beautiful young eyes lay a tragic, inscrutable look.

That evening, Bond had gone. A telegram had called him suddenly to New York, his note to Suzanne explained. The note was a little stiff and cold, but at the end he could not help adding: "Don't forget, Suzanne, that if you ever need me, I will come."

A fortnight later he was in Paris. He had discovered, after one week in New York, that he could not trust himself to be even that near to Suzanne. When he should have learned that she was hopelessly separated from him by her marriage to Bartram, he might permit himself to see her again; but not until then. Back in his studio in Paris, he found a certain peace. As time went on, he seemed to be living more and more in a world of his own—an inner world into which he could retire at any time, and there Suzanne seemed very near him. Feeling that she inspired him, he threw himself heart and soul into his painting, and worked as he had never worked in his life.

Late in the autumn, he began his famous picture, "The Spirit of the Dunes," and while he was working on it, he was as truly out among the sand hills as he had ever been during those hours he spent there with Suzanne. He was so busy and absorbed in his work that he seldom wrote to either Bartram or Suzanne, and at the time it did not seem strange to him that he heard so infrequently from them. But when his picture was at last completed, and he had come out of the thrall of the dunes, somewhat thin and tired from the long strain, he began to wonder why he had heard so little from the two who were dearer to him than all the rest of the world.

When "The Spirit of the Dunes," well hung in the Salon, achieved the great triumph which every one remembers, he wrote Suzanne an exultant letter, attributing the success of the picture to her. He poured out his warm, deep friendship and loyalty to her, writing—

for once—out of the fullness of his heart. After he had sent it, he regretted having written it, although there was no simple word of love in its pages.

Then May came—May, always beautiful in Paris; but this year more entrancing than ever. But Bond could not see the beauty of it. The fever of spring was in his blood; he had become depressed, restless, unhappy. He was seized with a great longing for the dunes, for the freedom of vast open spaces. He needed room to think, room to expand, to grow. Above all else, he longed for Suzanne. Every day the desire grew more intense.

Thinking a change of scene would drive away his depression, he crossed over to London the eleventh of May. But it was in a melancholy mood that he strolled over to Rotten Row next day, and threw himself down in a penny chair. Buried in his thoughts, unconscious of the gay throng passing before him, he closed his eyes, and leaned back in his chair. The chatter and laughter were dulled. A gray blur came before his inner vision—a gray fog which gradually resolved itself into rolling sand hills, bronze, and gold, and silver in the sunshine, with glimpses of blue bay and sapphire sea beyond. Overhead, the gulls were flying low, their white wings gleaming in the sun, and from the distance came the muffled roar of the surf under the cliffs. The whole scene was more full of mystery, of illusion, than ever before.

Suddenly, from out of the heart of the dunes, he was startled, thrilled, by a distinct call: "Adrian! Adrian, come!"

It was the voice of Suzanne, heart-sick, pleading, terrified. So vivid was the impression that he sprang to his feet, and called aloud: "I'm coming, Suzanne; I'm coming!" And then he found himself in Hyde Park, with curious passers-by staring at him. But not for an instant, even in the glare of the midday sun, was the impression dispelled. That Suzanne wanted him was his one thought, and, hailing a cab, he drove at once to the steamship offices, on Cockspur Street, where, by rare good luck, he found that a fast steamer was

leaving Southampton late that afternoon.

At midnight, as he restlessly paced its deck, he eagerly welcomed the increasing swell that told him of the open sea, for he knew that in the darkness before him stretched the connecting ocean, whose waves at that moment were beating against the sandy cliffs where Suzanne was waiting for him. But was she waiting? He tried by sheer force of will to drive from his mind the awful thought that she was dying. He dared not admit the possibility, and yet he had always believed that only at the portal of death could a spirit impress itself so vividly on another. The heartbreaking fear was constantly in his mind that she was going to leave the world without knowing that he loved her.

Even though she loved Bartram, he longed now to let her know that all his love and devotion were hers also. With bitter regret, he recalled his seeming coldness to her. It must have hurt her deeply, since she could not know that his manner was intended only to conceal his passion. Out under the stars, and alone with the night, his whole being reached out into the void, begging, beseeching that Suzanne might be spared for Dick's love and his own deep friendship.

The days passed; dawn succeeded night, and sunset was followed by darkness again; but Bond was oblivious of the changes. For hours, he would stand motionless on the deck, watching the sea ahead, trying to lift the veil, to learn what lay behind the western horizon. The one event in each day that aroused his interest in external things was the posting of the record of the day's run. To learn how rapidly he was nearing Suzanne and the dunes was the only important thing in life just then. He had counted every hour and minute that must intervene before he would land in New York, and he added to that appalling list the hours that would still stretch on before he could reach the dunes. For the vessel was not due to arrive until mid-morning, and he knew that unless he could catch

the ten-o'clock train out of New York, he would be doomed to another day and night of weary waiting.

Then it began to be rumored that this might prove a record-breaking trip if the conditions continued favorable, and Bond was consumed with a fever of excitement. The last night out, he did not close his eyes, knowing that he was only a few miles away from Suzanne. When day broke, he started for the deck. As he mounted the companion, he felt old and feeble, and leaned heavily on the brass rail. He paused with his hand on the knob of the door that led to the deck, afraid to turn it. Then, mustering up all his courage, he flung the door open, and went out. For a moment, he staggered, and covered his face with his hands. Before him, in the dawn, lay the white beaches of the homeland!

It was an interminable day. The fast express, which he caught by a bare two minutes' grace, seemed merely to crawl along the blue Sound to Providence, where he changed cars. During the slow trip on the accommodation train down the Cape, he felt as though centuries were rolling by. At last, worn out by his sleepless nights, and faint with hunger, he fell into a dull lethargy.

A dash of cold salt air suddenly smote him sharply, as the car door was opened, and he pulled himself together, and looked out. The train was running close beside the beach, with the wide bay he knew so well all rosy in the last glow from the west. Above the horizon, the little silver new moon hung low. To the east, sharply silhouetted against the clear sky, was the line of rolling sand hills. He was back among the dunes.

Dick Bartram was waiting for him at the little station—a very grave Dick,



"I knew you would come," she murmured.

who looked ten years older than his age.

"Your telegram from Providence reached us," he said. "We wondered how you knew."

Bond went white. "She's not—dead, Dick?"

"No," Bartram replied; but his voice was not reassuring. "Not that, but she is very ill, Adrian. She has some sort of strange, low fever, that even the specialist from Boston does not understand. About a week ago, we thought she was dying; but one day—it was last Wednesday, the twelfth—there came a sudden change—for the better, almost as though some strong stimulant had

roused her; but she's so ill now—so restless. Only a thread seems to be holding her back from crossing the Great Divide. For a long time before she was taken ill, Adrian, she seemed to be brooding over something. She hasn't been well all winter. Now, in her delirium, she always seems to imagine that she is wandering out in the dunes, always trying to find some one—some one who went away and left her. It's horrible, Adrian. You knew that I loved her," Bartram went on, after a moment, as they walked on in the darkness, over the well-known path to the bungalow. "This I must tell you." He hesitated, evidently making a great effort to control himself: "She told me she could never marry me, because—she—loved some one else—quite hopelessly. I can only guess. Adrian, Adrian, don't let it be hopeless any longer."

There was a moment's breathless pause, while Bond's heart leaped, and then seemed to stand still. He grasped Bartram's arm.

"For God's sake, Dick—you don't think it's—it's I?"

"I do think it is you, Adrian." Bartram's voice broke.

Half stunned by the sudden knowledge that Suzanne loved him, Bond stumbled up the steps of the bungalow. It seemed to him terrible that now, when her life hung in the balance, when she might be passing forever beyond his reach, that his eyes should be opened. The thought that he, whose only desire in life had been to help her, to make her happy—that he, all unwittingly, should have brought her to this pass drove him nearly mad.

An appalling stillness hung over the house. Mrs. Van Meter came to welcome him, holding out both hands to him in greeting. For a moment, she could not speak; then, bravely choking back her tears, she told him that Suzanne had been strangely restless all that day; she had not slept for many hours.

"The one thing that will save her, the doctors and nurses say, is a deep, sound, natural sleep," she said. "I am going to let you see her, for she has

called for you incessantly, and they think it may soothe her to know that you have come. It's a risk, but it's a risk worth trying, for if sleep does not come to her soon—natural sleep—there is no telling—" She turned away to hide her tears, and led him upstairs to a closed door at the end of the corridor. "You must not stay more than five minutes," she warned him. "And please be very calm."

Then she let him go in.

On the bed at the other side of the room lay the ghost of Suzanne of the dunes. Her eyes were closed, but little, restless movements of her body showed that she was not asleep. Two bright red spots burned in her thin cheeks, and as she tossed about she murmured incoherent words—he caught his own name, and references to the dunes.

"Suzanne," he said, in a low voice, "I have come."

She stopped her restless movements, and lay very still, as though listening. Then, opening her eyes, she turned them slowly, very slowly, to him, as though she were afraid to look, lest she should be disappointed. For a moment, she studied him curiously. Then a perfect rapture lighted up her face, and her soul seemed to leap into her eyes, as, like a little child, she held up two weak arms to him.

"Adrian—it's Adrian!" she cried. "Oh, you said you'd come! I wanted to see you—oh, how I wanted to see you!"

He dropped on his knees beside the bed, and gathered her frail form in his arms.

"Dear little girl," he whispered, "I'm never going to leave you again."

"I knew you would come," she murmured.

Then, too weak for further speech, she closed her eyes, content to feel his strength supporting her. Once she raised her long lashes, and looked up into his face to see if he were really there, and a little ghost of her old-time smile flitted across her face; and then, with a long, long sigh of ineffable happiness, she nestled down quietly in his arms, and, breathing gently, fell asleep.



ILLUSTRATED BY SIGURD SCHOU

ALTHOUGH I had carefully laid plans far in advance for a Fourth of July wholly free from racket, noise, nervous prostration, and other by-products of patriotism, I thoughtfully waited until my wife mentioned the subject of the coming national holiday before disclosing to her the scheme I had in mind. It is always best to do this in arranging these family matters. Then, in case she suggests something wholly at variance with what you have planned, you can quickly shift without betraying yourself.

"I noticed Simpson's window was filled with firecrackers, and torpedoes, and stuff when I passed to-day," Mary Elizabeth remarked one evening, when the noisy date was a week distant. "I just dread the Fourth coming again."

"Why do you?" I asked, as innocently as I might, while I exulted within my hypocritical chest.

"Oh, the noise nearly drives me frantic," she explained, "and I'm frightened to death about stray bullets coming in the windows, and skyrockets setting fire to the roof. All sorts of fearful things happen on the Fourth of July, every year—I'm just scared. I would love to be able to spend one Fourth away from it all—some place absolutely quiet and safe."

"Well, now that is really remarkable!" I declared, with what I hoped was a passable simulation of surprise. "I've had the same idea in mind for a week or more, and, in fact, I've been sort of planning it ahead, so we could do that. I—I hoped you would fall in with the idea," I added.

"Planning it?" echoed Mary Elizabeth. "Isn't that lovely? How do you mean?"

I hesitated about revealing the depth of my duplicity all at once. Some wives are ungrateful enough not to enjoy surprises carefully arranged by their husbands—they prefer to be consulted at every step. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of Mary Elizabeth over the main idea, I was in some doubt as to how she would accept the fact that I had been playing a lone hand in our Fourth of July preparations.

"You remember that letter I got from Uncle Henry, last month?" I began, feeling my way carefully. "Did I mention that he said they intended running up to town for a day, and just locking up the farm?"

"I don't think you did," said my wife. "Why?"

Then she thought she had penetrated my guilty secret, and turned upon me a wifely gaze of inquiry that would

bore through six-inch armor plate at a distance of three hundred yards.

"You don't mean to say that you've invited that crowd up here to spend the Fourth with us?" she demanded, and marital happiness hung trembling upon my reply.

Fortunately I was able to smile serenely at such an absurd idea.

"I should say not!" I answered lightly. "I wouldn't dream of such a thing. No; but here is what I thought of immediately after getting Uncle Henry's letter: They want to come to the city for the Fourth, to be in the midst of the noise and excitement, and see the big fireworks show in the evening—he hinted at that in his letter, you understand, and I thought then that he was fishing for an invitation to spend the day with us. We want to get away from town to some nice, quiet place where we won't even hear a firecracker—at least, I knew I did, and I hoped you felt the same about it. Now, then, thinks I, what's the matter with us going down to Uncle Henry's farmhouse for the Fourth, and taking a day off in the country, while they come up here, and put up at our house while they're reveling in the racket of the celebration?"

I beamed upon Mary Elizabeth as the great plan was thus unfolded to the light for the first time, and, to my intense relief, she beamed back at me just as radiantly.

"That would be just splendid!" she declared. "But how do you know Uncle Henry and Aunt Martha would like it?"

"I've got that all fixed," I replied, not without a touch of pardonable pride in my skill as a fixer. "Those are the plans I referred to a few minutes ago. I wrote Uncle Henry, suggesting the scheme, as soon as I got his letter. He wrote back that it would suit them exactly, and then I sent him word that if I could arrange some business matters in time for us to make the trip, I'd let him know. That's how it stands now."

"What business matters have you got that might interfere with it?" asked Mary Elizabeth innocently.

I took refuge for a moment in one of those unnecessary coughs which are so great an aid to rapid thinking.

"Well, you know, my dear," I explained, "I hadn't mentioned it to you at that time, and—and I really didn't like to promise——"

"Oh, yes—to be sure," she said brightly. "Well, you'd better write to Uncle Henry to-night, and tell him it's all settled. I'll write to Aunt Martha in a day or two, and tell her about the things in the pantry, and where we'll put the key, and all that."

We made the temporary transfer of vines and fig trees, lars and penates, on the day prior to the great national noisefest, in order that Mary Elizabeth and I might awaken on the Fourth in the perfect peace and blissful quiet of the farmhouse, while Uncle Henry and Aunt Martha, on their part, would miss none of the city's riotous celebration from the early-morning cannon to the last paling roman candle of the night. Aunt Martha had expressed some doubts as to our ability to sleep soundly without the usual noises made by hold-up men, fires, burglars, policemen shooting at pedestrians, and the collision of elevated trains, which she construed to be the symphony of night in the city. Her fears proved wholly unfounded, and we arose some hours later than the lark had turned out, but none the less refreshed than that ambitious bird.

"This is ideal for the Fourth of July," I blissfully sighed to Mary Elizabeth, as I lolled in a comfortable chair behind the wistaria vines on Uncle Henry's front porch. "Just think of all our friends in the city, holding their aching heads in the midst of that inferno of noise, danger, and trouble, praying for the relief that will not come until midnight! This, my dear, was a happy thought!"

"It would have been another happy thought," said the light of my life, a bit tartly, "if we had stuffed into the suit case enough of our own coffee to last us through the day. I can't imagine how Aunt Martha gets along on this stuff she has here. If I have a good cup of coffee in the morning, I don't

care much whether I have anything else or not."

I reflected that it must have been the absence of her favorite brand of coffee that had induced Mary Elizabeth to pay her respects to a hired man's breakfast of ham and eggs, fried potatoes, wheat cakes and honey, that morning; but I refrained from making an observation to that effect. It was probably one of those things that are better unsaid.

"Ah, well," I said soothingly, "we'll make the best of what we have, and drink plenty of milk—good, fresh, country milk. Uncle Henry told me they don't keep a cow since the children have married and moved away; they get what milk they need from their neighbor on the east. That must be his place over there," I added, pointing to where a thread of smoke rose above the tree-tops.

"I suppose so," my wife answered, with a remarkable lack of interest in this, one of the best-advertised features of country life. "Whenever you feel a longing for milk stealing over you, just trail over there and get some. I'm going in to look over a bound volume of *Farm, Field, and Fireside* for eighteen eighty-seven, that I found in the parlor. I may get some fashion hints out of it," she added. Mary Elizabeth is least adorable when she attempts sarcasm.

Left alone, I attempted to read the newspaper of the previous day's issue that I had thoughtfully brought with me from town; but the delicious quiet of the summer morning, the buzzing of the insects, and the twittering of the birds above me had a most remarkable somniferous effect upon me, and I nodded over the market page. I must have nodded more than once, for I dreamed I was a general in the United States Army, in the midst of a war with Japan. The yellow horde of the enemy was about to storm the redoubt, or whatever it is they always storm under such circumstances, when I ordered the machine guns into action. As I gave the signal to commence firing, a terrific fusillade of shots began—so loud and

so close to my unaccustomed ears that I awoke with a jump, and rubbed my eyes just in time to see an automobile careening crazily down the country road toward the farmhouse.

The shots that had awakened me continued to bang and crackle from its exhaust vent, as the man at the wheel tried to steer it out of the worst of the ruts in the clay road, while another man, sitting beside him, looked back over the road they had traveled, or glared ahead each alternate second.

When the machine was directly in front of the house, and I was marveling at the speed madness which seemed more appropriate to a city boulevard than to that deserted country road, the man at the wheel twisted about in his seat to look behind, and, in his anxiety, forgot to release his hold on the steering gear. Instantly the big automobile turned at right angles, bounded from the road, crossed the ditch at one jump, and crashed through Uncle Henry's fence into the midst of Aunt Martha's flower plot, where it fired one last shot, and subsided.

Both men jumped when it struck the ditch, and fell safely in the long grass on opposite sides of the wrecked car, which canted over on the geraniums, with one forward wheel buckled out of shape, the tire of the other burst, and the whole front caved in from collision with the heavy oak gatepost.

It all happened so quickly that Mary Elizabeth had scarce time to rush to my side, in the doorway before the men were picking themselves up, white-faced and shaken.

Both of us hurried down the steps, to render first aid to the injured; but our services were unnecessary, for when the strangers shook themselves together and stretched their limbs, they found no bones were broken, and neither had even a bruise.

"Are you hurt?" I demanded of the man nearest me, who had been at the steering wheel.

"Not a bit," he said, with a nervous laugh. "We're all right, but I'm sorry we messed your place up this way. I'm afraid the machine is done for."



"If I have a good cup of coffee in the morning, I don't care much whether I have anything else or not."

"Oh, that's all right," volunteered Mary Elizabeth, with cheerful disregard for Aunt Martha's feelings on the morrow. "Don't mind about the fence or the garden, so long as you're not hurt. Mercy! You might have been killed! Don't you want to sit down in the house and rest a few minutes—and have a cup of coffee?" she added. I presume she considered Aunt Martha's coffee good enough as a sedative for such shaken sets of nerves as the two strangers must have had.

"No, thank you," interrupted the other man, who had resumed his anxious stare down the road as soon as he discovered he was alive and unfractured. "I guess we'll be getting along—we haven't time to stop. There's one thing I wish you would do, though," he added, turning to me.

"I shall be very glad to be of any

assistance to you," I said, "and, as my wife suggests, I really think you would better wait a bit until you recover from the shock of your spill."

"No, but I would like to store this machine in your barn for a few days, until we can send for it," he said. "You can see it can't go any farther without help, and it isn't much of an ornament to your dooryard."

"Yes, we'd better stow it away—if we may," added the chauffeur, turning to me; and I promptly gave them the freedom of Uncle Henry's place, as cheerfully as Mary Elizabeth had tried to force Aunt Martha's coffee on them.

"Certainly," I said. "We can wheel it right down this lane here to the barn without any trouble. I'll give you a hand."

With Mary Elizabeth dancing around us nervously, offering utterly futile sug-

gestions, and begging me to be careful about straining my back—advice which I received with the customary masculine scorn of the possibility of such a thing—the three of us managed to back the automobile out of the garden, and push it down the lane to the barn, from which Uncle Henry had thoughtfully turned his two horses out to pasture before going to the city. I felt quite proud of my ability to be of some assistance to strangers in distress, and waved aside their thanks.

"We will send a machine out from town to get it in a day or two," said the chauffeur, as they parted with us in front of the house. "Of course, we can't do anything to-day, because it's the Fourth, and every place will be closed up."

"Don't hurry yourself," I insisted. "There's plenty of room for it in the barn. It's no trouble, I assure you." And, thanking us again, they set off at a swinging gait in the direction they had been traveling.

"Not quite such a quiet Fourth of July as we had figured on," I remarked to Mary Elizabeth, when they had disappeared; "but that was an accident that might have happened on any day of the year as well as on the national holiday. I imagine things will settle down to a normal basis now."

"Of course, it's an awful thing to say," volunteered my wife, "but I really could have wished that it had happened somewhere else. It's quite upset me for the day. If I could only get a decent cup of coffee, I think it would do me good."

I ventured no defense of Aunt Martha's cuisine. Mary Elizabeth is not amenable to argument when she has a headache, and, as a pleasing diversion, I suggested that we go into the vegetable garden and begin preparations for the big country dinner we had planned as a chief feature of the day's program.

For nearly an hour, we reveled among the tomato plants, the radishes, the lettuce, and the rest of the garden truck that Aunt Martha cared for so tenderly from spring until frost. Then my accustomed ear heard a familiar sound

from the roadway in front of the house. It was the "honk, honk!" of an automobile horn.

I looked up at Mary Elizabeth in dismay, my arms full of vegetables.

"It sounds as though we were going to have more company," I suggested.

"Is this road on the course of the Glidden tour?" she demanded, and I led the way to the house, deposited my burden in the kitchen, and went out to see who called.

From the front seat of an auto in the center of the road, one of its two passengers turned an anxious face toward me, and yelled:

"Have you seen two fellows going by here in an automobile in the last hour or two?"

"Well, they didn't quite get by," I answered, waving an explanatory hand toward the wrecked fence and garden in front of them. "They intended to go by, but they finished right here."

I was congratulating myself that I had turned this sparkling bit of wit very neatly, and was glad Mary Elizabeth was by to hear it, when the man who had spoken climbed out of the machine excitedly, and ran toward the house, while the other steered the car out of the center of the road and prepared to join us.

"Those are the fellows we're looking for," shouted the excitable party nearest the steps, as he plowed toward the house. "Which way did they go?"

"What happened to the machine?" demanded the other man, who had climbed out of the automobile and was stumbling over the ditch in his haste to reach us. "Was it badly damaged?"

I was not especially pleased by the abrupt manner of these new arrivals, or by their insistent demands for information. Since they had managed to halt their motor car without ripping through the foundations of Uncle Henry's house, I remained icily calm, and just a bit more dignified than was customary with me. As the temporary custodian of the establishment, I felt it incumbent upon me, especially in the presence of Mary Elizabeth, to treat this new turn in the affair as a man of the

world, unruffled by the most astonishing of events.

"If you will be good enough to tell me who you are, and why you are asking all these questions," I said, from my vantage point on the porch, "perhaps I may answer some of them. But really I'm not a crossing policeman," I concluded, rather lamely, after casting about in my mind for a simile.

"Don't be rude," cautioned Mary Elizabeth, in a stage whisper. "Remember, we're out in the country, where everybody asks questions."

Then the big man who had first spoken to me took things into his hands, and, with just as much pomposity as I had shown toward him and his companion.

"I'm Sheriff Newt Willard," he announced, "sheriff of this county, and I'm lookin' for two automobile thieves that stole a machine belongin' to this gentleman here. Maybe you wouldn't mind tellin' us who you are, and what you're doin' in Henry Bennett's house, actin' as if you owned it, when I never even see you inside the limits of this county before!"

Properly humbled, I explained to Sheriff Willard the circumstances by which I chanced to be, as it were, the guest of my Uncle Henry—an explanation which I thought he received with a slight but unmistakable sniff. It is a predilection of sheriffs, detectives, chiefs of police, and other peace officers to sniff at all explanations received by them in the line of duty, especially if coming from strangers.

"Maybe the sheriff and the other gentleman would like to see the automobile that was wrecked?" suggested Mary Elizabeth, when I had given a succinct but graphic account of the accident and what followed it.

"Don't worry, ma'am," said Sheriff Willard shortly. "We'll see it, all right! Come on, Hamilton!"

With these few but distinct words, he led the way toward the barn, and I followed at a discreet distance. Truly our quiet Fourth of July was developing rapidly, I thought, as I caught a glimpse of Mary Elizabeth fading back

into the parlor, with her hand to her head, and no respectable coffee available to overcome her headache. The sheriff threw open the barn door with an authoritative air, and Hamilton and I followed him in.

"That's the car!" said Hamilton mournfully. "And she's pretty well done up, too."

Sheriff Willard walked around the automobile, and sized it up with a critical eye, while I stood in the background and hoped they wouldn't accuse me of opening a switch in front of the flying car, in order to wreck it.

"That's what she is," assented the sheriff, after making his survey on the dark side of the auto. "Just about plum busted! I wonder if this tire is gone?"

He took a match from his vest pocket, and struck it on the side of the barn, to examine the damages nearest him.

"Look out for that match!" warned Hamilton. "The gasoline tank may be leaking."

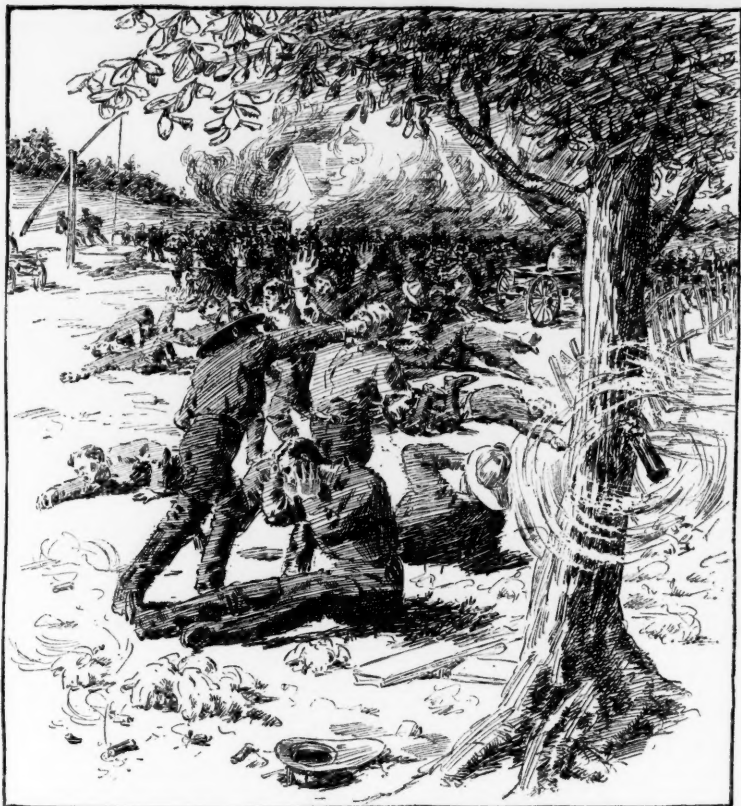
"Oh, I'll be careful, all right," said the sheriff confidently, tossing the burned end of the match on the floor, and striking another. "She's a goner, Hamilton. You'll have to put her in the repair shop for a couple of weeks, but you're blamed lucky to get her back at all."

"That's true," said Hamilton, turning to me. "If they hadn't skidded into your place here, I might never have seen the car again. They had more than an hour's start on me, and they could go a long way in an hour with that car, if they had kept it in the road."

"Maybe you will capture them, even yet," I suggested hopefully, as Sheriff Willard stalked out of the barn and we followed him back toward the house. "They're on foot now, you know, and you have an automobile."

"What I can't understand," said the sheriff, turning a suspicious eye on me, "is why in Tophet you let 'em get away. You should have known they were stealin' the machine, travelin' the way they did!"

"My good man," I said gently, "I had no more reason to suspect that they had stolen that machine than I have to think



In three seconds the barnyard was covered with squirming uniforms, above which was an unpleasing medley of waving feet and arms.

you stole this one in front of the house. Up where I come from, if everybody that drove faster than the speed limit was arrested for robbery, we would have to build ten new jails, with parking space for twenty thousand automobiles."

I tried not to allow my natural indignation to overcome my inherent regard for constituted authority, but I found Sheriff Willard rather a difficult pill for a city man to swallow. If he had told me he was the board of county commissioners, and the superintendent of schools, in addition to being sheriff, I

might better have measured up his importance and authority.

"Well, that may all be," retorted the sheriff; "but ye might have kept 'em here on some excuse, and telephoned to me, just the same."

What brilliant repartee on my side might have been inspired by this sagacious remark will never be known, for at the moment we were startled by a shriek from Mary Elizabeth, who had come to the back door to see how the official inquiry was progressing.

"Oh, look, look!" she yelled. "The barn is on fire!"

A startled glance behind showed us that my wife was eminently correct. One of the match ends scattered around by Sheriff Willard's lavish hand had probably retained its vivacity long enough to communicate diabolical energy to a bit of gasoline-soaked hay under the automobile. At any rate, smoke was pouring through the open doorway of the barn, and we could see the glow of flames in its dark interior.

"Come on, boys!" yelled the sheriff, beginning to run around in circles. "We got to stop this! Where's your buckets? We'll lose that automobile!"

"I don't know where the buckets are," I screamed, indignant over his point of view. "We'll lose Uncle Henry's barn!"

Mary Elizabeth, infected by the prevailing hysteria, rushed out of the house with a huge dishpan, seized me by the arm, and shook me violently while she shrieked into my ear:

"Where's the hydrant? Where's the hydrant?" as though she had a dark suspicion that I had hidden the hydrant to balk her efforts as a fire fighter.

"I don't know," I said weakly, staring around the farmyard until Sheriff Willard, spying an upturned pail near a fence, dashed at it, yelling over his shoulder:

"They ain't got any hydrant on a farm! We got to pump!"

Hamilton was the first of our wild-eyed quartet to seize upon this feature of the situation, and as he grabbed the pump handle at the same moment, his thought wave was of some avail.

Willard held his bucket under the pump, and executed a frenzied sand jig while Hamilton vigorously worked the handle, and Mary Elizabeth, with despairing eyes fixed on the blazing barn, waited her turn with the dishpan. There seemed to be nothing for me to do at the moment but fill the rôle of fire marshal, and direct the operations of the working forces; but even before the sheriff splashed his first impotent little pail of water against the barn, we all saw that our puny efforts would be hopeless. The flames were mounting toward the roof of the barn, and the automobile, with gallons of gasoline in

the tank, awaiting the psychological moment to add to the excitement, was the center of a sea of fire.

"This won't do any good," yelled Willard. "That barn is gone!"

"Oh, let's keep on!" screamed Mary Elizabeth, rushing to the pump for her second painful of water. "Don't stop! We've got to do something!"

"We must try to save the house!" I announced sagely. "The fire may spread!"

Without any encouragement from either of my fellow heroes, I grabbed the pump handle, which Hamilton had relinquished, and began wasting well water at a tremendous rate, shouting incoherent directions to the bucket brigade, to which they paid no attention.

Then it was that Sheriff Willard conceived the brilliant thought that saved the day. He dropped his bucket suddenly, and jumped into the air in his enthusiasm.

"I know what to do!" he shouted. "There're havin' a firemen's tournament in Belleville to-day to celebrate the Fourth—a contestin' for prizes in pumpin' and couplin' hose. It's only two miles from here, and Bennett has a county telephone in the house. I'll just call 'em up, and order 'em to come down here and put the fire out. They'll have to bust up their tournament for me," he added.

This seemed to be a rational move, and we all indorsed it with feverish enthusiasm, while the fire crackled gaily through the solid old oak beams of Uncle Henry's barn.

"Do hurry up!" shouted Mary Elizabeth, as the sheriff rushed into the house to send out his general alarm, and, having added this wholly unnecessary injunction to the excitement, she collapsed gently into my arms, and I carried her into the house to await the arrival of the fire fighters.

The sheriff and Hamilton went out into the road to watch for the expected reinforcements, and I sat beside the couch on which my overwrought wife lay, fanning her, and patting her hands soothingly, and hoping for the best. It seemed only five minutes until we were



"My dear," I said faintly, "they are all gone. Is there anything I can do for you?"

startled by Willard's whoop of joy in front of the house, and Mary Elizabeth was immediately roused to action again.

"Here they come!" yelled the sheriff, and we hastened to the porch to watch the arrival.

Far down the road we saw a moving black mass in a cloud of dust, which gradually resolved itself into a long column of men, running at Marathon speed. The road was filled from edge to edge, and on either bank of the ditch scores of men and boys, satellites attendant upon the stars, trailed along in the ruck.

As they drew nearer, we saw that the leaders wore red shirts and helmets that gleamed vividly in the sunshine, and hauled behind them hand engines and hose reels. When they came within

sight of the burning barn, and realized that their quarry was at bay, enthusiasts among the attendant multitude pointed dozens of revolvers into the air, and fired a fusillade of shots in the exuberance of their joy over this unexpected feature of the Fourth of July celebration.

"I'm afraid they're going to be noisy," I said mildly to Mary Elizabeth. My first panic over the fire had worn off, and I was determined to make the best of it.

"Don't be a fool!" snapped my wife, in mild reproof of my levity, and I decided to restrain my enthusiasm over the spectacle.

Niagara Number One reached the yard first, and plunged into Uncle Henry's property with glad yells of acclaim,

dragging its engine and hose cart over the remnants of Aunt Martha's flower bed, and tearing down what was left of the wrecked fence. A dozen volunteers were at the ropes to aid the gallant fire fighters in swinging their apparatus into position; but, close on the heels of the Niagara company came its hated rival, Red Jacket Number Five, jaunty in holiday attire, and cheered on by its admirers from Belleville.

When the captain of Niagara Number One rushed to the pump at the head of his command, he found he had been outgeneraled by Red Jacket Number Five. Standing upon the platform above the well, and shouting profane directions to his company in his efforts to hurry them to the spot, was the captain of the Red Jackets. He had left the main body of the parade some distance above the farm, cut across lots, and gained the vantage point at the pump by a desperate sprint.

"Get away from that well!" shouted the Niagara captain, waving his trumpet like an avenging sword. "My company wants to take water! Come on, boys! Get that hose out!"

"You don't get no water from this well!" yelled the dauntless Red Jacket. "We were here first, and here we'll stay. Get a move on, you Red Jackets!"

The issue being thus joined, they went at it without further parley. The captains went into a clinch, with their rival trumpets beating time about their helmeted heads, and every member of Niagara Number One selected a member of Red Jacket Number Five as his personal prey. In three seconds the barnyard was covered with squirming uniforms, above which was an unpleasant medley of waving feet and arms.

The population of Belleville, camped upon Uncle Henry's steps, and perched on the fence, fired revolvers and lighted cannon firecrackers by the dozen in its enthusiasm, until it was finally drawn into the fray by dint of personal combat between rival town leaders; and the barn blazed merrily on, without a hint of interference.

When the battle began, I firmly led Mary Elizabeth to an upper chamber,

and insisted upon her lying down and trying to pretend there was nothing unusual going on.

"Don't worry about the fire," I urged, "it will burn itself out; and there is no wind stirring, so it won't spread to the house. When these warriors below are through, I will come up and tell you about it; but, in the meantime, this is the safest place for you."

"All right, dear," she said meekly; and I knew then that her nervous system must be, indeed, badly jangled.

For half an hour, the tide of battle fluctuated between the struggling hosts of Niagara Number One and the unflinching army that defended Red Jacket Number Five, with Sheriff Willard dancing around the combatants like an Indian medicine man, issuing orders, threats, appeals, and pronouncements that fell upon ears attuned to the savage sounds of slaughter, and with no time for ordinary sheriffs.

The barn, meanwhile, burned to the ground, and was a smoldering, glowing heap of embers, in which the scrap iron of the automobile stood out like the crater of a volcano by the time the tired volunteers of Niagara gave up the field, and began to straggle toward Belleville.

The ground was covered with battered helmets and torn belts; the hats of noncombatants were scattered far and wide, and the innocent bystanders, having fired the last shot in their lockers into the pulsing holiday air, slowly withdrew from the mass of wreckage that surrounded Uncle Henry's highly respectable domicile.

I waited alone on the desecrated porch until it was all over; until the last faint shout of the last reveler had died on the breeze, and the last red shirt had faded away around a bend in the road. Then I timorously ascended to where Mary Elizabeth was huddled on a couch, with a wet towel bound about her brows.

"My dear," I said faintly, "they are all gone. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, there is," she said wearily. "Either get me a decent cup of coffee, or go away, and let me die in peace."

The Trail of the Sheridan Heir

II.—The Affair of the Paterson Anarchists

By Virginia Middleton

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGURD SCHOU

SYNOPSIS OF PART I.

Gerald Cromartin, the son of a Dublin barrister, is sent to the United States to discover the whereabouts of a certain Peter Sheridan, who went there many years before and who is now the heir to large estates. If Sheridan is no longer living the property goes to a niece, Nora Braisted. On the way to Montreal, Gerald meets a charming young woman, Kathleen Fletcher, and also a jeweler of Denver named La Shelle, and his wife. Mrs. La Shelle asks Gerald to deliver a small package to her sister in New York. Miss Fletcher sees him receive this package. On the frontier Gerald is stopped by United States customs officers, under suspicion that he has been made a dupe of by the La Shelles, and is smuggling pearls. Nothing dutiable, however, is found in the package. Gerald concludes from what seems good evidence that Miss Fletcher was his accuser.

HOW a civilized nation can submit to such a state of things passes my poor comprehension. Understand, I'm not merely kicking against my own small experience, though I'm not denying it made me hot; but I'm considering the case of the whole American people. To submit to that sort of insult and indignity every time they have the temerity to land at any port or any frontier of their country! Hail Columbia, happy land, with a vengeance! Tell me, Cheverton, you've been here a lot—how do they manage to stand it?"

The kindly providence which had ordained that Gerald Cromartin should not perish untimely of suppressed rage had placed on the platform before the train he was about to board at Buffalo, after his encounter with the customs authorities, an English acquaintance. Mr. Cecil Lionel Cheverton was a typical British sportsman. He was just back from some remote corner of the Canadian Rockies, and he was en route to Africa. He had conveyed this information to Gerald before inquiring affably what had brought the Irishman to this spot; but once given the chance for speech, Gerald had freed his mind of a great load of resentment as well as of incident.

"You've got me," replied his friend when pressed as to the reasons Americans had for enduring their own customs regulations. "You've got me. Something to do with their bally tariff, I suppose. What was it the guy said to you—the treasury agent—hey? That good grind about holding a woman's baby while she ran into a store to telephone? That was a good one. Cromartin! Though, 'pon my word, I don't see that you look particularly green."

"Good of you to say so, old man," replied Mr. Cromartin, not too appreciatively.

His temper was sorely ruffled. Such a straight, clear-cut girl as she had seemed! And the evidence was almost indisputable that she had some sort of a connection with that little bounder of a treasury agent. That was something that hurt and galled him more even than his own humiliation and inconvenience. As a matter of fact, he had not been made a fool of by the La Shelles. If there was any such conspiracy, as that cheap little cad of a treasury agent alleged, it was with the treasury agents, the customs people, that the La Shelles had played, not with him, Mr. Gerald Cromartin, of Dublin. He had no need still to feel sore and hot over that part of the transaction. But the girl, the

lithe, straight, proud girl, with the direct eyes and the wistful mouth, the girl who walked the slippery deck with such erectness, and who looked so far into the gray mist when she declared that all her closest interests were with the dead—how could she have been the tool of that beastly little man? As for this bear-tracking, tiger-shooting imbecile by his side, who had apparently heard only one sentence out of his long recital of indignities—Gerald was, after all, half sorry he had met him.

Oh, that it were possible,

For one short hour to see

The souls we loved, that we might know

Where and how they be.

He remembered her quoting that, or something that sounded like that, on the evening after the first morning on the *Halifax*. She had touched him with her evident longings, her yearnings, that were a confession of some loss, although her manner had never been that of a person inviting sympathy, and although she studiously refrained from autobiographic details. She, to be mixed up with this common person, either in sympathy or in business so that she conveyed information—bah, probably sold it!—to him about what she was able to overhear. Well, for once she had overheard wrong, that was all!

The New York train was finally ready to start. Gerald and his compatriot, whose berths were in different cars of the train, disposed of their luggage, and made their way to the dining car. Gerald shook his broad shoulders as he dropped into his seat beside the wide sheet of glass, through which the country was still visible in the twilight, and took up the menu.

"Forget it," advised Cheverton, who had a choice collection of the slang of all nations. "Forget it—your introduction to our American cousins. They're a good sort, apart from the little ceremonies of their ports, and if ever you want bully shooting—"

"Oh, I've forgotten already," declared Gerald. He didn't want Cheverton to launch upon hunting reminiscences before they had ordered their repast. "I've forgotten already. I'm

really looking forward to a jolly good holiday. The business that brought me over is likely to carry me about the country a goodish bit, and I am sure I've had my last disagreeable experience on American soil."

By way of insuring a pleasant experience for the immediate future, they ordered a dinner for gourmets. When that important task was discharged, they leaned back and surveyed their fellow diners. The car was already filling up, but there was still a number of vacant tables. In spite of this, an altercation arose between two men for the possession of the table opposite Cromartin and his friend.

"The Irish gentleman seems a little the worse for wear," remarked Cheverton, surveying the row with the interest such an event has for a patron of all sports. The man to whom he referred was the second comer to the table, the first having been a divine of severe aspect.

"Excuse me, y'r riv'rin'ce," said the second comer thickly, "excuse me, but I would——"

"The car steward assigned me this table, sir," interrupted the clergyman, "and——"

"Sure, there's room for the both of us, an' two more like us," asserted the Irishman, dropping heavily into a chair.

The clergyman yielded the point.

"There is, but I do not care to sit at the table with drunkards," he replied. "Nor can I enter into argument with them. Waiter, give me another seat."

"No publicans an' sinners for his riv'rin'ce," murmured the intoxicated gentleman sadly. "Not for his riv'rin'ce, follower of the meek an' lowly——"

But "his riv'rin'ce" had stalked indignantly away to the end of the car in the wake of a waiter anxious to preserve peace, and to lose no orders. The intoxicated one leered pleasantly across at Cromartin and Cheverton.

"The church is fallen on evil days, gentlem'n," he informed them lugubriously. "Evil days, evil days!"

They laughed a little, and, their oysters having arrived, attacked them with appetite, and resumed their conversa-

tion. Once they were absorbed and had forgotten his existence, the Irishman favored them with a scrutiny very keen for a man in his apparent state of alcoholic stimulation. After his survey, a grim little smile showed beneath his grizzled, stubbly mustache. He nodded his head contentedly to a sympathetic-seeming high ball on the table before him, and took a drink.

Then, drawing a small photograph from his pocket, he examined it furtively. The examination pleased him. He put it back, nodded again to the high ball, and took another drink. After that, he divided his attention equally between his meal and his opposite traveling companions, except when the clergyman strode pompously and forbiddingly by. Then he arose, and made a profound bow, which the other tried to ignore. The rest of the dining car did not make the same attempt, and a ripple of laughter followed the dignified gentleman out.

"Think I'll see if I can't have my things brought into your car, Cromartin," remarked Cheverton when they had left the diner. "There's not a heavy load on to-night, and I think there may be a vacant berth in your car—it looked half empty as we came through to dinner. Might as well talk to you while I can. I'm getting off at an unholy hour in the morning at Poughkeepsie. Fel-

low there is to meet me in Cape Town some time in January. Where are you going to be staying in New York? I'm sailing on the *Lucania* the day after to-morrow; but if I have a chance I'll look you up."

"The Plaza," replied Gerald. "Do have your things brought in if you can."

The exchange was easily affected. In a few minutes a porter entered bearing Cheverton's impediments, which he deposited in the section behind Cromartin's. The two acquaintances were established and deep in conversation when the Irishman passed through the car. Again he gave them the keen glance that seemed to belie his apparent state, and he glanced quickly and seeingly through



A figure had sprung—whence he had not time to see—upon the step of the hansom.

the car. Five minutes after he had passed, a porter was bending above the passenger occupying the section opposite Cromartin's, and was saying something to him in low tones.

"Just the same position as this one?" inquired the traveler. "No nearer the engine? Oh, one car farther removed? Not the rear car, then? Oh, two more behind it? Well, I don't mind accommodating the gentleman in those circumstances."

And he stood by while the porter, with a "Thank you, sir," gathered his valises, hat, overcoat, and umbrella, and made his loaded way to the car behind.

"Lots of changing to-night," remarked Cheverton.

And Gerald absently agreed that there was. At the moment he was staring out into the black night beyond the brightly lighted car; it loomed so big, so black, and mysterious it made him think again of Miss Fletcher, with her yearning gaze that sought to penetrate deeply into the mist and the darkness of life, and what lies beyond life. He almost sighed, and then he caught the sigh behind his teeth. Why should he bother himself about the girl? Why should he be disappointed in her? Why should he resent it that she played the spy upon him? What was she but a steamer acquaintance, anyway?

"By Jove, if it isn't our disputatious friend!" Cheverton interrupted Gerald's musings as the porter reentered, carrying the small bag, which seemed to constitute the only hand luggage of the Irish gentleman, who followed closely behind. "He seems to have a fondness for our neighborhood. Well—he's not the first! By the way, Cromartin, what about little Nora Braisted? She hasn't kicked over the traces yet?"

Cheverton pulled at his long, tawny mustache with something of a simpering air as he spoke. Gerald, who had been frowning toward the oncoming Irishman, transferred the frown to his friend.

"I didn't know you knew Lady Honoria," he replied, with marked formality. And to Cheverton's smiling "Rawther! We were very good friends

last season," he answered tartly: "Then you will be glad to hear that she is very well and a model of domestic decorum."

"I wonder," he was asking himself, "if Nora plays the flirt with every man she meets? This silly ass evidently thinks that she was impressed with his charms."

The Irishman, with a friendly salutation of the sort readily ascribable to many potatoes, sank into his seat. Gerald scowled thoughtfully upon him. Then he leaned toward Cheverton.

"Chevvy," he said, in a low tone, "that fellow's following us. I have half a notion that I saw him in the room when they were examining me to-day. I'm not sure. But I think he is trying to watch us, or one of us——"

"Not guilty!" interrupted Cheverton. "My record is spotless. I never tried to bring in even an undeclared handkerchief. I never potted even a sparrow in the closed season. I keep off other men's preserves in general, and there's no bally detective on my track."

"Do you suppose," Gerald went on, "that those imbeciles back there were not convinced yet that I didn't have the La Shelle pearls, and that they're going to track me through the country, hoping that some day, in a burst of false confidence, I'll put them on, or something of that sort?"

"Likeliest thing in the world," replied his cheering friend.

"Of course, I'm not sure about this fellow. I don't really remember him. But he is certainly trailing us. Oh, damn! The whole thing has gotten on my nerves. Let's go smoke and forget it!"

They departed for the realm of the soothing nicotine; and in five minutes looked up to see the Irishman entering the lounge at the end of the car. Gerald uttered an impatient exclamation, but the drunkenly grave features of the interloper showed no indication of having heard it. He sat down on the leather settee, and entered into an elaborate discourse on the merits of various brands of tobacco.

Cheverton, amused at his friend's uneasiness, encouraged the intruder by

many questions. Gerald, annoyed by this as much as by the intrusion, relapsed into a haughty silence. When he was directly addressed, he answered monosyllabically. When he was not directly addressed, he smoked in speechlessness. His second cigar finished, he arose abruptly and made curt adieu.

"I'll be with you when I've finished this cigarette," said Cheverton to his departing back.

"Don't hurry," growled Gerald.

The Irishman looked after him admiringly.

"The grand manner!" he observed to Cheverton. "The grand, ducal manner!"

"Oh, I don't know!" replied Cheverton. Cheverton thought well of his own inches, his own breadth of shoulder, depth of chest, magnificence of bearing; and he had the sort of vanity which cannot bear to hear another praised for what it regards as its own good points. "Of course, he's a good enough looking chap, as looks go——"

"Oh, but he has the grand manner entirely," insisted the Irishman, shaking his head gravely.

"I don't know where he would get it," declared Cheverton, in a nettled tone. "He's respectable, of course—father a barrister, barrister himself. But nothing aristocratic in his family."

Cheverton's own family boasted a member of the "beverage"; but he always chose to forget the malty beginnings of the Cheverton grandeur. The Irishman smiled knowingly at his disclaimers of Gerald's magnificence.

"It's close-mouthed you are, sir," he observed, with much shrewdness, winking slowly.

"What the devil do you mean?" demanded Cheverton.

The Irishman winked slowly and impressively again, and even laid an explanatory finger against his nose.

"You're drunk, my friend," declared Cheverton, rising, and half laughing at himself for his heat of a moment before; "and I'm as big a fool as you to be bandying words with you about anybody's family connection."

He brushed by, and made his way

back to his section. The Irishman sat still for a moment, smiling knowingly.

"Exactly what he would say to throw me off the scent," he remarked audibly. "Exactly! Respectable, av coorse! Oh, av coorse! Barristers, yis! Barristers, to be sure!"

He winked solemnly in the privacy of the compartment which he occupied alone. Then he looked a trifle worried for the moment.

"I couldn't have said enough to put them wise, now, could I? No, no, surely not. An' even if he thinks that he's discovered, he'll niver find out what the discovery means. Oh, no, safe enough, safe enough!"

He took a pull at the flask with which he was thoughtfully provided, and sat, his chin upon his chest, his lips smiling vacantly, his eyes half closed. And when a passing porter or conductor aroused him from his trance, and led him back toward his berth, he found the curtains drawn all the length of the car. He looked at Gerald's with a renewed amusement.

"Barristers!" he murmured thickly. "Oh, yis, to be sure, barristers!"

Gerald was awake early enough the next morning to have finished his toilet and to have delivered his hand baggage and his checks to the transfer agent in time to enjoy the approach to the metropolis of the New World. He was thinking that all land approaches to great cities were hideous, and was regretting a certain sharpness of manner that he had been guilty of the night before to Cheverton. The incident of the drunken Irishman he had dismissed from his mind; and he found that a night's sleep had dimmed the memory of the indignity at Buffalo. He had disencumbered himself of all his hand luggage so that he might give himself up to complete enjoyment of the new scenes and the new city as he was driven to the Plaza.

He followed the crowd from the train toward the station beyond the train yard. He half wished, in the confusion, that Cheverton had not left the train at Poughkeepsie—it would have been pleasant to have a friend, or even a

tolerated acquaintance, to bear him company for a while until he got his bearings. However, it was just as well as it was. Cheverton was somewhat underbred, he decided, remembering his remarks about Nora Braisted, and very much of a bore, remembering the lengthy anecdotes of his own experiences as a hunter with which he had regaled Gerald after dinner. It was just as well! He would probably soon be seeing the New World under happier auspices than those afforded by Cheverton. His father had described the Hamidge and Jay connection as all that was desirable.

He had not noticed, as he left the sleeper and walked the long quarter of a mile to the station itself, that he was closely followed by the intoxicated gentleman of the night before. That personage could scarcely keep from grazing Gerald's heels, so closely did he follow after him. He was immediately behind him as they went through the station toward the street. He was at his shoulder when Gerald paused, deafened by the clamor of the New York streets and the cries of the cabmen. Two of these were upon him in a second, but one—one who had exchanged a quick glance with the Irishman behind Gerald—was swifter than his competitor.

"An' sure, yer honor wouldn't be ridin' behind the likes of the skate he's drivin'," he declared, leaning far down from his perch to pass this criticism upon his rival and this compliment upon Gerald's taste at one and the same time.

Gerald laughed. He felt at home at once. Besides, the speaker's horse was distinctly the better animal.

"All right," he said amiably, tossing the disappointed driver a coin in compensation for his loss. "Drive me to the Plaza," he added, climbing into the other man's hansom.

"That I will, sir, an' quicker than ye could be doin' it in one of thim murderin' taxis, too," declared the cabby affably.

As the doors swung together in front of the traveler from overseas, another look, full of intelligence, was exchanged between the driver and the Irishman of

the night before. The latter then comfortably crossed the street to a hotel, and in a few minutes was discussing coffee, beefsteak, and rolls with the hearty appetite of a man whose digestion and whose conscience alike give him no trouble, and who, having done a good job, can afford to regale himself.

Meantime Gerald was driving to the Plaza by a route which would have puzzled any one familiar with New York. West across Forty-second Street the cab rolled, north for a block or two along Fifth Avenue, the "fare" leaning forward and enjoying the sights of the bright, crisp, autumn morning with unabashed curiosity. Then it swung west again, and in a few minutes it was proceeding southward under the Ninth Avenue elevated tracks.

"Curious," soliloquized Gerald, "that fellow Bromley boasted about the drive up Fifth Avenue. Well, I dare say we'll be back on it in a few minutes."

The few minutes passed, bringing them into gloomier and more squalid quarters. They had passed a big market, they were among warehouses and dreary tenements. Gerald poked up the door of communication with the driver by his cane—the only piece of luggage he still had.

"Are you sure you're all right, my man?" he asked of the red face that peered down at him. "This doesn't seem to me the route I've heard described to your Central Park and your Plaza Hotel."

"Never doubt it, yer honor. But they're the great ones for tearin' their streets to bits over here. An' the avenoo is all tore up for miles an' more; but we'll soon be out of this now—never you fear, sir."

Gerald settled himself back comfortably. He recalled having heard that criticism of the New York streets before—that they were almost always torn up. Moreover, the sound of the brogue was reassuring. The streets were certainly not what he had been led to believe they would be in point of attraction, but—

The horse seemed to stumble a little. A passing drayman called something to the cab driver. The latter paused, ap-

parently to request a repetition of the remark. Gerald also listened, wondering idly whether it was valuable information or the customary persiflage of the class that was being interchanged. He turned his head in the direction of the passing dray better to hear. Suddenly there was a shadow before him. A figure had sprung—whence he had not time to see—upon the step of the hansom. As he turned his head sharply to see the cause of the intrusion, a soft cloth was thrust into his face, the man who had sprung upon the hansom step leaning in across the closed half doors to thrust the rag forward. Gerald

struck out violently. He caught the fumes of chloroform. He battled wildly with his hands, but they were caught and held in a grip of steel while the stupefying vapor did its work.

"Now drive like the devil," advised the man who had sprung upon the hansom step. "Like the devil. Schmidt will be on the other side."

He stepped back into the embrasure of the still-closed warehouse from which he had emerged a few minutes before, and in another second any one taking an early morning stroll on lower Greenwich Street might have been edified by the sight of a workman plodding soberly toward his day's job, a lunch pail in his honest, horny hand. The hansom driver lowered the glass hood before his fare's unconscious face, over which the chloroformer had considerably pulled down his hat, and drove swiftly to the ferry. There were few



He could not remember where he was or how he happened to be there.

passengers for Jersey at that early hour, and those who were on the boat smiled or looked disgusted, as their tastes or principles prompted, at the sight of a young roisterer being borne drunkenly home from a night's revelry. On the other side of the river a big car was in waiting. Another whiff of chloroform was given Gerald, who showed faint signs of reviving, thanks to the fresh air of the river, which not even the lowered hood of the hansom had entirely excluded.

Outside the Jersey City limits, the other passengers of the car paused by a bare stretch of marsh; and, while one busied himself with pretended repairs to the car, another bound and gagged the unconscious young man.

"I'm not takin' any chances on any more of the dope," he announced. "I'm loyal, all right, all right; but when it comes to puttin' a man away for good,

that's got to be decided by the Council. Your Uncle William ain't goin' to do no such job accidental. An' these'll keep him as still as any one can want him to be until the right time comes."

On they went, over the marshes, through the ugly little towns near by, past suburbs, with the charm of homes, on and on. And still Gerald lay in the tonneau, unconscious of what was befalling him.

Finally they came to a city hideous with mills and tenements, with disorder, noise, and dirt. Along one side of it flowed a sluggish stream whose air was polluted, whose waters were discolored. They skirted the stream; and at the farther outskirts of the town came to a tall, square-built brick house, which backed upon the river. Into this two of the men carried Gerald. Up past rooms that were empty, dusty, dirty, and airless they bore him, to a room on the top floor. Its front windows were closed with heavy, locked, sheet-iron shutters. Its back windows, overlooking the polluted river, were barred with iron. There was no furniture in the room except a wooden bench.

Here his captors left Gerald on the floor, untying his bandages. He was still under the influence of the chloroform. They placed a tin cup of water near him on the floor, and departed. When they came to the head of the stairs, they closed behind them a great iron door.

The morning was half gone when Gerald came shudderingly out of the stupor into which the drug had thrown him. At first he lay dazed upon the floor, looking with stupid, bewildered interest at a cobweb on the ceiling above him. He could not remember where he was or how he happened to be there. He did not remember that he was in the United States, nor did he think of himself as at home. The cobweb occupied his entire mind.

By and by he moved, and in moving touched the cup of water. He knew immediately that he was thirsty. He drank. And then he began to remember. Slowly and a little painfully he

raised himself upon his elbow. He looked about the bare, unfurnished, dirty room. He lifted himself to his feet and made for the walls. There must be windows—they must open upon something! But he found that the front ones might as well have been part of the solid wall for all the help they afforded him; and that the back ones, although they admitted a certain amount of light through their unwashed panes, were barred against any suicidal impulse he might have had to jump into the turbid stream three stories below.

When all these things were plain to Mr. Cromartin, a red flood of rage rose high within him. He ran from the front to the back room of his prison, he ran to the top of the stairs, and beat unavailingly upon the iron door that shut him from them. He broke, with a thrust of his furious fist, the glass between the iron bars in the back windows, and he shouted loudly for help. But there was no sound except the slow wash of the dirty water below against the foundations of the house.

His first burst of rage over, he considered the meaning of his situation. He could not fathom it. Knowing himself a blameless young man, without enemies in the country in which he was so wonderfully maltreated a visitor—without enemies in the world, as far as he knew—he could connect this outrage only with the mild and gentle experience of yesterday at the customs office. They had not been satisfied, those incompetent idiots! They were wreaking vengeance upon him—they had probably searched his person while he lay unconscious. Or—by Jove, he might have fallen into the hands of a robber gang! He might have lost every—but no! A hasty search had convinced him that his possessions were all intact. His watch ticked reassuringly at him, his wallet was full of the American money into which he had had his English bank notes exchanged on the *Halifax*. Nothing was missing.

He began to wonder if he was destined for death. That would be no more remarkable than what had already befallen him.

The day wore itself out slowly. Fits of anger alternated with fits of apprehension; and through them all ran the constant wearying bewilderment: Why should he, in the United States on a harmless errand; he, a young man with no darker blot on his career than the slight shadows of many light flirtations—why should he be the victim of conspiracy, of outrage? He looked back over his blameless—his sufficiently blameless—days. What had he ever done to merit this? Sinister fancies about Sir Charles crowded upon him. Nora was undoubtedly fond of him, had undoubtedly flaunted her fondness in the face of her elderly husband—but was she so fond, after all? What had that conceited ass, Cheverton, said last night? What had he been inclined to boast? No—Nora's favors, her little rose petals of favors, were too freely, too indiscriminately distributed, to rouse Sir Charles to murderous wrath, even if that excellent parliamentarian could, by any stretch of the imagination, be pictured as conspiring murder or outrage against a rival.

Peter Sheridan, then; he was in this country to search for Peter Sheridan. But even if Peter, or Peter's descendants, had an unconquerable aversion to being discovered and led back to England to inherit a title and a fortune, they did not know yet that he was in search of them. No—the one vulnerable point in his whole life history as he reviewed it now was his brief, idle connection with Mrs. La Shelle, with its resultant complications. But, after all, he was not traveling in a barbarous land, an admittedly lawless and savage country. If this present adventure of his had any connection with yesterday's experience at the custom house, then he had made a mistake, and had not come to America, but had been miraculously transported to Tibet, or some other country with Tibet's pointed intolerance of strangers. If only his money had been taken, if only his watch had not been left secure upon his person! Robbery would have explained something.

After his first energy of rage had

passed, the minutes dragged slowly. Once or twice he thought he heard sounds below him, and he hurried eagerly to the heavy iron door and listened; but he could not make out the noises. They might have been due to rats scurrying through the deserted house as well, as to any human agency. But when the changing lights in his prison indicated to him that the morning was half worn away, there was the unmistakable sound of slow, shuffling footsteps outside the door. He sprang toward it. He was prepared, on the very instant of its opening, to make a dash for liberty. Faintly he distinguished the slow grating of a key in the heavy lock. He poised himself for a spring when the door should move backward.

It moved slowly and creakingly; and, when the aperture was scarcely two inches wide, he found himself fronting the steely blue of a revolver. The leap forward did not seem quite so easy to make as it had seemed a few minutes ago. His taut muscles relaxed; he shrank back an inch or two. Though young, Mr. Cromartin was by no means a coward, neither was he a fool. And, moreover, he would have been extremely loath to pass out of existence without understanding how he came to be in so peculiar a situation.

"That's better," remarked a lifeless, feminine voice.

An old woman, gray-haired, dingy of skin, and slatternly of attire, shuffled into the room, closing the door behind her. Though she was old, she looked by no means weak. She was large framed and wiry, a fit keeper of such a place as this. She did not put up the revolver which had changed Mr. Cromartin's first intention of attempted escape, but slid over the wrist of her unoccupied hand the wire handle of a tin bucket and placed it upon the floor.

"Likely it'll come hard for you to eat off the floor," she observed grimly. "But if you're hungry enough, it won't matter to you what you eat from; and if you're not hungry, you needn't eat at all."

Gerald, casting a disgusted glance to-



Still facing him, still covering him with the capable-looking weapon.

ward the small pail, saw that it contained a thick, greasy porridge, and that a spoon of the black kitchen variety had been provided him with which to eat it. The old woman was backing toward the door, but without removing her keen old eyes from Gerald. He had no more opportunity to make his way by her and her weapon than a mouse has to escape a cat who is giving her undivided attention to his capture.

"Stop a minute!" The young man's voice was imperative, but the old woman showed no intention of obeying it. "Do you know who I am?"

She smiled dryly, but vouchsafed no opinion as to his identity.

"I'm a British subject," stormed Mr. Cromartin; "and it will go hard with every one connected with this outrage."

"A British subject now, are you?" The woman rolled the words unctuously beneath her tongue. No terror seemed to have been inspired in her breast by the announcement—rather a malicious humor. Gerald changed his mode of speech.

"If it will go hard with those responsible for this performance," he said, watching her warily for a change of expression, "any one helping me to understand the situation, any one helping me out of it, will be well rewarded."

His hand sought his well-filled pockets; and he flashed before her avaricious eyes the gold and silver of coin, the green of paper money.

"I could make it well worth your while to help me," he said.

She smiled mockingly.

"It'll be better worth my while not to help you," she returned. "Put up your money. If that was all we wanted, couldn't we have taken it when you lay there like a bale of goods?" She nodded toward the corner of the room in which he had awakened from the effects of the chloroform.

Gerald slid the money back into his pockets.

"Well, will you tell me what you are holding me for?" he asked, as pacifically as possible.

"Can't you guess?" mocked the old woman.

"I cannot. Has my kidnaping anything to do with the—with the customs regulations of this amazing country?"

The old woman looked puzzled for a moment, and then said bluntly that she did not know what he was talking about.

"But you might as well give over talking, whatever it is you mean," she added abruptly. "Save your breath to cool your porridge—it's all you'll have to-day. It'll look better to you before night, I'll warrant you that."

"Won't you tell me anything?" cried Gerald despairingly, as she backed closer toward the door and with her unoccupied hand groped for its knob.

"I will not," she answered violently.

In another minute it had opened enough to give her egress, and she retreated, still facing him, still covering him with the capable-looking weapon. Next he heard the slipping of rusty bolts into place, and the grinding of the rusty key in the lock. He had a fit of impotent rage—the rage of a man senselessly defeated where he felt that he should have succeeded. He sprang to the door, and began pounding upon its iron panels with his clenched fists. He called, storming and swearing. Not even mockery or laughter replied to him.

Turning back into the room, he saw the unappetizing meal the woman had set before him. He was filled with the desire to kick it over, like a foolishly irate child; but he restrained himself. It was the thought of the slow, greasy stream trickling across the dirty floor

that deterred him. Later in the afternoon he was rather glad that he had refrained from gratifying his infantile impulse. Abominable as the mixture was, especially after it had cooled, it nevertheless served to revive his flagging strength and to stay the pangs of actual hunger.

Twilight came early in the loft, yet it seemed hours and hours to the prisoner. He had passed his time in the same futile round of anger and bewilderment as that in which the morning had gone. Now he was addressing public meetings at home on the subject of his wrongs, now he was memorializing Parliament, now he was accepting from the contrite United States of America humble apologies and large damages; again he was rejecting these, and was plunging the two countries into war.

And sometimes he was looking into Kathleen Fletcher's sea-gray eyes, and was begging her for an explanation of this that had befallen him. And then he would shake off all the moods and fancies born of his solitude and of the inexplicability of his kidnaping, and would try to face the situation reasonably; but only to come back to his original position—what reason was there in a situation so palpably insane?

The darkness of the room had grown heavy, and he was beginning to wonder whether the night was to pass without any light being shed upon his imprisonment, when his ears, acuter than they had ever been before in his life, seemed to catch sounds of life from the floors below him. He was sure that he could hear the tramping of feet upon wooden boards and up and down the stairs. The mysterious atmosphere that distinguishes a populous place from a deserted one, even without the evidence of hearing or of sight, seemed to him to begin to filter into his prison.

He was not surprised when, by and by, the key grated again in the door and the rusty bolts drew back. This time it was not his friend of the morning who appeared, but two men, distinguishable even in the darkness as big and powerful. They seized him, one by each arm, indifferent to his indignant

demand not to be touched, and dragged him toward the head of the stairs. He marched down between them, past a floor which seemed, from the glimpse he was able to catch of the contents of its rooms, to be used for storage purposes. On the next floor he was dragged into a room at one side of the hall.

For an instant, the sudden light after the darkness in which he had been for the last hour or two upstairs, and after the gloom of the passages, nearly blinded him. As he blinked his way back to clear sight, he made out a crowd of some fifty or sixty men and women seated on wooden benches in a barren, dirty hall. At one end stood a small platform with three or four chairs upon it. On the platform were two men, and it was toward them that Gerald was borne.

He immediately broke into speech, and was as immediately checked.

"We don't want to hear nothing from you," declared the gentleman who seemed to be conducting the exercises of the evening. "We know all about you, and that's enough."

A growl of approval at this masterly expression ran through the assembly.

"But I demand to be heard!" cried Gerald. "What sort of country is this? What kind of men—"

"He thinks he's addressing Congress," laughed a woman in the front row.

"I don't care what I am addressing—I want to be heard! You Americans have always claimed to be so keen for fair play, for free speech. What kind of a deal is this you're giving me?"

"Ah, dry up!" advised a rough-looking youth in the rear of the hall.

Gerald turned passionately toward the man who seemed to be the chairman of the meeting.

"Am I not to be heard?" he shouted. "Am I not to be told why I am treated in this fashion?"

Even as he spoke, he recognized the futility of his own words. His eyes, accustomed now to the light, experienced in reading faces, saw that he was not addressing a typical American audi-

ence. It seemed to him, in his swift survey of the room, that there were not four faces there marked with the features of the Anglo-Saxon or the Irish races. There were some Germans, he saw, a good many Italians, and more Slavs. He doubted whether all of them could even understand him when he talked English. There was a jumble of foreign tongues about him.

But the man on the platform, at least, could understand English. Gerald turned toward him again—a broad, heavy-featured, Teutonic personage, looking strangely bleached in the midst of the assembly, whose predominating native darkness of skin was increased by its generally unwashed and grimy air. As he looked more closely, he saw the explanation of the man's noticeable whiteness. He was powdered from his blond head to his big, square boots with a fine sifting of flour—a baker come from his underground ovens with his grievances.

The only response which he gave to Gerald's demand to be heard was to tell him to sit down and be quiet. This counsel was enforced by Gerald's two conductors, who pushed him backward into a wooden chair. After that the meeting proceeded with comparatively little regard to him. The door at the end of the room opened now and then to admit newcomers, who shuffled into seats as they could find them. Speeches were made in broken and illiterate English denouncing most of the institutions which the human race has evolved up to the present time—church, state, the family, marriage, and especially aristocrats and kings.

It occurred to Gerald, sitting on the platform and listening to the amazing, pointless, wandering eloquence of discontent, that a surprising proportion of it was leveled against the institution which he would have supposed to be less troublesome in America than anywhere else in the world—royalty. And every reference to kings and their crowns seemed to be pointed by a prolonged stare at him both from the speaker of the moment and the speaker's audience. Greater and greater grew



"You've made a mistake this time, Sheehy. This is no English prince."

his bewilderment, more insistent the conviction that he must be dreaming.

In the hall outside, there was a louder noise than had preceded the entrance of any of the other late comers. The door swung open, and a group of five or six men entered. It was led by Gerald's traveling companion of the day before—the drunken Irishman who had honored him and Cheverton with so much of his attention on the trip from Montreal. Gerald half sprang to his feet; but the pressure of two heavy hands upon his shoulders reminded him that he was not free to move as he pleased.

"And how does your grace like your accommodations?" inquired the Irishman, coming forward and sweeping Gerald a low bow.

The Pole who was speaking at the moment had desisted, and the room was silent except for the steps of the late comers and the voice of the Irishman.

"Sure, many a poor fellow has had worse in your grace's domains!"

A murmur of "Hear, hear!" testified to the pleasure the audience took in the words. Gerald looked from his interlocutor to the baker on the platform.

"Is this a lunatic asylum?" he demanded of that personage.

"Your kind have always thought men crazy who wanted their rights or who wanted revenge for their wrongs," declared the Irishman glibly.

And again the growl of "Hear, hear!" gave evidence that the audience was with him.

"I was addressing myself to the apparent chairman of this pandemonium," said Gerald haughtily. "However, I'm perfectly willing to talk with you instead, if you are rational enough to give a straight answer to a straight question."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head," growled one of Gerald's guards, enforcing the advice by considerable pressure on his shoulder.

"Mr. Chairman!" cried the Irishman loudly, addressing the baker, who responded gravely: "Brother Sheehy."

"We have with us to-night, in the person of the prisoner at our chairman's left," began Brother Sheehy, with evident enjoyment of his own voice, "the scion of a degenerate race, a cumberer of the earth, the idle thief of bread from hard-working men's mouths, the relentless foe of freedom, the parasite upon society, the noble who toils not, who spins not——"

"What is the meaning of this idiotic bombast?" demanded Gerald. "I can easily see that the speaker—Brother Sheehy—he sneered as he pronounced the name—"would have his own reasons for objecting to the profession which I represent. Not many of you, I imagine"—he grew reckless—"have any too much use for the law. But why a lawyer should be given title, and should be addressed as though he were a French noble before the Revolution, is something more than I can see."

Brother Sheehy watched him with a satirical smile while he made his speech.

"It's quite useless, your grace," he said, "for you to attempt to keep up your incognito. Look"—he drew a card from his pocket and passed it to the chairman—"are they the same, or aren't they?"

The baker gravely studied the card and Gerald's countenance.

"They are the same," he declared solemnly.

Gerald, craning his neck to see what the card contained, saw pasted upon it a small picture, apparently cut from some illustrated periodical. He could not see what the picture represented, but his mind naturally leaped to the conclusion that he was the victim of a case of mistaken identity.

"We've got him," Brother Sheehy was triumphantly proclaiming, "and now what shall we do with him?"

"Kill him!" shouted some one who was no believer in halfway measures, while others advised solitary confinement, a diet of bread and water, boiling in oil, tarring and feathering, hanging, shooting, and a variety of other time-honored treatments for individuals holding unpopular views, or otherwise rendering themselves objectionable.

But one dark, clever-looking young man arose in the rear of the room, and, on being duly recognized by the chair, proceeded to set forth his views.

"Brethren," he said, in a voice that somehow commanded their attention, "I sympathize heartily with the spirit all the speakers have shown. We have before us an enemy, and it is the impulse of the natural man to kill his enemies. We have before us a representative of a class that for generations has tortured the class to which we belong. We would be less than human if our minds did not picture some fitting torture for him."

"Hear, hear!" cried a shriveled, little woman wearing large spectacles and a picture hat.

The speaker acknowledged her applause by a graceful inclination of the head toward her.

"But let us speak as reasonable, far-sighted men and women," he pursued. "After all, the young man whom we see before us is personally harmless. I defy any of you to look at him and to think that he, as an individual, is of the slightest importance to you one way or the other. Most of you could thrash him in a fair fight"—Gerald darted an angry look at the young orator, and evidently longed to put his boast to the

test—"and not one of you could fail to get the better of him in any argument or any transaction in which your minds were pitted against his. As an individual, he is harmless—contemptible. It is only as the representative of an order that he has any meaning for us at all. His order we must fight day and night, in season and out of season. And what is the most potent weapon against his order? Money! At every turn in our great warfare against caste, against privilege, we need money—money to hire the halls where we teach the people, money to print the papers which we send out into their homes, money to perfect our organizations. Money is what we need. I move that we hold this young princeling for a ransom."

This idea seemed acceptable to all but a few of the most bloodthirsty of the gathering. They were quickly silenced in the pandemonium that broke loose over the questions of where and how to obtain money by holding Gerald prisoner.

Mr. Sheehy seemed to regard the whole proposition with more or less disfavor. Gaining the floor, he demanded to know if it was not due to his individual cunning and skill that Gerald was that night their captive. This being reluctantly admitted, he demanded to know if it was not fitting that he should have more than ordinary weight in deciding what should become of him.

There was a good deal of discussion on this point, and the peace of the meeting seemed in a fair way to be broken; but finally it was grudgingly allowed that he should at least be heard out. And then Mr. Sheehy declared that the ransom for which he would hold the young man was something more important than money.

"Until his august parent—and I now use the word august in the sense to which the young man is accustomed, and not according to my own definition—has given us the most solemn assurance that he would use all the influence he possesses—and I will not deny that that is considerable—to establish home rule in the most distressful country that—"

Mr. Sheehy seemed about to break into tears and poetry, but he was not allowed to go on. A dozen other gentlemen, with a dozen other projects appealing to them more strongly than home rule for Ireland, were on their feet in an instant.

Above the tumult of their voices Gerald was trying to make himself heard, calling: "Oh, you idiots; you unthinkable, unbelievable idiots, who do you think I am?"

Finally some one answered, while the clamor over the proper form of ransom for such a hostage increased upon the floor:

"Oh, we know who you are well enough!"

It was the fluent, dark young man who came close and shouted the information at him. And it appeared forthwith that he was believed to be a young son of one of the cousins of the king of England; that he was known to be visiting his royal relatives' American domain of Canada; that he was, furthermore, known to be a lively young sprig, who had eluded the older and graver of his Canadian hosts, and had proceeded to do a little sight-seeing in the States incognito.

For a second Gerald sat staring at his informant with his mouth and eyes both opened to their widest. He could not listen to the grotesque fantasy without believing that he was listening to madmen. But when his first paralysis of unbelief passed, he was overcome with mirth. Vaguely he realized the untimeliness of giving way to it. But he could not help it. He threw back his head, and fairly roared.

The sound of this Jovian laughter gradually overbore all the other sounds in the noisy room. The disputatious anarchists looked at him angrily. Sheehy shook an excited fist at him in an effort to break the flow of his cachinnations. But it was all in vain. What would have been in a woman a case of uncontrollable hysterics had Gerald in complete control. He, the modest son of a modest Dublin barrister, he a prince of the royal house! It was too much.

The door at the end of the hall opened and shut with a slam. Along the wooden floor sounded a quick, decisive, feminine tread. The quality of the angry silence which had followed Gerald's outbreak changed; the change communicated itself to him. He wiped his streaming eyes with a hand that shook, and looked down the aisle toward the newcomer. It was Kathleen Fletcher.

Afterward, it seemed to him that he had always known she would make her appearance in this ridiculous act of his American drama; but at the second she was more like an amazing hallucination than a confidently expected appearance. He stared at her. She stared back at him, palpably as astonished as he was.

Sheehy began talking to her in voluble explanation. She listened without removing her eyes from Gerald; and suddenly in the midst of Sheehy's recital she, too, burst into laughter.

"That man?" She indicated Gerald by an inclination of her dark head. "That man? You've made a mistake this time, Sheehy. This is no English prince. He is a Mr. Cromartin, of Dublin; and he crossed with me to Montreal last week."

"It is easier to forgive the mistakes of a drunken zealot than those of a perfectly sober young woman," struck in Gerald pointedly. "I must ask you to remember, Miss Fletcher, that this is not the first time I have encountered misunderstanding in this country."

He looked at her with bitter meaning, and it gratified him to see a flush of uncomfortable color upon her pale cheeks.

From the upper room in which he had spent the day some one appeared, bearing his hat and coat. Grudging and ungracious apology was tendered him, and his late hosts sought to exact a promise that he would not proceed against them for the day's mistake.

Mr. Cromartin hotly and somewhat injudiciously declined to promise immunity to any one, and then there was some discussion as to whether or not

he should be allowed to leave without further molestation.

Miss Fletcher resolved the situation. She had a decisive way of dealing with these people which commanded Gerald's admiration.

"I'm the only one of you all whom he knows, whom he would be able to trace or to prosecute," she declared. "I will act as his escort to the station. I'm not afraid of him or of anything that he can do. But in case he should decide to demand that the first policeman he meets return here to arrest you all, I advise that the meeting adjourn immediately—even before he and I leave."

Her advice was followed with wonderful speed. In five minutes she, and Gerald, and Sheehy remained alone in the deserted room.

"Go on out," said Sheehy sullenly. "I'll follow and lock up."

As they walked through the low quarter of the town in which his prison stood, Gerald was conscious of a curious conflict of emotion. He felt foolish, being piloted out of a ridiculous situation, which, nevertheless, had had its elements of danger, by this slim slip of a girl. He felt angry with her; and he felt consumingly curious about her. It was his curiosity that found voice as they neared the station.

"Miss Fletcher," he said, "will you not tell me how you come to be mixed up with madmen and knaves of that sort? What were you doing there?"

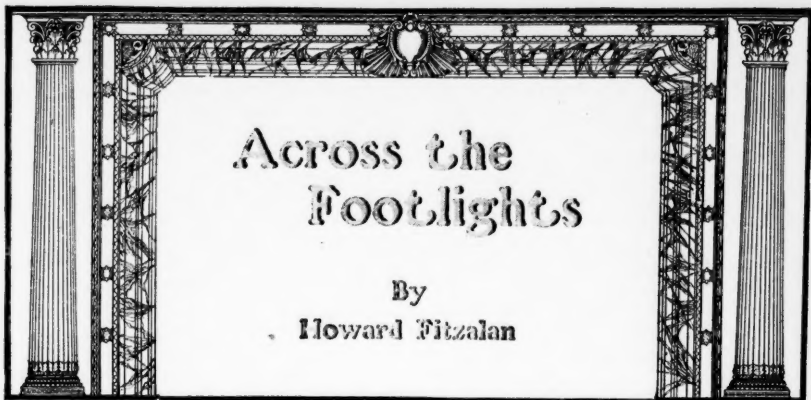
"Isn't it enough for you that my being mixed up with those madmen and knaves, as you choose to call the poor fellows, saved you from some trouble to-night? There comes the train for New York," she added hastily.

"But you—but you—what are you going to do?" cried Gerald, as she urged him toward the ticket office.

"I'm going to bid you good night and good-by," she returned decisively.

And while he fumbled at the window for his change she was gone, and he was left to make the trip into New York pondering upon many things.

TO BE CONTINUED.



IN Heaven's name, let us have a theatrical standard of excellence! It is necessary, it is imperious, or we must have a new set of managers every ten years. There are to-day those competent to judge the merits of a novel, an essay, a sonnet, an etching, an oil, or a pastel, a symphony, an opera, or a cantata—to place any one of these in a certain niche above or below the standard which is considered perfection. Now, it is all nonsense to say that these same principles cannot be applied to the judging of plays before production. Let us divide them into classes for all tastes by all means. Wagnerites do not enjoy Ivan Caryll—we know that; nor is a Charles Klein enthusiast apt to understand Synge's "Playboy of the Western World"; but that there should be a standard for Mr. Synge and none for Mr. Klein, Mr. Broadhurst, or Mr. Edward Sheldon is a direct defiance of logic.

It is all blamed on the public.

"You can't tell what the public is going to like," say the managers.

That is perfectly true. I will go further even than the managers, and declare seriously that the public will "stand" for books much worse than are being printed and plays inferior to the most meticulous that, to-day, "get by"; that is, if the book publisher and the manager have sufficient reasons for

spending enough money in advertisement to nullify the effect of adverse criticism.

The same thing has happened so many times in the theatrical world—when a manager's wife, say, is a star, or his son has written a play—that it is useless to multiply; in almost every instance where the manager was willing to spend enough money the play "got over."

But, except in these cases of personal interest, why is it necessary to put on plays which will be instantly condemned as trash by every intelligent man or woman who attends the dress rehearsal, and who flees from the fatuously beaming manager who approaches, still confident, in spite of visual and auricular evidence to the contrary, that he has a "good piece of theatrical property"?

The only explanation that I know of is that managers have a "silly season," when they accept plays for but one reason; that they see in them some "part" to suit the personality of a favored player. Judging at least a dozen plays that have been produced this season, strictly from the manuscript, I am confident that any person who considered them impartially would have resented the impertinence of the authors in even sending them.

But it is not always the author's

fault. It should be remembered that it is dangerous for a person who is not a watchmaker to try to correct some defect in a timepiece. Instead of remedying a trifling error in timekeeping, they may ruin the watch. Managerial tinkering with plays is the exact analogy of tinkering with watches. Two striking examples of it were "A Certain Party" and "Little Miss Fix-It." Both plays were, at one time, rather amusing little comedies; but, when it was decided to turn them into musical pieces, the results were inept. One could see where the worth of the comedy situations had been; but it was a matter of suggestion rather than realization.

Another point of similarity between these two plays is that both served to introduce as stars clever headliners from vaudeville—Mabel Hite and Nora Bayes—both of whom are so happily married that their husbands are their leading men. Miss Bayes went so far in self-abnegation as to have Jack Norworth's name linked with her own as that of co-star, an honor that his thespic ability does not justify. Mabel Hite's husband, the ex-king of the diamond, Mike Donlin, deserves stellar honors quite as much as Mr. Norworth; but Mike would very much resent the suggestion.

"A Certain Party" opens as a straight farce, becomes musical comedy in the second act, with a touch of vaudeville; and, in the last act, is quite unclassifiable; but it provides a reasonable amount of entertainment of assorted kinds, chiefly through the efforts of Mabel Hite, whose droll personality might, however, be much better tailored than in this piece; which is no fault of the authors, however, as they wrote it for Ada Lewis, and it was originally produced in Chicago as "The Head of the House," with no idea that song numbers were going to be interpolated. Miss Hite's "imitations" might be elided without loss. There are only two genuine "imitators"—Cissie Loftus and Elsie Janis. Miss Hite is too clever in her own right to court comparison with minor persons, who imitate be-

cause they cannot think of any other way of keeping before the public. She is one of those who will be imitated.

Nora Bayes is just as inadequately tailored in "Little Miss Fix-It," a comedy which also resents the presence of song numbers; for, as William J. Hurlbut wrote it, all agreed it was a laughable conceit. Miss Bayes is remarkable "in the profession" for her ability to "get a song over"; no word of it ever misses an audience; and if the song is anywhere near a minor point of excellence, the very fact that Miss Bayes sings it generally makes it certain of success. I think, however, that her talents were shown to much better advantage when she appeared on the New York Roof; shining as she did there by comparison with the other singers, whose words were absolutely unintelligible to any one halfway to the back of the theater. But she is not a particularly good actress, and should be given many songs and fewer lines.

Bernard Shaw says: "There are no perfectly honorable men; but every man has one main point of honor and a few minor ones." So no star is perfectly entertaining, but has one main talent for entertainment and a few minor ones. In the minor ones, the star is no better—and perhaps worse—than lower-salaried persons. It is because of Miss Bayes' ability to interpret songs that we grant her right to be starred. On the other hand, with Miss Hite, it is for the reason that she is able to make us laugh with her burlesquery that we want to see her featured above the others.

THE FOLIES BERGERE.

The most courageous thing that has been done in theatricals anywhere in the world is that enterprise which now has its being on Forty-sixth Street, just off Broadway, and which was pushed through to completion in spite of the serious shakings of heads on the part of theatrical wiseacres. With the Folies Bergere, it is no question of the present entertainment—the inaugural one—succeeding; the theater and the res-

taurant must be a success. The founders must discover whether or not New Yorkers desire to enter a theater at six o'clock, order dinner, and sit toying with coffee and cognac after the curtain goes up. Then, when eleven o'clock comes, the management must again discover whether a sufficient number of people who have been to other theaters will desire to pay an extra admittance to see another show while they are eating supper, a show that terminates at one o'clock—this one vaudeville, "The Cabaret Show."

It is not a place likely to be patronized by the ordinary theatergoer, who looks on the expenditure of four dollars in seats as a wild excess to be indulged in, at the most, once a week. The management has been lavish of money in fitting up this jewel box of a theater; the present production there was launched at a greater expense than any musical comedy ever given—twice as much as most; the restaurant gear, the subterranean kitchens, with their ventilating plant, the noiseless system for calling waiters; all the many and ingenious devices necessary if the restaurant part of the business is not to conflict with the theatrical end, cost a small fortune, entirely apart from the building of the house itself, which has no counterpart except in a gorgeous Maxfield Parrish picture illustrating "The Arabian Nights"; therefore, such an investment must necessarily bring in greater returns than the ordinary theater; and, if two people go there simply to see the show, and neither to eat nor to drink, all the management's statistics are thrown out of proportion.

The show itself is equaled by only one other that I have ever seen—that at the Winter Garden; and is, to a certain extent, along the same lines; except that there is introduced a long pantomime ballet, on which the ingenuity of an Italian ballet master, the color scheme of a French artist, and the daring expensiveness of an American manager have been combined to such good purpose that it is the most perfect thing of its kind ever seen on any stage; quite outdistancing those of the real Folies

Bergere, or its English rivals, the homes of ballet, the Empire and the Alhambra. For many years the name of "Britta," the rival of Genée, blazed before the last-mentioned theater. She is now the première danseuse at the new Folies Bergere. Another sort of foreign dancing is done in the first part of the show by Marthe Lenclud, Cleo de Merode's brilliant successor in the French opera ballet.

The word "revue" in French theatrical parlance means a musical skit which permits the introduction of the current doings of the world in a satirical manner; it is the nearest approach to "musical comedy" the French have; there is nothing between "La Bohème" and a "revue." The New York Folies Bergere follows the "revue" system pretty closely in the two musical entertainments which precede and follow the ballet. The first shows Rennold Wolf's idea of "Hell"; it is the first time this clever theatrical journalist has written for the stage; but there is no trace of amateurishness about his work; it is distinctly "smart." The second "revue" is a burlesque of the little Portuguese monarch's love affair with Gaby, "The Lily," and reintroduces Ethel Levey, who was featured in just this sort of an entertainment at the Olympia, in Paris, a year ago. Kathleen Clifford, who wears men's clothes better than any man ever wore them, and who can also play a child of six and make you believe she's no older, has the hardest work of the production on her shoulders, sustaining no less than six entirely different parts; and a newcomer, Emily Lea, compares favorably with the foreign ballerinas. Ada Lewis, who can do anything well, contributes the hardest work of her career to both revues. With these four women only one of the men, Laddie Cliff, who is *King Emanuel*, deserves to rank. Here the women actually do the work.

No one who wants a new sensation in the way of entertainment can afford to miss this new affair. There is nothing like it anywhere; and so long as Broadway has dollars to squander, there is no place in the world where they can squan-

der them more quickly or to better advantage.

"AN OLD NEW YORKER."

Another new and attractive theater opened about the same time, The Playhouse on West Forty-eighth Street; the owner of which, William A. Brady, showed a very proper feeling in having Miss Grace George, his wife, play the two opening performances with a trifling but agreeable little play, "Sauce for the Goose," criticism being disarmed concerning it as Mr. Brady announced it for but two performances. "Over Night," one of his successes, then stepped in, and continued the theater's theatrical life.

A second short run of Mr. Brady's was that of "An Old New Yorker," which remained but one week at Daly's, and which Mr. Brady closed to make room for Mantell's Shakesperian season. Just why Mr. Brady had so little confidence in this piece when but a small amount of work was necessary to transform it into a fairly good play is something about which he, no doubt, is quite satisfied; but personally I found some delicate and charming character drawing in the piece, and I admired the central theme—that an honorable man would rather retire from business than make fortunes by ruining helpless people. I presume the scene was laid somewhere around Stuyvesant Square; almost all the characters were figures that might have stepped out of Jane Austen—they were almost Georgian in their faded gentility; and the contrast between the ideals of the old-school gentleman and the get-rich-quick cad was well done.

The authors wrote "The Gentleman from Mississippi," so it is not for me to tell them how to achieve popularity. So, speaking of their last act, I can only say they must have been very tired and jaded when they wrote it. It has all the ingenuity of a twelve-year-old boy's essay on George Washington, with much the same naïve manner of putting things. Harrison Rhodes, who writes charmingly, was one author; Thomas A. Wise,

an excellent and lovable character actor—the star of the piece incidentally—the other. The part originally written for Douglas Fairbanks, who co-starred in the "Mississippi" play with Mr. Wise, was well played by William Roselle; although, of course, no one can equal the Fairbanks insouciance and contagious chuckle. Douglas is like Lulu Glaser in that respect.

"MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH."

It is gratifying to see American social themes beginning to receive some attention on the stage. The "society" plays—so-called—that we have had, so far, are mere imitations of the English school, played by actors who are either English themselves, or who have acquired the manners and accents of Britons; and the pieces are localized simply by the substitution of Palm Beach for Nice, the Adirondacks for Scotland, and Wall Street for Capel Court. As a matter of fact, except for the very gilded folk, our social system is absolutely unlike that of Great Britain, except possibly the part of England that Arnold Bennett has made his own—"The Five Towns"—a manufacturing center, and a place where fortunes can be made by others than the upper class. The keynote of American society—I use the word in its broadest sense—is continual change.

That it takes three generations to make a lady is certainly not true of Americans. If one can judge superficially, they turn out a pretty fair imitation after four years of convent, two of finishing school, and one or two added for a trip abroad. To this class belonged *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh*; and, as played by Mrs. Fiske, she is a character worth preserving in our national gallery.

Not that the lady was difficult to portray. When one changes abruptly from an accent that out-Englises the Eccentric Club to an Idahoese that out-Westerns the inhabitants of Medicine Gulch, the transition is bound to produce laughter and applause; for, when the two accents are well done and thrown into such

immediate juxtaposition, the contrast is immediately noted by the stupidest.

Many complain that Mrs. Fiske mouths her speeches to such an extent that she cannot be understood without a glossary. Perhaps I have been fortunate in always sitting somewhere near the front row; but so insistent are many with their complaint of her un-understandability, that I have tried to puzzle out why they think so. I think it is for this reason: Mrs. Fiske has a trick of realism which consists in talking incessantly, or, rather, mumbling, through a theatrical crisis. The mumbling is of words not in the "script" of the play; they are spoken "ad lib."—anything that comes into her head—and are not supposed to be heard; she simply carries out her belief that, at such moments, a woman talks in a sort of wild aimlessness. It is like complaining that you do not get coherent fragments of the mob that yells off stage; you do not *want* to get them; it is simply a mob that you are taking into account dramatically—an angry one supposedly; and, from my experience back of the scenes, I have found that the hoarse growling is generally made up of such sentences as these: "Kill the property man," "Get off my feet, you big stiff," and, over and above all, the voice of the "captain" of "supernumeraries": "Shout, you blankety-blank idiots, shout!"

If you heard these coherently, you would not be impressed with any belief that the outside mob was clamoring for the life of the star. Mrs. Fiske probably mumbles extracts from her critical notices, some of which are enough to make any star lady angry.

"Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" deals with a rather inane plot on the part of some Anglicized Westerners to marry one of their kin—a "sweet young girl"—into an exclusive Long Island family. The sweet young girl, tired of hypocrisy, "gives the game away," and gets the man she really wants. Some wonderfully good character sketches of Americans in the rough are given by Henry E. Dixey and Florine Arnold. The play shows that Mr. Harry James Smith has studied these types, and the type por-

trayed by Mrs. Fiske, excellently well; but his aristocrats are not convincing.

"DOCTOR DE LUXE."

Messrs. Otto Hauerbach and Karl Hoschna, authors of "Madame Sherry," generally write pieces that have a semi-plausible story; there is always some excuse for the introduction of song numbers; and their lines and music are somewhat out of the ordinary. There seems to be some discussion as to the advisability of putting the name of Ralph Herz—R. C. Herz he was once—in letters larger than that of the piece. To star, in the lexicon of Broadway, is to seem to be more important than your production; to be featured is to have your name in letters slightly smaller than those advertising the piece; as, for instance, "The Fortune Hunter" with John Barrymore. Mr. Herz is "starred" in "Doctor De Luxe"; and, if starring is to become the general custom, personally I think he deserves to be. He has a droll personality, and enough of the legitimate actor is still in him to prevent him descending to horseplay.

Doctor De Luxe tells of his adventures as valet to cats and dogs. The first scene is laid in an animal fancier's shop and veterinary hospital, into which Herz, knowing nothing of the business, is introduced as a "vet." He continues to be a victim of laughable misunderstandings throughout the piece, which contains some excellent musical numbers, one of which is worked all through the piece—a trick of these authors—as in "Madame Sherry," and entitled "For Every Boy That's Lonely There's a Girl Who's Lonely Too." It is the ideal popular air; which is to say, it combines catchiness and lyrical worth, and will undoubtedly follow in the footsteps of "Ev'ry Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own," the "Sherry" hit, which the whole world now insists on whistling and singing—all wrong.

It is only just to those who look for finality in any reviewer's work to state that my favorable impressions of the Herz show were not shared by dramatic

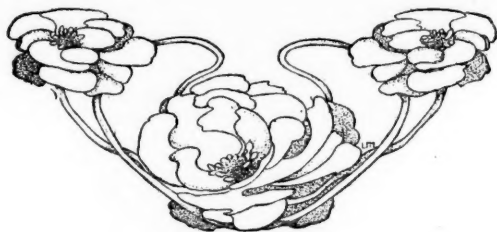
critics in general. There is much in the mood in which one comes to the play; having laughed at Herz before, I came to laugh again. And I never apologize for laughing. He who can trick me into it gets my respect.

"THE LONDON FOLLIES."

In justice to my friend, Mr. Pelissier, who originated a new system of entertainment, not unlike the old-time minstrel show, except that all his performers wore Pierrot costumes instead of "blackening up," and whose "potted plays"—burlesques of the current London attractions—have made him and his company one of the features of the English capital, I feel it necessary to put in a word concerning an entertainment offered at Weber's Theater for one night only; which, in spite of its

exploiters' denials, purported to have some connection with the Pelissier affair. Except for the presence in the cast of one of Mr. Pelissier's original company, Norman Blume, and the attempt to follow out the Pelissier scheme without the Pelissier cleverness, this venture had no whispering acquaintance with Pelissier himself.

The first, and only, night of this extraordinary affair will be long remembered in theatrical history; for it was such a very bad case that an American audience lost its good manners, and hooted and booed the performers. This is often done in London. It is one of the things in which we "have it on" the mother country; but, if things as bad as this so-called "Follies" are allowed to be presented on the stage, we can hardly blame an audience for trying both to amuse and revenge themselves.



Love and Summer

SUMMER enters, all at once.
Such a coy and cautious spring
Went before it! Thin-veiled suns,
Just a few brave birds a-wing.
Yesterday the world awoke;
Aspens chatter overhead,
Royalty in purple cloak
Struts within the pansy bed.

Love has entered all at once!
Hearts that late were cool and grave
Feel the glorious tide that runs
Eager as the moon-drawn wave.
Royal color warms and dyes
Waking worlds about us, Sweet,
And an Eden's blossoms rise
Fresh from God, to touch our feet!
JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING.



Grouped about were a couple of dozen women all talking their hardest.

Polly the Pretender

By Mary Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BUNKER

A VERY young gentleman was J. Winthrop Stanley—the term is used quite liberally—and if his past performances were anything to go by he was not likely to grow old. A man who rides recklessly to hounds, plays polo, and thrills at the thought of thoroughbreds with bright flags dipped to the turf, can't count his pastimes as conducive to longevity.

But J. Winthrop Stanley had good nerve. He never showed a sign that his sleep of nights was broken or his appetite disturbed by any risk he gamely ran. A sporting chance was all he wanted.

"Every one gets it some day or other—and when my number's up I hope I'll be having some fun," he slangily confided to another gentleman rider who less carelessly courted death.

The idea that an exponent of this bright scheme should be lodged, last August—not at the Saratoga track, but in a conservative, country hotel, far from all brush-topped barriers, was something too surprising to be readily assimilated by any of Stanley's kind. Yet there Stanley was, in a dull New Hampshire village, trying to get over the effects of a fall sustained in the Beaverwyck stakes.

While no bones had been broken, his system had received a somewhat severe shock, and a pessimistic medical practitioner had told him to take to the tall timbers for a little timely rest.

"Go where it's quiet," he cunningly advised, "if you're out for any silver cups in the hunt-club meetings this fall. Just go away and sleep. Lack of excitement, above all. Mountain air, hay,

hammocks, babbling brooks, berries. Just revel in simplicity. It will be a change for you, my boy. I don't doubt you'll enjoy it."

Stanley stared at the doctor in blank amaze.

"I'll have to have a nice quiet little stew on all the time for that," he said, suppressing a smile at the doctor's disapproving gesture.

"But you'll go?" urged Doctor Sears.

"Hanged if I will!" said Stanley.

But better counsel at length prevailed, and though Stanley had listened to the doctor's harangue in much the same spirit that a nurse listens to a mildly insane patient, he decided to humor him and go.

The day after his arrival, the erstwhile gentleman jockey stood looking idly out of one of the long windows of the hotel office. He watched with jaundiced eye some uninteresting-looking girls who knocked croquet balls knowingly about the lawn, and wondered what he could find to do to waste the golden hours of the long midsummer day. It was a lovely morning, clear and fresh. Sunshine streamed through the leaves of the maples which surrounded the hotel. The grass of the lawn, wet with dew, sparkled in the sun, and on the piazza a party of women were opening the day with a little brisk bickering about a hand of bridge as played by one of them the night before.

From where Stanley was standing, stretched an extensive view of the mountain range, hung low with fleecy summer clouds.

"This will sour me for life," he groaned, for nature's magic made no appeal.

His eye wandered across a spread of meadows netted with stone walls where farmers were busy raking hay. There are few things more restful than to see other people work, and for a moment he almost seemed to enjoy the peaceful scene.

Then his mood changed. His mind ranged over the various matters, reverting at length to the sporting events always uppermost in his thoughts.

"If I hadn't been an idiot, I needn't have had that spill," he mused.

In his imagination he pictured his last unlucky race, when Timber Topper, his great chestnut thoroughbred, had taken off too close at the last jump, and come crashing to earth on the landing side, subsequently rolling on his rider. He heard the creaking of leather, the pounding of hoofs, and the snapping of silks that went sailing by him. He smelled the salty sweat as he leaned low on the glistening neck of his almost spent stallion for a last final spurt. The cry "Come on, you Timber Topper!" roared in his ears. He heard the groan which had rolled from thousands of human throats collectively as the game brute fell, and the same choking sensation filled his throat.

His hand clenched nervously on a purple-bordered handkerchief gayly adorned with horses' heads. He looked before him with unseeing eyes.

The hotel clerk came over to him, smiling obsequiously, and Stanley pulled himself together with a start.

"Your mail, Mr. Stanley. I hope you like your rooms. You've found worse hotels than this, eh?" he asked, with a faint attempt at pleasantry.

"Yes, I have," said Stanley. "But not many," he added. He added it to himself, however, for he had a latent realization that his passion for truth had made him unpopular at one race track and two clubs.

The ceremony of opening his morning mail did not promise to be full of excitement and interest, for it was nearly all from city creditors. He selected one businesslike-looking missive, and stuffed the rest into his pocket, to be leisurely perused at some later date.

The letter that he elected to read was from his old friend, Doctor Sears, and though Stanley was not one of those who believe in premonitions, attributing them to such mundane causes as liver, chills, or old R—E—Morse, he had a curious foreboding as he opened the envelope. As he started to read, he concluded that there is more in a presentiment than the casual observer might imagine.

The doctor started in with the cheering information that Stanley was in much worse shape than he had been led to suppose, and that he must stay in the mountains for several weeks longer than he had been first advised.

Stanley felt that this was more than any man could bear with prescribed angelic fortitude.

"Oh, damn it all!" he growled, and crumpled the purple horses ruthlessly. "Up with the dawn," the letter went on, in the doctor's flowing style, "big breakfasts, walks, lack of excitement, flannels, plenty of buttermilk, cheerful conversation."

Stanley cast a furtive glance in the direction of the rocking-chair brigade, which, drawn up by the side piazza, had been covertly looking his way.

"I think I'll can the cheerful conversations," he muttered. "There's no class or speed to that bunch of skirts."

He tore the letter into bits, and assigned it to a cuspidor. Then he strode out of the office and down the steps. As he passed them by, several of the women smiled, and one of them said: "How are you, Mr. Stanley? I trust you're feeling better."

"Now, who the deuce is she?" Stanley asked himself, as he gave a cool, perfunctory bow, and murmured something unintelligible.

He was dressed in an old riding suit and a shabby Panama hat, a costume which, of all his wardrobe, was least calculated to impress. To a casual observer he would probably not suggest wealth or even eminent respectability. But as he glanced back at the hotel before starting down the road, it was an animated scene that met his eye. One interested woman was parleying with the hotel manager, who stood in the doorway watching him. Grouped about, were a couple of dozen women, young, middle-aged, and old, all talking their hardest. He could distinguish nothing of what they were saying, but their eyes were fixed upon him with such an expectant expression that it would have furnished an instructive sight to those who hold that optimism has died out of the human breast.

Stanley shrugged his shoulders, and walked on.

"I didn't know that I looked as rich as all that," he said.

"Of course, you know that he's very wealthy," one of the women was remarking. She rolled out the last word almost reverentially.

"Oh, yes, we knew that," replied several young girls who seemed to feel their responsibility as chorus.

Mrs. Steele, a shrewd, discriminating old lady, the hotel's social arbiter, gave them a sharp glance.

"It does not need a preternaturally keen observer to deduce from your actions that you do," she stated shortly; "but it may interest you to know a few details just at hand. His father left him four millions, of which he has absolute control. He cares little for women, in a serious sense, but is absolutely wrapped up in his horses, and lives for sport; so it won't do any good for any of you pretty girls to set your cap for him. His aunt, Mrs. Burden Brown, has told me all about it. He is a bright chap, too," she added.

One of the managing mammas, among those present, bore Mrs. Steele's revelations with praiseworthy fortitude, casting upon her daughter an affectionate and admiring glance.

"Well, I hope all the girls will be kind to him, and make his stay pleasant," she ventured complacently.

Mrs. Steele actually snorted.

"Kindness is a drug in the market with him," she snapped. "But act by the light of your own intelligence. I've had my say."

The managing mamma lifted her lorgnette, and looked at her coldly. She let matters drop there.

Mrs. Steele chuckled. She was a really clever talker, but she wasted no flowers of speech on those incapable of understanding them. Later on, she thought, when the managing mamma had awakened to her real position, she might aid her with a little valuable advice.

One scandal-loving matron, who could always bring to light things that



He heard the creaking of leather, the pounding of hoofs, and the snapping of silks that went sailing by him.

are best forgotten, then started in to tell some gossip she heard that had to do with the young millionaire's career. She hinted darkly at many things, gambling, swearing, and other acts which had no relish of salvation in them.

"I don't like men who are drones," one earnest-looking girl in spectacles broke in, "and Mr. Stanley never made an honest dollar in his life."

"He didn't have to," retorted the scandalmonger, drawing down her mouth. "His father left him too many dishonest ones—robbing the widows and orphans," she added, with evident relish.

Mrs. Steele laughed maliciously.

The buzz of conversation was broken

by the arrival of a coach which had been sent to meet the incoming New York train. It swung heavily up the drive, and stopped in front of the steps with a heavy lurch. A great deal of bustle followed, and a cheery activity pervaded the hotel. Porters and bell boys were on hand to attend to the passengers and help with the luggage. It was the event of the day, and excitement was extreme. Women and girls, singly and in pairs, peered eagerly at the avalanche of warm humanity which was swept from off the coach.

The last of the new arrivals to alight was a little girl dressed in a blue suit, of the variety known as Peter Tompkins. Her face, as much of it as was visible under her flopping hat brim, was pretty and piquant.

Her hair was braided in two long, brown pigtails tied with enormous ribbon bows. She had rosy cheeks and nice gray eyes, with a frank, boyish expression lurking within them. Altogether, she was a very prepossessing little person, that even the critical might contemplate with pleasure. An excited bull terrier jumped after her, and stood stiff and upright on the hotel steps, licking his pink chops and regarding his surroundings haughtily. The other member of the party was a woman, addressed as Lelia, evidently a maid.

"Miss Polly, you won't be able to keep that dog in the hotel," she was complaining, as she touched the bone of contention with her toe.

"I will, too, take Raffles in. I'd like to see them stop me."

They argued the matter. Suddenly Lelia became a thing of dash. She picked up the bags, clutched the child by one arm, replying to her thrusts with repartee, and darted toward the office door. Raffles ran under her feet just as she was about to make this haughty exit, and managed to upset her. She sat down on a bucket of fruit which one of the arrivals had left on the piazza floor for a moment.

"Clumsy!" observed the little girl tersely.

"Miss Polly, you must not speak like that."

"Well, what did you sit on the fruit for?"

They argued some more, but at last disappeared into the hotel.

"She is a willful-looking child," said Mrs. Steele, who happened to be watching them. Then, realizing that it is not altogether fair to judge a young lady's character when put in a position of physical discomfort, she kindly added: "But she has a sweet little face, at that."

She walked along the piazza to the office window, and looked in. It was plain that she was engaged in pulling her memory together. She was trying to place the child; she had seen her somewhere, that was certain, but she could not think where—or who she was. Then a look of startled surprise flashed over her features.

"It can't be," she whispered to herself; "yes, I am confident it is. I never forget a face."

The little girl, who was registered as Miss Polly Maynard and maid, New York City, managed to create a considerable commotion in the hotel circles, from the day of her arrival. It was generally agreed that she was a very good person to know casually, that a little of her went a long way indeed. "That tomboy with the dog," some of the servants called her covertly. Others doubtfully dubbed her "The Angel Child." Mrs. Steele referred to her kindly as "The Kiddie."

The child seemed to take it for granted that she was a welcome and an honored guest among any of the "grown ups"; privileged to join in a conversation, and offer unsolicited advice. And if ever there was an *enfant terrible*, gifted with the unfortunate turning of a sentence, it was Polly. Her candid comments had all the vigor of an electric shock.

She, also, had a disconcerting way of not making her presence known until she was actually in the midst of some sequestered circle, and then suddenly vanishing, as softly and silently as she had come. This, also, did not tend to enhance her popularity.

By the end of a couple of days there wasn't a favorite corn in the summer coterie that the child hadn't stepped on. But for Mrs. Steele's evident liking for her and the joyous good-fellowship which she possessed to a degree that differences vanished before it like thawed snow, Polly would have been unquestionably proclaimed the hotel pest, and possibly sent to Coventry.

She took a lively interest in the hotel's love affairs, and in some of her less tactless moments made quite an agreeable confidante to some of the young ladies who loved to talk about themselves.

Polly lent an attentive ear to all the outpourings, and, like Br'er Fox, "didn't say nuffin'" — at least, not then.

Later on, she called Raffles to her, and told him all about it.

"There's one thing certain," she said, as she twitched his pink ears, "I don't want any of those girls to get Winthrop Stanley—and I'll see to it that they don't."

Polly, who knew all about early birds and their perquisites, perched upon the piazza rail early one morning, awaiting the arrival of the worm. On the grass lay Raffles, blinking lazily at a couple of sparrows chirping in a flowering bush.

Suddenly Stanley, the coveted prize, appeared from around the corner.

He caught sight of the little ginger-clad figure, and stopped.

As it is the privilege of woman to make the first sign of recognition, Polly took advantage of it.

"Hello!" she called.

Stanley lifted his hat in his noncommittal fashion.

Polly didn't intend to let him get away with anything like that.

"Hello, Mr. Stanley!" she called again, in a more peremptory tone. "You are trying to cut me, are you?"

Raffles, who seemed to feel that it was now "up to him" to take a hand in the matter, jumped up and began to frisk about in his most engaging manner.

These maneuvers seemed to have a pleasant effect upon the young man watching. Terriers were invariably good company, even though they had little girls attached to them. He patted the dog's head, and grinned quite chummily at Polly.

"Where were you going?" she asked, encouraged by his friendliness.

"Down to Minor's farm to get some buttermilk."

"Want me to come along?"

Stanley hesitated.

"Oh, I don't care," he said, after he had weighed the matter in his mind. "You'll go well with buttermilk, I guess. But bring the dog along."

They started off. The air was deliciously cool and fresh, and a bright haze hung over the mountains. As yet the sun was undecided just how to conduct his duties of the day.

"Do you like buttermilk?" Polly inquired, by way of starting a conversation.

"No, I hate it."

"But it's good for you," she urged.

"So is church, and prayer, and——"

"And medicine," she pleasantly put in.

From this on conversation languished. Raffles was friendliness itself, and Polly tried to be most entertaining, but it is not easy to conduct a bright chat when all the sallies are on one side. It tends to spoil the flow of eloquence.

"Don't you ever talk?" she finally demanded.

"Oh, sometimes—but what's the use if one doesn't feel in the mood? People don't appreciate it."

Polly shrugged her slight shoulders.

Her vocabulary, evidently, did not suggest a neat, epigrammatic, yet courteous, retort. She was obliged to fall back on a hackneyed denunciation.

"What a pig, you!" she pouted.

"Yes, it does seem rather selfish of me, doesn't it?"

Polly sniffed.

"No wonder that the girls at the hotel say that your conversation would never be a strain upon the ear drums. Your remarks are both low and infrequent."

"Are you sure they said that?"

Polly laughed, and stooped to pick up a stick for Raffles which he was begging her to throw. She skipped about the road in a joyous summer mood, with the terrier jumping backward, his eyes fixed on the stick which she held above her head. His short, excited barks urged her to play.

"If Raffles doesn't stop that noise I can't possibly go on," Stanley complained, "and I was just about to tell you that I can be most entertaining when I choose. There isn't a man, woman, or child I can't get on with, when I want to."

Polly tossed the stick over into a field.

"Go ahead and try it," she encouraged.

"Oh, it's too much trouble to pick out words that you can understand."

Stanley struggled with a laugh. For some reason or other, his companion struck him as very funny indeed.

Polly shot a suspicious sidelong glance in his direction.

"The girls at the hotel say that you are the rudest man they have ever seen."

"Well, that's going some."

"Mrs. Brooks, the girl who has just come from Reno, is the only one who thinks you nice at all."

"Who is she? Have I met her?"

"Why, yes, she's the one who rides, and knows so much about horses."

Stanley laughed. "Oh, yes, she always reminds me of that old chap who

was the horstiest person afoot and the footest person a-horse. So she's crazy about me, what?"

"I don't suppose so," said Polly. "But I know that she excused you when the others called you horrid. She explained that a man with as much money as you have doesn't have to be nice or good-looking, either. 'Manners don't count in his class,' she said, 'or conformation, either, as long as he's got the coin.'"

"Well, you'll get the gate in a minute, Polly, if you hand out rough stuff like that. I don't want to listen to their gossip. What they said and what you said doesn't interest me in the least."

Polly looked up in apparent confusion.

"I didn't say anything about you that was impolite," she began apologetically.

Stanley smiled.

"What you said was more ladylike, more courteous, on a higher plan altogether, eh?"

Polly made no answer.

"Well, I'm certainly sorry that I've subjected the pure and unmercenary natures of the ladies to all this strain."

He looked down at his half wornout, dusty riding boots regretfully, and sighed.

"There's nothing in it, Polly; I must try not to look so opulent."

Polly looked at the boots, and giggled.

"There's something very pleasant in a bachelor existence," he rambled on.

Polly again threw Raffles' stick for him, paying no attention to this remark.

"Though I'm pretty bored, at that. It's hard to find anything one really likes to do for any length of time. I've tried everything but flying and getting married. I might put in a year or so at that."

Polly turned on him like a surprised kitten.

"Do you really mean to get married?" she inquired.

"I really do. What kind of a married man do you think I'll make?"

"Oh, pretty bad."

Stanley chuckled.

"I guess you're right," he said. "But don't you think," he teased, "if I should change my ways, and so on, the hotel ladies would feel more kindly disposed toward me—say in a month's time? I might be qualified for the matrimonial stakes, after all."

"Of course, you *might*," admitted Polly, but she spoke doubtfully. "Mrs. Steele said that she'd wager you'd never marry a poor girl."

"Well, she's right, I wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because the girl might be so extravagant that I'd have to economize. I don't want to come to smoking cheap cigarettes after I'm married, you know."



"Clumsy!" observed the little girl tersely.

He tossed a half-smoked weed to the side of the road—and Polly frowned severely.

"I should think you'd like them diamond studded," she suggested, with heavy sarcasm.

"Not a bad idea."

"Mrs. Brooks says you've got money enough to afford steam yachts, race horses, and divorces, or anything you want."

"Did she, indeed? Well, for all that, the girl I marry will have to be rich, believe me.

"You might mention this to our friends at the hotel," he added, as an afterthought.

Polly frowned.

"I think that that is a horrid way to talk, and you are really so decent at heart. I feel sure you are."

Stanley looked at her rather kindly for a minute. Then he grinned somewhat sheepishly.

"Yes, I'm a decent son of a gun," he said. "You're quite right, kid. Anyway, you'd rather chum with an old reprobate like me than the rest of the hotel contingent. Confess, now, wouldn't you?"

"You aren't going to marry any of those young women?"

"God forbid! I'm sorry I can't, for the poor girls need the money. But all I can offer them is sympathy and a little good advice."

Polly assumed an attitude of attention, waiting for him to continue, but the man seemed to be thinking about something else with great intentness. She ventured that "it was lovely weather for walking," then came another lull in the conversation, and an unpleasant fear that she was boring him possessed her. But Polly was a plucky little person, and didn't mean to give up. She gave him several leads, and Raffles wagged his tail encouragingly.

"That's a nice pony you've got in the stable," she at length declared.

Had she been an astute woman of the world, she could not have picked out a more fortunate topic, and she was rewarded by seeing Stanley's face light up. Boredom began to wrestle with

talkativeness. Talkativeness had it. Speech poured from him with a rush.

"That pony," he began, "is just like a miniature thoroughbred. Did you ever see such a beautiful head and neck? He's a mean little devil, though; it takes good hands to ride him. You never saw anything so handy—he's just like a cat on his feet. I'm going to break him to play polo," he continued; and thereupon gave a catalogued account of various polo ponies he had owned.

He had wanted to pour forth ideas on his hobby into a sympathetic ear. Polly offered that same sympathetic ear. She listened appreciatively, and never interrupted him.

Indeed, one might have gathered from his expression, as they neared the hotel on the way back from the farm, that he regretted the unfortunate necessity of having to curtail his remarks. But Polly's severe-faced maid was by the steps waiting for her, and it behooved him to be succinct.

"Come and have a look at the pony this afternoon," he invited. His tone was unenthusiastic, but his manner was eager.

"Will you promise to be nice and polite to me?"

"I give you my word. I'm sorry that I've seemed so rude to you."

"Do you really and truly feel ashamed of yourself?" she demanded.

"I really and truly do."

Polly favored him with a patronizing stare that was decidedly astounding in one of tender years.

"Then you're to be congratulated," she flashed. "I didn't think that you could."

She ran quickly away as she said it, Raffles scrambling behind her. Stanley stood and watched until she entered the hotel. There was a quizzical expression in his half-shut gray eyes as the small, boyish-looking figure turned and waved at him from the door. He gave a low, amused chuckle.

"It's a silly game," he muttered, "but I'll bet she gets away with it!"

Polly visited the pony that afternoon. As she reached the low frame stable she

heard Stanley's voice high above the thud of restless hoofs, and the subdued noise of contented munching. She peeped through the door. Flushed of face, and dressed in old riding breeches and a blue negligee shirt, he was reading a lecture to two stupid grooms on how to take care of a horse. His comments on their methods left nothing to be desired in the way of pungency and point.

He came out as soon as he saw Polly. With an exasperated air, he started to pour out his grievances. Polly never had any grievances of her own, which was one thing Stanley liked about her. There was nothing that he found so tedious as a girl who aired her troubles when he wanted to talk about his.

It was a sad story that he imparted. He had foolishly sent home for his harness horses and the pony, he complained, and any one of them might develop a nice case of thrush owing to neglect. The stable, he said, was shockingly run.

Polly handled the matter with consummate tact. She was suave, soothing, even; her words of cheer were as oil in an open wound. Besides, she really sympathized with him, and felt that his horses had been badly treated. The light of battle died from Stanley's eye as she babbled on. He didn't always answer her remarks or even appear to listen to them, but he seemed to cheer up wonderfully. Eventually he suggested that they should take the horses out. It was the first time that he had asked any one to drive with him. Polly demurred, though with an air of quiet triumph in her attitude.

There was the flicker of a disarming smile on her host's tanned countenance as he turned toward her.

"I know that you are going to accept the invitation," he said.

Polly and Stanley took many other drives and walks after that. The little girl became the man's shadow; their coinciding views on horses consummated a friendship most agreeable on both sides. The hotel contingent first noticed this idly. Then the storm burst. It blamed itself for not having noticed

any of the multitude of straws which should have shown them the way the wind was blowing. It was outrageous, they declared, for a little girl like Polly to monopolize the time of the only possible man. She was a willful, ill-bred little thing, and shouldn't be allowed to run at her own head. Poor Mr. Stanley must be bored to death to have her hanging around him all the time.

One or two of the girls who had made Polly their confidante were particularly disturbed. What might she not tell, they anxiously asked themselves. Their attitude toward the child was that of some stage favorite toward a member of the chorus, who is trying to steal her calcium away. A managing mamma refused to speak to her at all, and only by the studied indifference of the absolute stranger did she ever show that she saw Polly at all.

Another outraged woman went so far as to question Polly's maid regarding the child's people, but got no satisfaction from that source.

"Of course, they aren't anybody that one would know," she confided to a friend, "but they ought to be written to, anyway. That child must go home," she added, with a note of finality in her voice.

It began to be borne in upon Polly that she had become most unpopular, and though instinct sometimes prompted her to call the women horrid cats, she didn't seem especially annoyed by any of their actions. The amazing young person seemed to find a half-guilty joy in the friction she had managed to create, and bore all the snubs with philosophy. In spite of their catty comments, she continued to chum with Stanley with all the zest of joyous youth, and none of them could stop her.

"I'm having a good time here," she confided to Raffles; "I surely am."

Mrs. Steele, who alone took Polly's part, seemed a little worried.

"Isn't it extraordinary," Mrs. Brooks remarked to her, as she emerged from a council of war, "how a man will waste his time with a stupid little girl like that, when there are so many clever

women about? He actually seems to like her, my dear."

Mrs. Steele looked at her with a twinkle in her eye.

"What do you regard as clever?" she inquired.

By the tenth day of her sojourn at the mountain hotel, Polly had lost much of her gay and chatty manner. With what seemed almost uncanny silence, she sat on the steps of the hotel piazza for nearly the whole of a lovely afternoon, gazing disconsolately beyond the undulating fields to the distant, hazy, hunch mountains. Beside her sat her faithful dog. Nearly all of the other guests were away on a coaching parade in Bethlehem.

Stanley, her most reliable of chums, had not once appeared during the entire day. She had visited several of the haunts that they usually explored together, but on each occasion he was absent. Once she had mustered up sufficient courage to ask about him in the hotel office. She did this, she felt, most nonchalantly.

"Shall I try to find him for you?" asked the broadly smiling clerk.

"Oh, no, it doesn't matter," she replied. There was an unusual, plaintive note in her voice. "It isn't especially important."

This was true. If Stanley had suddenly appeared then and there, she would have found it difficult to think of anything to say which would have accounted for her anxiety to see him.

Again she stationed herself, a solitary little figure, on the hotel steps, rehearsing better things to say. She was more than a little annoyed with the powers of the universe.

Not until precisely five minutes past five—for she consulted the hotel clock—did she decide that she had been grumbling impotently at Providence. By ten minutes past she had determined upon an independent course of action. She started along a roundabout woody path toward the stable, Raffles capering gayly along behind. She walked fast, and at one of the turns almost bumped into Dorsey, Stanley's man,

who was hurrying in the opposite direction.

Polly stopped, and stared at him. The man eyed her owlishly. She felt more foolish than she had ever done in her life.

"Where is Mr. Stanley?" she demanded. There was a flush on her cheek, and her chin was tilted high.

"Mr. Stanley, miss, has gone."

"What!" Polly gasped. "Where has he gone?"

"Don't know, miss."

"Did you ask him? Well, why didn't you? Where did you see him last?"

Dorsey looked at her impassively.

"Down at the stable, miss. He was going to take out the new horse that he's just bought. Thank you, miss. Maybe he hasn't started yet. You may see him, if you hurry."

Polly was essentially a young lady of action. She started on briskly with an injudicious increase in pace at every yard. Turning to look after her, Dorsey, the imperturbable, caught himself in a smile.

Polly brought up at the stable, panting. She was in that condition that occurs when one has lost one's first wind and not yet gotten the second. She presented a quaint appearance. Her face was scarlet, and her hair, now minus its bows, had become unbraided, was filled with leaves and tiny twigs which had caught in it during her run.

Stanley, who was standing with his foot on the runabout step, grinned as he looked at her.

"Well, see who's here," he called. "You must have been hurrying."

Speech was beyond Polly.

"Come for a drive?" he asked.

Polly looked at the horse in silence. Then at him, also in silence.

"I don't think that I ought to," she at length managed to gasp hesitatingly.

Stanley laughed.

"Where shall I drive you?" he inquired. "Jump in. Tie the dog up until we get back," he called to one of the grooms.

"I bought this horse of a man staying at the Maplewood Hotel. Some class, what?" he began, as Polly seated her-



"Sit tight," Stanley cheerfully advised.

self beside him, and they started briskly off. "Look at that action. He'll be good enough to show when his manners are improved. One has to take a nice little hold on him, though."

Polly was looking at Stanley with indignant surprise.

"Were you going away without saying good-by?" she asked.

"Why, Polly, of course I wasn't." He smiled at her quite winningly. "I was just going to drive up to the hotel and get you to come with me. Honestly I was," he protested, noting the expression of doubt in his companion's face.

"Dorsey told me you had gone."

"And what did you say? 'Has he, indeed?'"

"No, I didn't. I ran every step of the way to see you before you would get away, and tell you what I thought. Why did Dorsey tell me you'd gone, if you hadn't, I should like to know?"

"You can search me. Maybe he doesn't approve of you as a chaperon, and wants to break it up."

Polly drew her slim self up haughtily. "Well, I think——"

What it was she thought, however, was not to be revealed to him just then, for the horse shied sharply at a piece of white paper blowing across the road.

"Sit tight," Stanley cheerfully advised, and Polly braced her feet and clutched at the side of the runabout.

With miraculous agility the man threw his weight to one side of the rig. It careened on two wheels, but managed to clear a telegraph pole.

"Came near having a spill," Stanley calmly remarked, as the runabout righted itself, and he steadied the excited horse down into a walk.

Although Stanley was one of those who couldn't understand how anybody could be nervous when it came to horses, or regard a broken collar bone any more than a casual annoyance, he gave his young companion an approving glance.

"You're all right, kid," he commended. "Never jump or scream. You are gone, if you do. But, of course, you wouldn't, anyway. You're game, and that is the best trait in man, woman, or horse."

But Polly was looking straight ahead. A bright color burned in her cheeks. She did not yet feel pleased, and was not to be beguiled into responding to this flattery.

Stanley shot a glance at her from the corner of his eye. Somehow she seemed to strike him as being very funny.

"Well, Polly, do you love me as much as ever?" he irreverently asked, after waiting vainly for her to speak.

Polly raised a pair of gray eyes, devoid of all expression save a faint suggestion of surprise, and gazed through him at the mountains, which the sinking sun had burned in a blazoning of scarlet and gold, and lowered them again, leaving Stanley with the feeling that there was something wrong with his coat or the way he held his lines.

"I never loved you at all, as you very well know," she replied, again with a dignity which made the tang in the air seem warm in comparison.

"Oh, Polly, you did!"

Polly moved so close to the side of the runabout that she nearly fell out.

"You know you did," paying no attention to her threatened sudden leave. "You must have been wretched with-

out me all the afternoon. If you hadn't been, you wouldn't have come down to the stable to find out where I was. I'm glad you did, though, for I feel just like talking this afternoon—about myself, of course. Conversationally, I'm like a clock. I have to be wound up, and you seem to be able to set me going, somehow."

"Thank you," said Polly.

Stanley deprecated the thanks. Without turning his head, he could see her profile. Her chin was tilted high, and there was a determined look about the angle of her chin. A sharp gust of wind swept Polly's brown hair, which had taken on a touch of the sunset's gold, across his face.

"Oh, I say," he laughingly protested, "you ought to braid your mane. You'll never get a man to drive with you if you get your disheveled tresses in his face like that. Take it from me, childie, there's nothing a man hates worse than getting a mouthful of hair when he's just about to voice a gem of thought. I'm giving you valuable advice for when you're grown up, of course."

For a moment he thought that she was going to smile—in fact, both seemed to have an amusing thought. But it was only for a moment. Polly's face grew serious again, and her chin seemed very firm.

"Can't you twist it up?" Stanley cautiously inquired. "Here, I'll stop, and perhaps you can fix it."

He brought the horse up shortly, and Polly managed to arrange a tight knot on the top of her head, anchoring it securely with a pencil which she had fished from one of her pockets.

"You look much older now," Stanley said. She most certainly did. The hairdressing altered her strangely, but his passion for truth did not go so far as to tell her what an odd appearance she presented. His tone was most conciliatory.

"Quite grown up and even worldly-wise," he went on. "In fact, I feel almost tempted to consult you on a most important matter that I've had in mind for several days."

For some reason known only to her-

self, Polly was conscious of a sense of exhilaration, anticipation, even.

"What is it?" she asked interestedly. "Go on."

"Well, then, I've met an awfully pretty girl."

"Ah!" Polly's face fell.

"And I'd like to make a hit with her. Now, how would you go about it?"

He was sure that Polly looked at him then. He could not declare positively that she moved her eyes, but, nevertheless, she looked at him, and her expression was not so very pleasant, either.

"What would you do?" he inquired.

She contributed no suggestion.

"It's no good looking bored, for I'm going to talk about this girl, however much it bores you."

There are times when the most resolute young person feels that she can battle with conditions no longer, and that a dignified retreat is the only course left open. But it is difficult to leap from a moving runabout impressively. Polly's eye measured the distance from the vehicle to the ground, and decided that her chances of a dashing, debonair departure were not worth counting on. She settled back, and yawned ostentatiously.

"What were you saying?" Stanley asked, with exasperating courtesy. "You were about to suggest——"

Polly was then staring at the horse with more intentness than the animal's behavior seemed to justify.

"Oh, use your old stock phrase," she burst out petulantly. "Ask her if she loves you as much as ever. If she says no ask her why; maybe she'll tell you. It's a nice, informal way to start a conversation."

"By Jove! I knew you'd hit it," he cried, with mock enthusiasm. "I like your idea of 'why.' That's a little word that always seems to stump a woman. Thank you very much."

He paused a moment to wrestle with the chestnut's head, then continued his remarks about his new-found love.

"I'm not at all interested," interrupted Polly, in a cold little voice. "I

regard this conversation as distinctly bad taste."

"There's no doubt about that. But I'm surprised to see that you show a characteristic which I didn't dream you had," he chaffed. "It's what poets and some unmarried men describe as woman's sweet unreasonableness. I can understand that when you are so fond of me yourself, you naturally find this rather trying, but I had thought that your affection was that unselfish kind that is willing to sacrifice itself for another's good."

"The only reason you have for saying that I am, is that I always stand up for you when people say you're horrid," Polly flashed back furiously.

"All right, we'll let it go at that. This girl I was speaking of is sunny, and sweet, and so darned honest, Polly—though she doesn't always seem so," he thoughtfully amended. "She is just like a country breeze—but not as elusive, I hope. The only thing that I don't like about her is that she is altogether too unconventional at times, and gets herself into all kinds of trouble." He sighed. "She is bound to be an awful bother to the man who marries her, I fear. I suppose that is one reason that he'll want her. But, believe me, Polly, she is certainly a peach."

"Stop, stop, oh, stop!" cried Polly, clapping her hands to her ears.

Stanley caught the hand nearest him, and drew it down.

A tense moment followed.

"She is a lot like you will be when you are grown up," he said, in a vibrant whisper.

Their eyes met. The girl's eyes widened in wonder, and Stanley held his lines a trifle less steady than his discretion would have approved.

"I—I am grown up," Polly faltered. "What?"

"I am grown up—but I am sort of a little girl still, I think."

"What is that?" Stanley frowned with mock severity. "Either you are a little girl, or you are not a little girl. Now, which is it?"

"I am twenty-one." She tugged at

her absurdly abbreviated skirts self-consciously.

"What!"

"I'm twenty—twenty-one."

The girl gave an excited sob, which she gamely tried to turn into a cough. Then she began to laugh hysterically.

"Don't get so excited about it," Stanley soothingly admonished. "I knew it all the time. You don't suppose I'd have bothered about a real kiddie the way I have about you, do you? Besides, your own conversation didn't express extreme youth and inexperience. Why, Polly, as a prodigy, you had that Harvard youngster beaten to a frazzle."

Polly was looking at him with a question in her eyes.

"Yes, I'm much too clever for you," he answered.

"You — knew — it — all — the — time, and you let me play the fool?" she gulped. For a moment her mind seemed unable to grapple with the situation.

"How did you find out?" she demanded, as she began to come back to earth.

"The way in which more secrets are unearthed than by Sherlock Holmes' process of deduction. Your maid told my man in a sudden burst of confidence, and he let me in on it. I know your real name, and, although I do, you'll always be Polly to me, Pretty Polly, the Pretender. I wish I didn't have to hold the horse, Polly, I'd like to hold your hand. Driving compels me to be matter of fact. But try to be patient, we'll make up for it later on."

In spite of his half-jesting words, he smiled at Polly with a kind of protecting tenderness which made her feel much more the little girl than she had at any time during her masquerade.

"Now, dear, tell me all about it," he urged kindly.

Polly clasped and unclasped her hands in a nervous little way that she had.

"I don't know that I can make you understand exactly why I did it," she began, "but a month or so—a month or so ago I was so bored that I simply could not stand it."

"And you started to look for trouble," Stanley put in. "I know."

"And I ran across a story in a newspaper one morning that interested me very much. It was about a woman who had just been arrested for stealing something in a drug store. I forget the details—but she was a woman of twenty-six or seven. She had been going about dressed as a little girl of ten. She was slight and girlish in type, just as I am, so with short dresses and her hair fixed with a Dutch cut and a big bow she managed to get away with it. No one took her to be more than eleven or twelve, and for several months she played with the children in the streets without detection. That story somehow fascinated me, and I kept thinking how easily it could be done, and how I would love to do it. The only thing that I minded was cutting off my hair, so I braided it instead. It looked all right, didn't it?" she asked, with pardonable pride.

"I wanted the same fresh enthusiastic frame of mind I used to know," she continued, "and to feel all sorts of illusions, ideals, and simple happiness, even if it was only play. I can't tell you just exactly how I felt," she said half shyly, "but it seemed as if I could somehow shut away my worldly grown-up self and not let her interfere with the little girl at all."

She covertly wiped away a tear with the tip of her little finger.

"I wanted youth that sees the bloom on things, you know. I wanted to wonder at everything beautiful, as though I were seeing it for the first time. Oh, I can't tell you," she broke off. "I was brought up to feel that it was almost immodest to show real feelings." She kept her face turned away from him.

"It wasn't a psychological proposition in the least—just a silly little notion of my own."

Stanley smiled at her with great sweetness and understanding. Polly had no idea that plain gray eyes could look so wonderful and soft.

"I know," was all he said.

"I haven't been very successful as

a youngster, have I?" Polly asked wistfully.

"Polly, you are a humorist," Stanley replied. "From my way of thinking, you have been a triumphant success. You have started a cycle of fever at the hotel, and set every woman's nerves on edge. What more could you desire? Besides, haven't you got me?" he asked reproachfully, as he bent his gaze on Polly's naively lifted eyebrows.

"You know," the girl went on, "the real trouble was that the family came here instead. It's——"

"It's a sad, sad story," Stanley broke in. "but everything is all right. Let's take a sporting chance of being happy. I love you, you know that, so there is no use in telling you. It's hard for me to say this sort of thing, for I'm horribly bashful, in spite of the way I talk. I know you can't care for me as I do for you—and that is as it should be now. You are a little fond of me, though, aren't you? Oh, Polly, you *are*?" he pleaded desperately.

Polly looked at him with adoring eyes.

"I love you better than anything in the world," she answered softly.

Stanley, at this juncture, gave his horse a chance to take the bit, had he been so minded.

"My family have been pestering me to death to marry Jimmie Bradford, and I don't much care for him."

"Bradford's a bounder," Stanley angrily broke in.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. He has been very nice—that is, he has tried to be, but——"

Stanley stood his ground.

"Bradford's a bounder, believe me; he's got a yellow streak, all right. The girl he marries will have to content herself with a check book to live with. He won't stick to her a month."

"Well, mother liked his money," Polly honestly confessed. "Our family tree is old and shabby, and she thought

it ought to be gilded and freshened up. There was a constant fuss at the house until the family left for Maine. I was to visit an aunt in Hempstead, but I bribed my maid to play a part, and——and——"

"And you were determined to marry me and laid this plan. Oh, don't look like that, Polly. I don't mean it. I'm sorry to seem frivolous, but I've got you, and simply can't keep my happiness in."

His manner changed.

"The point is, now what are we to do?"

She propounded no scheme, but assumed an attitude of attention, waiting for him to continue.

He continued.

"There's nothing to it—we'll have to elope."

"But the family——"

"Oh, they'll be glad to know that opulence stares you in the face. I'm not quite a social outcast, Polly. I don't doubt but that your father will receive me with that kind cordiality one admires to see in a parent-in-law. We can drive on to Whitefield, and phone for your dog and maid and various possessions. Dorsey can bring them down. There is a train from Whitefield Junction at half-past eight o'clock. You can take that. I'll go back to our hotel, just to keep the cats from talking, and follow on the White Mountain express, which leaves there at midnight. Deeds of great import must shortly be done. We will meet in New York, and be married somewhere and somehow to-morrow afternoon. Then we'll go away together and forget there is any one else on top of God's green earth. You'll do it, Polly?" he begged.

She gave his arm a little squeeze.

"I'm sure it's high time I flew the coop," she smiled. "There's nothing to it. Win, we'll have to become aviators."

"All right, Polly," Stanley laughed. "I guess our limit's the sky."





The Care of the Complexion in Summer

By Dr. Lillian Whitney

THE old axiom, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," applies to most things in general, but particularly to the care of the complexion in summer. After the mischief has been done—that is, after the skin has been tanned by repeated exposures to the sun, or, as occurs in some cases, in place of tan, burned and peeled until it becomes as dry as parchment and full of wrinkles, it is an extremely difficult matter to restore it. In fact, a skin that has been deeply tanned never completely recovers its delicate hue.

A sun-baked skin does not look so badly out in the free and open air, but it loses what little attractiveness it may possess when transplanted to the city, and clothed in evening dress, for instance. Indeed, no amount of time and thought expended upon the toilet itself can banish from sight the disfiguring effect produced by lines of discoloration upon the arms and around the throat. It is infinitely saner to protect the skin against the sun's rays, and this can be done without losing one moment from "God's out-of-doors," but by wearing appropriate clothing, and by seeking the shade and cool spots instead of overheating the blood and drying out the tissues under the mistaken belief that direct exposure to Old Sol's smile in midsummer is beneficial.

The prevailing belief that white absorbs the least amount of heat and black the most is based upon scientific facts.

In a recent report published by the U. S. government relating to experiments with various colored materials to be used in clothing our soldiers, it was found that the temperature under white garments rarely rose above body heat—98.6 F.—and was sometimes even below it—a significant fact to be remembered—whereas olive-drab material, for instance, after being worn a short time, absorbed heat so rapidly that, after the lapse of an hour or more, the temperature under the clothing ranged from 105 degrees F. to 126 degrees, the atmospheric temperature meanwhile remaining stationary. For this reason white should be worn wherever possible during the summer months; but especially should white parasols, white hats, and white veils prevail; by these means the atmospheric conditions surrounding one's body are not only kept at blood heat—98.6 F.—but the solar rays are deflected and sent in other directions, instead of being attracted and absorbed by one's clothing and into one's body.

It is not necessary for our purpose here to enter into a lot of facts concerning the tremendous power of solar heat; we have only to recall the rugged and deeply seamed faces of those constantly exposed to it to realize the similar effect, though to a much lesser degree, produced upon the delicate skin of a woman after a summer's unprotected outing. Frowning and squinting are constantly indulged in from the effort to exclude too much light; this encour-

ages wrinkles, and these are fostered by the absorption of heat, and the consequent drying out of the tissues.

It might be suggested that the wearing of a heavy veil in summer stimulates perspiration. What of it? Perspiration is nature's cosmetic; it is nature's way of keeping the skin soft, moist, and cleansed; and, furthermore, a veil should only be worn as an additional protection from the direct rays of the sun; at other times a shade hat and parasol are quite sufficient.

Instead of hot weather being ruinous to the complexion, it should be the ideal time for cultivating and developing a beautiful skin. We should live out of doors as much as possible, thus giving the skin all the ventilation it requires. We should indulge in gentle exercises—not during the excessive heat of the day, nor prolong them beyond a reasonable length of time. This increases the activity of the skin, thereby promoting its health, and imparting to it a glow which makes the use of powder and rouge unnecessary. The almost wanton manner of applying powders, for the express purpose of clogging up the pores and preventing perspiration, fills the soul of a hygienist with despair. Don't do it! Give your complexion a rest from artificial cosmetics, and let nature take care of it for one season.

The intimate relation existing between the stomach and complexion is not generally understood. The digestion is more feeble in summer, because of the depressing effect of the heat; therefore indigestion, with its accompanying unsightly effect upon the skin of the face, is the rule rather than the exception during the warm weather. No amount of local treatment will benefit a poor complexion if indigestible, partially masticated foods are offered to an enervated digestive tract to manage. The stomach and liver are long-suffering organs; but they rebel at length in the form of sallowness, pimples, and blackheads.

Nature has provided us with foods suitable for every season, and those for warm weather are cooling, and contain



Protect the complexion with white chiffon veil, white parasol, etc.

tonic properties as well, since we are constantly more or less relaxed by the heat, and require that imperceptible toning up which proper food supplies.

The articles of diet that have a particularly bad influence upon the complexion in the summer are, first and foremost, pork and veal; but especially pork in any form; the "unclean" properties of this meat were fully understood by the old prophets in past ages, and its reputation has not improved with time. I do not advocate a vegetarian diet; but meat is very heating, and the preference should be given to young and tender fowl, and absolutely fresh fish immediately prepared. Sweets and pastries, all fried foods and all hot breads, are included in the list to be avoided if a good complexion is being cultivated.

On the other hand, nature is lavish during the warm weather in providing not only suitable food in great abundance, but food that cleanses out the system, purifies the blood, and makes

the complexion bloom like a rose. Among vegetables, the humble carrot is especially valuable. One of the most beautiful actresses in the world—and a grandmother at that, by the way—eats liberally of grated carrot with her salad all year around. Spinach is most wholesome. It is said to act as a broom upon the digestive tract. It contains a lot of iron, and is a good tonic. Tomatoes have a wonderfully regulating effect upon the liver, and all fresh vegetables that do not come under the tuber class, such as potatoes and the like, possess some valuable property of regulating the system.

All greens come in this class. We know what value asparagus possesses; we know that dandelion and watercress, lettuce, celery, chicory, onions, leek, and a host of similar things, contain medicinal properties. We know that the stalks of rhubarb, as well as the leaves, are used in medicine; and our imagination, if not our actual knowledge, tells us that all these things, used in their

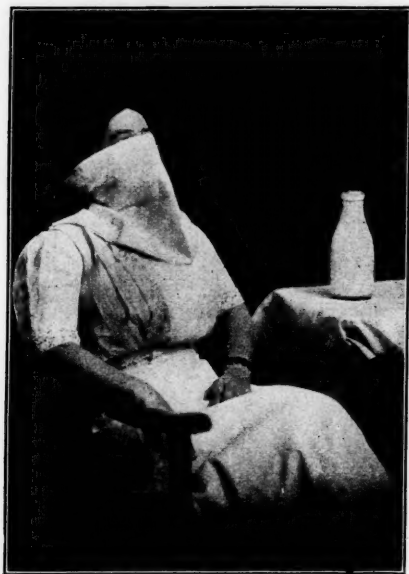
fresh, tender, early stages, are a thousandfold more efficacious in promoting health and refining the complexion than any amount of pills, and powders, and cosmetics.

Fruits, aside from their laxative value, are cleansing to the blood, and some have a specific action upon the complexion. It is said that pineapple is among these; that one quickly notes its influence upon the skin when eaten freely. Another fruit of remarkable value, because of a bitter principle it contains that acts especially upon the liver, is grapefruit. There are those who declare that, since eating it for breakfast daily, they are no longer put to the necessity of giving the liver a weekly dose of calomel. Grapes, cherries, and plums come next on the list as combining this double influence of liver and complexion activity.

Fresh figs and raisins are a good corrective, too; and one of the old-fashioned laxatives beloved by our grandmothers, and still used in some comfortable old households that have not been crushed by modern methods, is made of equal quantities of raisins and figs and an ounce of senna leaves, sufficient sugar being added to make it "candy." A square inch of this is "nibbled" at bedtime.

The influence of buttermilk and sour milk in destroying those forms of bacteria that flourish in the intestinal tract during hot weather, has been written up so much for the newspapers and magazines that every one is doubtless more or less familiar with the subject; but, despite this fact, and the tremendous weight of authority that stands behind these teachings, we fail to practice what we are taught. Why is this? Perhaps if buttermilk and sour milk were unattainable, or fabulously high-priced, we would forego luxuries, and make a great effort to secure them; but because they are so simple and so cheap we pass them by. At the very last analysis, all the great and wonderful things in life are simple. One of the poets tells us:

The truth the wise man sought
Was spoken by a child.



A mask or compress of buttermilk is a wonderful bleach and skin beautifier.

(Continued on second page following.)

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THE CARE OF THE COMPLEXION IN SUMMER

Exposure to the sun's rays acts differently upon different skins; it tans some, burns others, and brings out a crop of freckles and moth patches on others. Tan demands bleaches, while sunburn requires soothing lotions and creams. A capital idea to prevent these conditions, arising when going surf bathing, is to rub the face, neck, shoulders, and arms with coconut butter.

Men are more foolish in exposing greater portions of the body to the furious action of the sun's rays than women; and some, who are great lovers of salt-water bathing, have learned the protective value of a thick coating of oil. Cold cream liberally rubbed into the pores, wiping off all excess and dusting lightly with pure rice powder, has been found a good preventive treatment in many instances. For relieving sunburn, do not use cold water or ice, as some advise; rather apply this lotion, which, by the way, is excellent for any kind of a burn: Lime water, 1 ounce; linseed oil, 2 ounces. Shake well, and saturate old linen which is bound over the painful parts.

The following lotion is good for a mild sunburn:

Glycerine	4 drams
Lavender flower water.....	2 drams
Rose water.....	3 drams
Elder flower water, enough to make	6 ounces

Daub this on with absorbent cotton.

Another simple lotion that is efficacious when one has acquired a mild coat of tan or sunburn, and wishes to prevent any further trouble, consists of:

Borax	10 grains
Lime water.....	2 ounces
Essence of jasmine.....	1 ounce
Oil of almonds.....	1 ounce

Here is a mixture that removes the unsightly brownish discoloration which is the aftermath of a bad attack of tan:

Dilute nitric acid.....	2½ drops
Rectified spirits.....	10 drops
Peroxide of hydrogen.....	10 drops
Glycerine	20 drops
Distilled water.....	1 ounce

This is carefully applied with absorbent cotton, avoiding the eyes and hair.

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Exposure to the sun's rays invites wrinkles, freckles and a dried skin.

star for the prevention and removal of freckles consists of horse-radish and buttermilk. About half an ounce of the former is shredded and added to half a pint of buttermilk; this is allowed to heat—not boil—for several hours over a slow fire. In addition to acting as a bleach, the pungency of horse-radish imparts a glow and look of health to the skin.

The juice of lemon applied to freckles soon fades them out. Citric acid, used in so many bleaching lotions, is procured from the lemon.

For a complexion that has been roughened by sun and wind, there is nothing more soothing and corrective than glycerine cream:

Glycerine	6 ounces
Powdered tragacanth.....	½ ounce
(or enough to thicken the mixture)	
Extract of cassia.....	½ ounce
Powdered borax.....	½ ounce
Powdered Florentine orris root...	1 ounce
Extract of jasmine.....	2 drams

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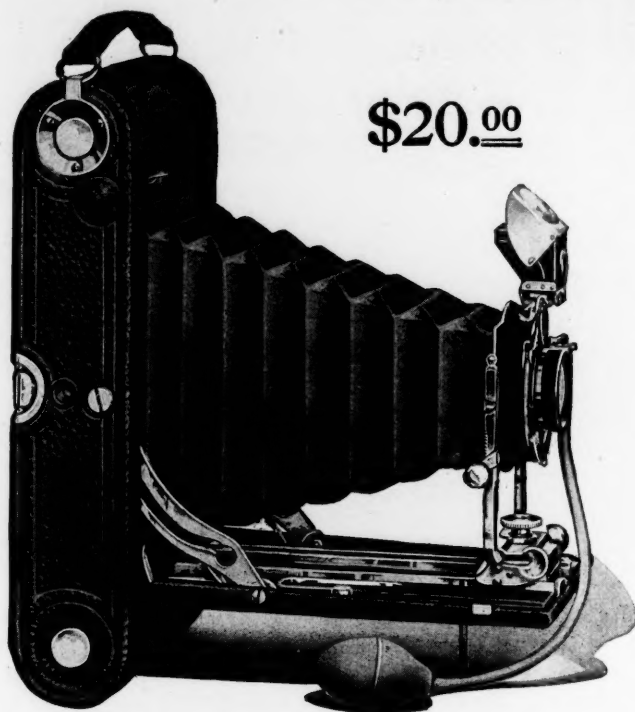
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